

Killaz (feat. Melanie Rutherford & C. Brown)

Slaughterhouse

I'm not afraid of the storm (noooo)
It seems like you're slipping away (ohhhhh)
I'm not afraid of the storm (noooo)
I'm not afraid, of the storm You fuckin with a killa (I love you baby)
You fuckin with a killa (you're so sexy)
You fuckin with a killa
Lyrical, serial, either/or killa Uhh, I'm in love with this pep
Switch a nigga up, put a thug in a dress
Chop a nigga head off, pick his head up
Turn it upside-down, drink his blood from his NECK
Uhh, I fly across you with the Coupe now
I'm fire! The fire marshal shut the booth down
Uh, you fuckin with a killa
Take your body, rape your body, dump it in the river
Turn myself in then, beat the case for it then
Uhh, I'm a FUCKED UP nigga!
Pill poppin, e'rybody FUCKED UP with us
Me and Joey the cottonmouth kings
(I love you baby) What the FUCK you talkin 'bout, sing
(Uhh, uh, I'm fuckin with a killa)
So crazy (I'm fuckin with a killa)
(I'm fuckin with a killa)
Lyrical, serial, either/or killa!
First the clouds form, then they dark in the sky
Then the heavens roar when a couple of them collide
Then the most toxic rain landed on my
Caesar then Jesus Christ, the storm arrive
6-foot-somethin made of Spanish descent
What I write is fresh air like my hand's in a vent
Y'all 'bout to be lost like you don't know where your manager went
That's just a heads up, cause none of y'all was plannin a vic
I'm from the projects, Grey Goose, a crate on the bench
Mike's Hard Lemonade'll get you amateurs bent
Where I'm from they don't hesitate the cannon that spits
Stand by the wrong man and watch your thoughts land on a fence!
I'm the voice of the gutter where your boys serve your mother
And the noise from a clucker puts your boy on a cover
We annoy undercover cause they never put on
We from the hood, we don't snitch boy we weather the storm
We some killas!
I'm comin with flash just to blast your facemask
Bullets flyin faster than the NASA spacecraft

Get half your face smashed by the click-clack
The impact's a passion of massive plane crash
The mic minister write literature, rhyme sinister
Might injure, your nine endin your life when it's the
Prime miniature time witness the prime
Innocent lives kissin goodbye, picture the I, givin a FUCK!
The truth (walkin) just walked in the booth (talkin)
Too (often) I put a hot beat in a new (coffin)
For instrumentals I dig a grave
Then drop so many bars around you when you listen feel like you in a cage
Niggaz styles is sour, you makin lemonade
Take a thousand hours to write, our rhymes +Minute Made+
Me, Joey and Joell leave you crippled
Mother-FUCK five cents, but we'll kill you over Nickel
We some killas!Don't like bein followed so I shot that nigga
A known loner; that's backwards
I'm a loner that's known to attempt to put a comber in a coma
You lookin at the prime suspect, with enough stress
If you can give a FLUCK, then I can give FLUCK less
Obsessed with who I struck next so I set it for
Success when I spit cause the vic is my next metaphor
Self-destructive mixed with light lies
If, you lookin for psychotic, I got it
Or DON'T! Maybe y'all are retarded, absurd
And I observe while the whole world tries to act reserved
Need a Oscar, I'll put on an act that's superb
E'rybody relax, it's words
Maybe it's NOT! It's gotta be reasonable doubt (BUT)
Reason don't come out my mouth, I let it come out of hersI'm fuckin with a killa
I'm fuckin with a killa
I'm fuckin with a killa
I'm fuckin with a killa
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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