

# One Shot One Kill (feat. Snoop Dogg)

Jon Connor

Guess who's back, it ain't a fuckin' question  
They know the name 'bout the presence of a livin' legend  
Fuck what you heard it's murda, murda, you gon' need protection  
Some niggas blinded, couldn't see, so look for me to come and give direction  
Who hold the crown, it ain't no conversation  
(?) unless you payin' homage, remain the hottest  
Niggas can't stop us, that's just being honest  
And makin' hits, I never had problems munchin' at the apartment  
Don't get me started, don't compare me to the newest, nigga  
For everyone of you, there's a hundred more and I watch them comin' home  
My track record ain't coincidental  
And these verses is like hearses consistently killin' all with instrumentals  
Tell me, fuck what would ya'll do without me?!  
Kill yourself or even think of something crazy 'bout me  
I'm like I leave your fuckin' champ, now watch me rope a dope  
Just watch him choke, cause everythin' I drop is dope  
Now watch 'em all go up in smoke  
I came here to raise hell, I can't lie  
One shot, one kill, it's real, I ain't hidin'  
You on't shoot one shot if you ain't ready to die  
And never get it fucked up, I got shooters for hire  
Cause you don't want it, I have you like aye aye  
Better back the fuck up, over guns so I try  
I had weak shit, we'll never slide, I despise  
You are now not in the presence of nice guys Look, what the fuck, I was just chillin' in the cut  
And no beginners, only winners run amok, you runners up  
You funny fuck like twenty bucks, I know your slut will let me fuck  
I told my city "Hold me down", now look how high they hold me up  
I'm Kobe clutch, I hold my nuts till I was old enough to cuss  
Was kissin' bitches after lunch, now that's a muthafuckin' rush  
Still in highschool, I was fuckin' niggas bitches on the hush  
So no questions, it's no panties in a muthafuckin' must  
It's the peoples rapper, I ain't no rapper  
I'm the rapture on the mornin' after  
You lackin' passion, you ain't bad, you just a wack distraction  
I can't relax cause I feel the magic smashin', Tony Braxton  
Where your sisters at? Let's get it crackin'  
Look, I was young, I was broke  
Had no hope, so I wrote, that's how I cope  
I went hard with no results  
New approach, same truth  
Just get ready, aim, shoot, then get bing, bang, woof

So they better bring troops because...  
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One shot, one kill, it's real, I ain't hidin'  
You on't shoot one shot if you ain't ready to die  
And never get it fucked up, I got shooters for hire  
Cause you don't want it, I have you like aye aye  
Better back the fuck up, over guns so I try  
I had weak shit, we'll never slide, I despise  
You are now not in the presence of nice guys It's fuckin' murder, baby  
I'm tryna hurt 'em, baby  
I know you heard me, baby  
Feel like I'm goin' crazy  
It's fuckin' murder, baby  
Run, run, run, the cops almost got me  
Another tear drop, another fuckin' body  
Uh, uh, uh, another fuckin' body  
Uh, uh, uh, another body  
Uh, uh, uh, another body  
Uh, uh, uh, another body  
Uh, uh, uh, another fuckin' body, body  
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