

# Killer Mike, Re-Akshon

(T.I. talking)

Aye, aye Bun who did this man?  
So me and you got, T.I.P., Killer Mike, Lil Jon, and Bun B  
So that's the King of the South.. the Underground King..  
the King of Crunk.. and King Kong all on the same song  
Heheh.. aye Jon, they ain't ready  
We taking it on back to the trap my nigga!

(Hook)

I got them 'bows on my 'lac - swervin on these niggaz!  
I got the hump up in the back - bumpin in you speakers!  
I got the weed in my sack - smokin on that killa!  
In the hood where I'm at - trappin with my niggaz!  
I got the NEW NEW... (Killa K-K-K-Killa Killa...)  
NEW NEW... (K-K-K-Killa Killa..)  
NEW NEW... (K-K-K-Killa Killa..)  
NEW NEW... (Niggaz don't wanna touch the Killa..)

(T.I.)

Man we been tounge wrastlin for too long  
Aye whatchu wanna do homes?  
I'm finna pull this heat and have you fetal like a new-born  
T.I.P., Mike, and Bun B - scared whatchu better be  
We was just the kings, now we heads of a legacy  
Leaders of the new south, fake niggaz move out  
He talkin loud and proud, but he scared when the tool out  
I'm the nigga they be askin what we gon' do bout?  
Mike told me "fuck them niggaz, bring that New New out"  
Paint the Chevy, buy the Caddie, bring the 22's out  
Put the city back on top, just seperate the fools now  
We had lots of misrepresentation but hey we cool now  
Can't keep playin both sides of the fence, you got to choose now  
The realest of the real or the fakest of the fake  
If ya got it on ya chest, shawty say it to my face  
When ya hold ya nuts in hatred, ya only rushin til ya waste  
And we gon' show them people what it really is in the A

(Hook)

(Killer Mike)

Straight from Atlanta, the hog hand-ler  
Grown folk trap, scramb-ler  
Need me?, Need to get ten G's to my manager  
My mack-10 made for action, body-baggin and toe taggin  
I'll drag 'em threw the river like a bad yellow nigga  
I'm mashin with pops fashion, bustin first no questions askin  
You gon' off that water woody thinkin you can hold me  
I'm, King Kong on every track, no cap-sule can hold me  
I'll THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP, when I BUMP BUMP BUMP BUMP!  
It's woofers, tweeters, speakers, geekers, ALL IN YO' TRUNK!  
My dad ain't raise no fag, my mom ain't had no punk  
We don't hesitate or negotiate, we pop Chevy trunks  
From the home of Coca-Cola, I'm not referrin to soda  
I'ma grind til I shine, or die going for mine  
Sig Sauer by my side, swervin and blowin pine  
Don't be a victim to a Killer, be a father to ya son  
This Re-Akshon, Killa Kill, T.I.P., and Bun

(Hook)

(Bun B)

Bitch I'm coming live from the trunk and I thrive on the funk  
Cuz I'd rather die like a man than survive like a punk  
I'm no coward, I'm 'dro-powered, you gettin Twin-Towered

devoured - it's a shit-storm and you bout to get showered  
From Broward county to Harris, Pasadena to Paris  
I embarrass niggaz on chrome wheels as big as the ferris  
Cuz there is, now way now how - I stay low-key, low-brow  
In that black on black on black in the 'lac cuz I'm so wild  
I get, drunk off that, I'll be high off this  
I might pop one of those, it don't matter my nigga - I don't miss  
They put me hot on list, where players are posted  
But them players we posted up on corners, when they say and get roasted  
And the prayer get toasted, cuz I keep the flame on  
The face for the game on - leave a stain on anything I puts my name on  
Disrespect and the tech'll peck a player like Woody  
Cuz cain't nuttin keep a trill nigga down, ask Khujo Goodie

(Hook)

(Killer Mike talking)  
All I gotta say is sucker emcees better run  
The debate is now, who's the greatest emcee?  
T.I.P., Killer Mike, or Bun?  
We are not doing this for fun - this is a bloodsport  
Emcees are dying, mothers are crying  
and wack-ass niggaz will go out trying  
It is officially a new day, I am officially the new mouth  
AND THESE ARE THE EMCEES OF THE NEW SOUTH!!