

# Killa Kyleon, On Fire

(\*talking\*)

Run it, Houston Texas  
You now rocking, with the Killa Kyleon  
Hit spitter nigga, hey

(Hook)

We Boss Hogging, up in here  
That's what we do, we Boss Hogging  
We Boss Hogging, up in here  
That's what we do, we Boss Hogging  
We Boss Hogg in this motherfucker  
We Boss Hogg in this motherfucker (what you say)  
We Boss Hogg, in this motherfucker  
We Boss Hogg, in this motherfucker

(Kyleon)

I got money, but Killa don't spoil her  
And after I cut her mayn, Killa don't call her  
Now that's the true, definition of a baller  
Knock a chick down, and don't give a chick a quarter  
I'm a candy blue, 22 inch crawler  
7-45, I retired my Impala  
I'm a hustler, all about a dolla  
And if it ain't about money, I ain't gon holla  
Plus I'm a pimp, I'ma pop my colla  
Po' up the white cup, then take a swalla  
The best rappers, will respect that nigga  
And if the beat jamming, I'ma wreck that nigga  
I'm the greatest, get it through your melon nigga  
I'm the best yet, I been telling niggaz  
A hot boy, I've been selling nigga  
Cause this man's on fire, I'm Denzell'ing niggaz

(Hook)

(Kyleon)

I'm not a reverend, but I preach to these niggaz  
I'm one of the hottest rappers, in the streets to these niggaz  
I comfortably speak heat, to these niggaz  
All you other cats whack, I been peeping these niggaz  
Not a DJ, but K slay niggaz  
Killa with the flow, I DK niggaz  
The best rapper, since that BK nigga  
2Pac, Biggie and that Freeway nigga  
My name's Killa, I'll lyrically murder ya  
You're not a rapper, if I ain't heard of ya  
You not getting good dope, if I ain't serving ya  
You're not getting whipped G, what are you nervous for  
I spit facts, on the track boy  
I'm even known in St. Louis, and I ain't a track boy  
Ask around, I'm the hottest nigga rapping  
With just another gat, that's on the track yapping