

Killa Kyleon, Blow In Killa

(*scratching*)

(Kyleon)

Smoking on this killa, I'm sipping on some'ing good
Comin down in some'ing candy, and I'm grippin on some'ing wood
I'm leaning and feeling good, man a nigga too gone
Moving slow like cars, going through a school zone
Kyleon, got the drank in the mix again
And he blowing on them hydro, sticks again
With a nice dime yellow bone, bitch again
Finna open her mouth pull it out, and stick it in
I know they like the way them non-stoppers, twist and spin
The way they make all the young boppers, throw fits and grin
No fifths of Henn, cause my niggaz don't like getting drunk
We like firing the blunts, and we like getting crunk
So open and cock the pump, in your mask and push ya
And punk you suckas, like Ashton Kutcher
And let bullets get in your head, like Aspirin nigga
I'm a Boss Hogg Outlaw, if you asking nigga
You better show some respect, when I'm passing nigga
Before I have ya ass, hundred yard dashing nigga
I'ma use my shit, if I'm flashing nigga
Pull the trigga, and put one up in your fashion nigga

(*scratching*)