

# Krumb Snatcha, To All the Killas

(Chorus: Prodigy {\*sample\*})

To all the killers and the hundred dollar billers  
To real niggaz, who ain't got no feelings  
To all the killers and the hundred dollar billers  
To real niggaz... to real niggaz

(KrumbSnatcha)

K-B-X, yo, yo  
Who wants to test the untestable?  
Infrared 9 at your spine, leave you vegetable  
Where the bullet not, don't get caught in drop when the light change  
Left that light frame like eject on the flight plane  
Peace to thug niggaz on this shit that we on  
Get your heat on, guzzle down that Bacardi le-mon  
Fuck a don, I'm on symotic over your block shit  
Pop shit, watch the glock spit, lay you like carpets  
I roll with niggaz that sniff coke and tote guns  
and take funds, whether number 1's or sulibate nuns  
Shit's official, fuck 5 mics, it's 5 pistols  
Never miss you, penetrate your body tissue  
Keep you runnin like runner, sweatin like summer  
Then someone unexpectedly guns ya from the Tididel Hummer  
Beat that ass like drama, fade em out like Donna Summa  
Forever like Wu-Tang, my crew bang like accidents

(Timbo King)

For real niggaz who feel this is on some numb shit  
Gun shit, peace to my jail niggaz who run shit  
Corner thugs buggin on birds, we serve em purpose  
The same 45 in your mouth, stuck up, your worthless  
Extreme measures, illegal treasures, plus the safe scavengers  
Pepper mace in your face, purple haze, lace hash from a rocko burnin  
We on the block earnin thousands from PJ's to housins  
Diggin pockets, rip trousers, spark a dutch, start a forest fire  
Tap, drop a diamond, informant niggaz walk police wires  
We on some 86, stick-up figure impulse  
The last days are crime, son, take it as an insult

(Chorus x2)

(Lord Harrison)

We leave em rotten just for plottin my squadren  
get no part of this, we robbin, your position  
on the mission to target, is you bitch made?  
My army brigade got the plan made  
We rippin thru they assholes with the triple-edged blade  
The illest exectioners droppin this, with peace to the bottomless  
It's symbolic to monogomous hollow tips  
Rippin thru they vests for respect, nevertheless  
to impress, we come in vain with some envious techs  
My enemies get viciously torn up by my cavalry  
that's constantly shootin for this life of equality  
Fatality, supreme victory, some war stories  
Misery bring treachery, so now I kill you slowly, fuckin phony  
Receiver of many, I come with plenty  
A posion for they belly, into Hell is where I send the  
enemies, if you can stand the heat, step in the flame  
and get your fame put to shame cuz you lame  
Leavin your bitch rappers slain, truly insane  
You leave this Earth with my scars, sun, moon and stars  
is what you see when my 7-half mind spars

(KrumbSnatcha)

Yo, yo, yo

Desert Eagle at your cerebral, keepin you civilized  
the thug way, your mug stay the same way the slug lay  
Done it and seen it thru these blunted contacts  
Stolen ax, buy new gats, hot gats, serial scratch  
like fleas, 8 million MC's drop to your knees like church mast  
Play fast, full mission from the stash

(Timbo King)

Dirty burners blazin at night, we got the ave sewn  
Chrome, nickel-plated, 44, murder, dead zone  
Police tracin prints, stolen cars with tints  
Bum bitches boostin gear, sellin clothes for cents  
Sharp razors make faces ugly, snatch a diamond, lovely  
Drinkin Valentine ghetto bubbly

(Chorus x2)