

Brotha Lynch Hung, Hunta Killa

[Lynch]

It's the Hunta Killa
Off of the 9 skrilla
Wit my nap sack fulla pilla
Nigga worst than the movie Thrilla and realla
Cause this is real life (that's right)
I saw that nigga get his head tore off (by who?)
By the same nigga that took his wife
You know I come nutty stingin like syphillis
You can get your liver split
By your own bictch fuckin wit this
Stay drunk when I dip and ain't shit
I got vast amounts
Your ass'll count em when I'm shootin em down your bitch's mouth
(Cause this the) Hunta Killa deal a lot
And fuckin em shit shoes (wit the what?)
Wit the nine and watchin the bloody nut come out everytime
And you know it's mine
When I com through loomin
Wit the MK-1 and when they done they lookin like sushi (Raw!)
Wit the oozie I get the shit done
You know it's like velcro or polygrip
I stick to the shit that make you nut up wit your dome split
I want you to trip
And I'll be sittin right there wit the casket
(You know!) you was at the wrong place at the right time then you got blasted
(You hoe!) Hunta Killa in black mack-10 in the trunk with the slump
I'll hug you like mama
When I use it it gotta be because I be off that juicy shit
Not use to it I'm addicted to the siccness
Might flip this nigga shit frequently
Them young g's they wanna speak to me
(But what) but they don't need to be
I'll have they hat quick
Wit no pactice
Put you in the trunk wit the slump stickin em like a cactus
And I'm concentratin on stackin grip
I got's to hit you wit the slug
No love bitch ass nigga you know
It's Hunta Killa (that's realla)

Chorus: repeat 3X's

Put you in duct tape and leave you sinkin in the river
(Hunta Killa! Killa!)

Put you in duct! Put you in duct tape!

[Kye!]

Spent most of my time on the grind
In the bucket wit a loaded tech nine
On the corner lookin' out for the one time
And these niggas from the othaside tryin to take mine
Keep the heat on my waist line
Make bullets chase niggas and erase fake niggas
You can call me the grave digga
Money go-getta all about the skrilla
Cap pilla known for breakin in homes and gettin the goods
Cross the line of the mastermind mothafucka I wish you would
Got niggas in every hood and ready to go to war
I'm gettin paid the way I should so what the fuck you hatin for
Waistin time thinkin bout mine you should be gettin yours
You den put yourself in some deep shit
Now you hittin the floor when I come through

Kickin down your door like a predator
Spittin lyrics in metaphors
All you rap cats thinkin you the shit
My game's 10 years ahead of yours
And I'm headed for the top
Lyrics don't never stop
So fuck whateva you talkin bout
I'm takin over shit and I'm settin up shop
Raisin niggas up out they spot
All you bustas gotta go
Now I'mma bust a bitch and let you know
We can tear and war wit these scary hoes
Wit a tech 9 to your dome
It aint shit for me to run up in your home
Wit the chrome take whateva the fuck I want then get gone
I was born to be a rida known as a balla shot calla
Leader of the pack
Ain't neva been no followa
Ain't neva been no busta
Dumpin on mothafuckas
Ain't neva been no sucka spillin information to the undacova
I only fuck wit ridas and realas thug niggas drug dealas
All about the skrilla cemetary fillas
It's Hunta Killa (That's reala)

Chorus [3Xs]