

Artist: guru

Title: How you gonna be a killa

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[singing in background]

[talking]

B-Slick... Guru...

[Chorus: Smitty] - 2X

How you gon' be a killa with no shells in them teecs
You sellin' dreams when you sell a cassette, and miss
Beef like delicatess', I'm Elliot Ness, it's a mess
When I tele-connect, it hits

[Guru]

Nigga, yo your pussy 'round my format bitch is mad masculine
I have to win, down in the basement with my clownies, I'm blastin' it
Thoughts travel past you and,
I cock back, release the speech and travel faster than
a bullet in flight, I ignite the fight
What's the purpose of the black against black or black against white
But whatever color you are, we off you quick fast punk
If you ain't actin' right - so pay homage while we make the farmage
I mean far-mage - hungry like there's no food in my sto-mach
I've done it son, did it son, spit it son, I'm wit it son
Admit it son, lemme find out you kinda timid son
I didn't run, like I told you in "DWYCK"
I'm holdin' my shit, other hand holdin' my dick
Protectin' the fort with all sorts of gats
and all sorts of hot pipes and banana clips, I stand equipped

[Chorus] - 2X

[Smitty]

Yo, how can I put it kid, as plain as can be
Ain't no braggin', just imagine, what pain it can be
Let's get it on and get this shit resolved, amigably(?)
If it's on you good as gone kid, I'm sayin' if it's me
I'll undress a nigga, to a lesser figga
Gotta press a trigga (BLAOW!!) ain't messin' witcha
Call shots and end the game early
At the end of the day, playa you blame-worthy
The method I use to freak it, I use it frequent
to "Scare" you "Straight" like first offenders and juvenile dilinquents
When I, talk that talk, I walk that walk amigo
It's confidence, you probably think it's a hell of an ego
Cats is askin', whose feet are you walkin' in?
The multi-millionaires with mass media marketin'
Displayed in a major way, my pager say, I'm bout to get paid today
Now make way

[Chorus] - 2X

[short singing]

[Chorus]