

# Killa Tay, So Serious

(Killa Tay)

I'm mastermind in the plot, you ????? the spot  
Wicked intentions, sensin friction, when the funk gon' pop  
I tote my heat, and hold my ground  
They know I clown  
Pistol whippin and strippin em  
Down to they riches, rapin they bitches  
Nigga it's a, jack move, 187, count yo blessin  
Hollow tips fire from all directions, leavin em wetted  
Yo pieces deleted from existence, don't make no difference  
I'm bangin like Metallica, serve any challenger  
With a tre 8 caliber, fuckin em up like Algebra  
From Cali to Florida, call the coroner  
I'm missing in action, packin a full clip, for the bullshit  
I told my nigga Lynch I got his back face  
What's up now, ?????

(Brotha Lynch Hung)

Killa Tay, and I'm jackin the ditch  
From the shit that get spit to take a lock on the dick  
Like a red nosed pick nigga  
I don't really give a shit about they life man  
Off that night train  
Cut they fuckin throat wit a knife man  
And that's right man  
Leave em layin in the cut  
With they guts cut up what up  
Put ya nuts up, on the shelf with no help  
I'm so hell I'm so stealth, (I'm so, I'm so)  
Nigga, Mr. know where to be contacted  
Just bombsack it, tell my momma how I'm actin  
When I'm packin I got my practice  
In, I'm off that gin, losin wind(What you waitin for)  
I'm waitin for the show to begin, half past ten thirty  
Reverend like James, straight up strange  
Shootin range, twenty four feet  
Leave you off the earth with this heat  
Leave you in the street, human meat  
Believe me, I still be workin this like a thug(Like a thug)  
Put you in the back of the Coupe DeVille  
Take you to the alley, shoot to kill  
Fuck that I gotta buck back(Nigga)  
Fuck that(Nigga)  
I ain't goin out like no zombie  
Nigga smokin all that bomb weed  
You possess and yes, I'm strapped like tombstone  
Ready to pull out the Rafe, man, clackin wit Killa Tay  
Lunasicc, Marvaless

(Chorus)

Like Jason, and CamCrystals with a pistol,  
chainsaw and merchetti when the funk start, we ready  
Like Jason and CamCrystals with a pistol,  
chainsaw and merchetti, we serious about that fetti

(Marvaless)

Paper chase, but still credit to large accounts  
Survive by the ounce all in the mix  
Just as deep as it gets, ??? no counterfeits  
Strictly bout my six, but don't ever doubt it  
My niggaz is bout it  
For the love of the money and game  
Shakin you niggaz is funny  
It's just somethin about, the way the game get spit

Cali niggaz find a ??? in, for the scrilla strictly ballin  
I figure a bitch nigga be the first to test  
The first to get blessed  
Not the one to stress I'm too complex  
And my mind-state, no contest  
Hot what I do so it takes a god to do what I must  
Never had no trust  
Cuz niggaz will snitch  
Go on some other shit real quick  
Scholar, bout that dollar, make you holla, make you feel it  
Drop wit Killa, we the realest  
Cali niggaz runnin the chain up

(Lunasicc)

Double C, the gangsta with the glock in the cut  
Identify the busta, aim first, then I bust  
Creepin with the mask, blast on any nigga that move  
Put my bitch in the back seat, cuz my AP need room  
I got a real crew of niggaz, ain't no punks in my squad  
Bitch, to get away, drive, but don't leave till the bank get robbed  
I wear Khaki Pants, Levi Jeans, and Hilfiger's  
Puttin em on they back like they drunk off liquor  
So throw them rags up  
If niggaz trippin, we catch em slippin, hold them 9's up  
Blast on they ass, flash on they ass  
Light my weed up, I like to get away high  
On the cut postin like Pac  
Niggaz scream til I die, I'm no lie

(Chorus) - 2x