

Trick Daddy, Kill Your Ass

(Chorus)

I'm a f**k around and kill yo ass
I'm a f**k around and kill yo ass
F**k around and kill yo ass (say what)
I'm a f**k around and kill yo ass

(Trick Daddy)

I'm having a supper with some lonely motherf**ker
Some little boney motherf**ker
You killed my homie motherf**ker
So what a real nigga 'posed to do
Get ghost and kill every bitch close to you
And you probley gone kill me if I ain't careful
Probley gone damn near me if I ain't careful
Now you f**king with the wrong nigga
I'll follow you home nigga, ready to pull the motherf**king trigger
Cause I ain't f**king with nobody, owe nobody
Need nobody but my shottie
See all my ex-friends was ex-cons, most of them dead and gone
Therefore I'm ridding for 'em
I'm putting holes in you cocksucker
I'm closing shop on your block with this glock sucker
Won't be no serving on this corner
Won't be no hanging, swanging, swerving on this corner
I gives a f**k about your homie

You can play crazy if ya want to, but ya pussy when I get up on ya
But when these blades go to chopping, niggas gone be dropping
And vertebras going to be rocking
And I'm a..

(Chorus)

(Trick Daddy)

I gives a f**k that you getting do
I gives a f**k bout your hoe, gives a f**k bout who she know
Ain't no joking in my game, don't get chained,
and slanged about my cocaine
I know some niggas, who want to smoke,
He want some hotter green and a quarter head for that coke
Won't be no jacking while I'm stacking
Won't be no slapping, no laughing, or no motherf**king macking
Just me and my workers in a circle,
And ain't nobody and hiding 'round cause if they is I got to hurt ya
And if it's worth it we'll dirt ya,
I know ya strapped so I'm wait for I search ya
I know ya scared, and you gonna get it, and I can feel yo ass
Put this thing inside your head and I'm kill yo ass

(Chorus) x4