

# Lil Rob, I'll Kill You

(Triple C)

Big Bow, 13 motherfucker

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(Triple C)

Another jam from the mind of the double D  
I put it down for the homies and the Central Coast Family  
Some wicked shit pounding out your box  
A little something to bump when you're cooking them rocks  
We all got our own ways of making the green  
You do whatever it takes to get up onto the scene  
I do what I do, staying true to the blue  
Southside 13, what about you fool?  
Run and hide and get out your map  
Leva motherfuckers from the other side to the tracks  
I never forgive and punk I never forget  
It ain't over motherfuckers, no not just yet  
Move out of scene, I knew you would leave  
I got another motherfucking trick up my sleeve  
Smoke you like a roach, can I make it last?  
Like a quick half ounce, another thing from the past  
You're the kind of motherfucker talking shit bitch  
I'm the kind of motherfucker making the hit list  
When I see you in the street you better run and cover  
Cuz if I pull out my gat, I shoot to kill motherfucker

(Lil' Rob)

It's the Lil' Rob

Known like the mob cuz I be dropping them hits  
Giving it till you whores can't stand, giving it till your heart quits  
It's open, hoping for another chance  
Fuck that fat hyna, it's ain't over till the hyna dance  
Glance at a man with no worries, full of teary  
Riddle at me, loose, hang you fools from a noose  
Then light you up on fire, put away my lighter  
Fuck the fucking Devil, I'm the one that he admires  
Inquiring minds want to know  
How the fuck we can be so fucking sick and quick to stick pussy  
The cheif enemies got the remedy  
To make more enemies than anybody in the pen with a felony  
Now you're mad at me  
I'm just glad we had the chance to be friendly before I killed you fucking family  
Say you're understanding me, fool you ain't no man to me  
Pulling petty crimes, thinking that you're gonna flatter me  
Bitch I could give a fuck about what you're doing  
I could give a fuck about what, who that you flew  
Make you sick like the flu, I know how to spook you  
All it takes is a bullet, you'll be shaking in your shoes  
What kind of death do you choose? Homicide or suicide?  
Circle one, call me Gato cuz the cat got your toungue  
Ese young, 21, people saying that I'm done  
But the more shit that you talk, the more fun has begun  
Leave your ass rung, let alone your ass hung  
Chop you up with my machete with my hockey mask on  
Better yet I'll paint my face up like Dead Presidents  
In your neighborhood, nothing but dead residents  
When I get through with them, set them up and have a brew with them  
While the juras wondering what to do with them  
Cuz there's so many of them, God must not have loved them  
Cuz he let me do what I did, close their eye lids

(Mr. Shadow)

Now who be batty, coming trying to diss my skills  
It's that evil-minded demon, shoving fools under the hills

Motherfuckers try to run but they can never hide, I find em  
Putting the bullets in, hollow tips and I blind em  
Shadow be that one bald-headed fool ready to bust  
The man of steel who turns his rivals into fucking dust  
I must admit to all the shit that I committed  
All the fucking bodies and the craniums that I splitted  
I spitted many rhymes, I flipped so many sounds  
Take these fools into depressions like the year of 95  
Homicide got me tripping  
That's why I'm loading a clip  
Motherfuckers trying to trip  
They end up looking just like shit