

# Luniz, Killaz On The Payroll

(feat. Madd Maxx, Phats Bossalini, Poppa L.Q.)

Welcome.

Little boys and girls. You thought niggaz was gonna come weak?  
Nigga this the Mobb fool. Uh.

I got some killers on the payroll, and they know  
when it's time to handle business nigga lay low

[Verse 1: Phats Bossalini]

I fight to struggle  
hopin god don't stop my hustle  
my fam fight back like wild dogs wit out a muzzle  
the shots was multiple  
I remember blood puddles  
landed in sand wit niggaz fallin in doubles  
baby couples  
I mean the strong kill the weak  
million dolla puzzles  
I done placed the last piece  
success is sweet  
I put it all back together  
mass melted chambers  
strictly guarded by Barretas  
uh  
cash means  
fo the jewels they get they ass beat  
sweat in my sleep  
think they found a way to blast me  
grossly  
mutha fuckaz tried to choke me  
sliced they throat  
look in my eyes now slowly  
your oldie  
that's for takin it P  
now what's left to play soley  
that's for fuckin wit me  
listen  
in the streets it's a respect thang  
can't tell the tune  
left ya non-Taxin  
mostly caine brought up  
got sold on my block  
most the nights I slept  
got awoke by shots  
the inner city  
I could care less about your pitty  
I'm Phats Bossin ready to die come and get me.

[Verse 2: Madd Maxx]

Well you can label me an outlaw when Madd Maxx turn to set it off  
grab the 9 millimeter by the pistol grip an let it off  
like Dustin Hoff  
killin MC's off wit a vengeance  
blow the microphone up  
an leave it smokin when I'm finished  
per pound spinach  
my niggaz been in it an done, done it  
so when you come to smoke wit our records  
nigga you know who run it  
I gets blunted 168 hours a week  
P tried to creep an got burnt from head to feet  
but never sleep on the vocabulary skillz  
of a nigga that's out to make mills

uh  
my nigga Phats Bossalini tells all the block cats  
got a hundred hidden in the stash, fast to blast

[Verse 3: Numskull]  
If it's one thang this nigga hate  
it's niggaz swangin like Chimpaznes  
that's why it's no exception  
to the shit these niggaz hand me  
20 years of struggle  
huddles an plans can't amount to millions bubble  
that's why we keep stacks tucked and cuddled  
no matter my home nigga  
my home is where I'm hustlin  
wit Killaz On The Payroll  
makin up for lost pay loads  
the Bay knows  
it's hustle-matic til you drop  
stop  
lookin bold through the cuts  
lookin for cops  
I kept on runnin for three years  
too mutha fuckin long  
and had to cope wit everythang that went wrong  
I got the Lord in my life  
not cuz religion  
but the fact was a nigga had dreams an visions  
never listened to grown folks  
I did my own thang  
so mutha fuckin what if it's the wrong thang  
it's only one rule I live by  
keep some Killaz On The Payroll nigga  
an get yo shit right.

[Chorus: Phats Bossalini]  
I got some killers on the payroll, and they know  
when it's time to handle business nigga lay low

[Verse 4: Poppa L.Q.]  
Presentin more urban tales  
of crack sales  
an black mail  
an black males, peelin black males  
that's why these California streets is symbolic to Baghdad  
it's sad  
they did my comrad bad  
smoked him wit the mag  
now he's walkin wit a cane  
and wearin a shit bag  
my loc keep me focused got me sportin this rag  
wit this tradgey  
added to agony  
an frustration Farrah Kahn himself couldn't stop me  
retaliation  
cuz his only climax  
was pay back  
he let his wounds heal an got more get back  
an low track  
posted up wit the family shack  
fully strapped  
wit a Benjamin big faced stack  
only to get attacked  
lookin for the sale  
he put in his work  
he swore on the turf, put his ass hole in the dirt

cuz a million soldier died and served in these circle street wars  
before the deaths of Biggie and Tupac Shakur  
Is this the effects of being young black an poor?  
Do we genetically have what it takes to endure?  
had killaz lookin for him from Crenshaw  
to 5th Wards  
to the O-A-K  
6-9 Vill keeps it real  
cuz men sharpen men  
like steel sharpen steel  
we warriors for the skroll  
wit a whole lot of will  
an I'm never gonna put down my sword an kill  
cuz I'm out here in these fields wit the focus of a drill.

Yeah, straight Mobbulation/Affiliation  
Run up squared and put down assassination

[Chorus x2]

(Uh, you niggaz ain't knowin)

[Verse 5: Yukmouth]

Uh, uh  
Well it's that Vill nigga, that real nigga  
that fill niggaz wit hot ones  
combined wit L we doubled barreled guns  
Motherfuckers best run  
fuckin around wit Al-bum, number two so  
do not be fuckin around wit we and we won't fuck around wit you  
I do hang wit Dru, I do not be fuckin wit busta niggaz like you  
Can't trust niggaz in yo crew what to do, I  
don't be drinkin no brew, I  
do get high til I kiss the sky an straight up run this  
juss Hindu, I, do I  
go under and under like True Lies  
shakin these fleas and shoo-fly  
Royalties from Noo-Trybe  
got niggaz tryin to twist me like screw drivers  
but fuck what you claimin  
we ain't Mack 10  
hoobangin, hooride  
So who die?  
Nobody ever knew  
cuz true  
killaz don't fuck wit niggaz like you  
bumpin yo gums bout who got ya feelin the blues  
drunk an I say  
grabbin yo pumpkin head like "Ooooh"  
I been the Ice Cream Man since '92  
comin through  
in the ice cream truck on triple gold shoes  
fuck too Tru's  
Vogues give the hoes blues  
bitches choose to lose  
plus I puff indo, fool how could you refuse  
I do not be fuckin wit broke bitches like you  
but only if you knew my gang  
I'd have you running trains through the crew  
I do  
but since I got funk wit that No Limit crew  
somethin new  
niggaz been tryin to step on my shoes  
you know who  
that nigga got a perm like Dru

burn like two  
Remmies when he perform for you  
I do  
kick it wit real niggaz from Frisco  
back to  
my niggaz from Get Low the RBL  
my nigga cool  
Nut 11/5  
bump this in yo seven ride  
get a show and bring you  
about seven die  
mutha fuckaz startin to bribe  
but niggaz ain't bumpin no 4-TAY  
cuz he too busy (bietch) tryin to smoke some more yay, uh  
Jose around the Bay I knew  
he be funny lookin like G-Money  
nigga puffin voos  
heard you got married to a crack like  
you need to get some Get Right like Mac Mall  
cuz it act like you can't rap at all  
we havin jobs and swingin on platinum balls  
so don't get  
flat on your walls  
an get snatched up in a U-Haul  
cuz you'se a bitch nigga like RuPaul  
You all think you gonna make money dissin my crew?  
But only if you knew nigga.  
You fuckin wit these Mobb niggaz fool, uh

[Chorus]

I got some killers on the payroll, and they know  
and they know..