

Kash Killaz, Hatchet

(Dirty Box)

Time to bury the bloody hatchet in your
motherfucking back
I laugh when I hear yo rib cage crack
I'm breakin you down
fuckin you up like sprack
you always mixin up yo fiction with yo facts
now i'm'a let you know what the soul for real is
come correct, let me know what the deal is
bro, pack your bowl, with my flow
shit just aint workin out
now i'm'a have to let you go

(Spyda)

Cant mess with us, better run you must
junkie ass niggas hands will be cut
the hatchet pierces your heart and soul
motherfuckin baby niggas cryin, wanna go home
we aint done with your bitch-ho-ass
I spit so hard the flow comes out real fast
since Halloween I been all up in your ass
ranked last at school in my motherfuckin class
but I done never gave a fuck so I make nerve gas

(Chorus)

Time to bury the hatchet,
Make that shit go deep
Your ass we attack it,
So you cant sleep
We're not your friends,
Thats why the knife will go deep
And if you cant take it,
Then go to fuckin sleep

(Kriminal)

Niggas cant breathe, niggas dont believe
that niggas go black-on-black, cuz niggas cant see
we all the same niggas, even though some cant read
we should fight the racist bastards, instead of the niggas
ya see?
what the fuck are you german? Fuhrman? your ass aint learnin
we for real nigga we kill like Persians
all the Kash Killaz ridin in a Ford Excursion
shoot up the suburds, and shoot up the urban
racism is alive and the Bush folk denyin it
political talk nigga and I'm tryin to fight it
wont stand for this bullshit, thats why we do shit

(Da Sorcerer)

Use my black motherfuckin magic
I'm a motherfuckin cocaine addict
and I've had it, fuck tampax dont pad it
that shit will bleed like you sporadic
been 5 days you aint dead? bitch your crabbin
dont get that shit on me bitch I'm like Aladdin
your ass will be clappin, I scare you make you crappin

(Chorus)

(Crooked Ed)

I'm just a god damned sideshow joke like Bob
motherfucking saying 'Whoa!' like Black Rob
hell I'm just trying to get in the hood, dawg
I might not be of your type, but I praise the same God

God also known as the late great Tupac

(Rahim)

The flow is filled with metaphors, and heteroes
homos and my bros, fight with trench coats
shoot up you m-fuckers like I shot up Elmo
Big Bird in the trunk smokin weed like a punk
this style I rhyme with aint been used since Kings of Krunk
but we dont get it crunk, we get it fucked up
drink so much liquor, you'd think we'd have cups
a 5th of vodka followed by fuckin this bitch named Rhonda
screamin help me Rhonda, when my shit is stuck
dont matter nigga if it breaks off, nigga your fucked
so I pull the gun and out and this slut I shoot up
nothing positive here motherfucker, tough luck
my ego is so big its already squashed some kids
I went to the deep south they callin me nig
shit like that you can never forget, and never forgive
thats why I'm always up to stab some redneck motherfuckin shit

(Chorus)

(Dominique)

Aint got a chance to spit? well I dont give shit
your mom is givin me brain in your own crib
I took your damn car and got it lifted
your little sister's pussy? shit I already ripped it
no spinners that shit is gone nigga its now thrifted
your ass got hemeroids nigga now you gon shit it?
I dont really pity your ass so tough shit
I bury the hatchet in your ass, fuckin bitch

(G-Mony)

Thats the K to tha A to tha S to tha H
yeah and K to tha I double L and A through Z
motherfuckers cant fuck with me
Kash Killaz represent

(Chorus)