

# Killa Klan

## Juicy J

Killa Klan (8x)

Chorus: Killa Klan Repeated

North Memphis, South Memphis, ATL, Chicago

(cities differ for each chorus)(Juicy J)

Late last nite, I was in the bed, eyes red

Thinkin' about project pat, and what the fuckin jury said  
Givin' him what they gave him, then they put him in handcuffs  
Motherfuck dem laws, I'ma make you put yo hands up  
Don't cross the line, yellow take the police brand up  
Outside the court, Norf Memphis and we klanned up  
I can be a leader, bring the heata, like a farakhan  
I can be a terroist to the government like a taliban  
Long as ya black, and ya wrist they put they targets on  
Watchin' niggas every move, tappin' niggas cell phones  
Don't, Fall, for the okay, Don't, Call, and I'll bring the dope  
And we gon' smoke we till the break of dawn  
Trapped in this hood where there ain't no motherfuckin bon  
And to that officer I know your stompin' ground here  
But If you ain't from my hood, get yo ass from round here

Chorus (2X)(Crunchy Blac)

First I'm gonna catch the bitch

Then I'm gonna beat the bitch

Then I'm gonna bury bitch

Shouldn't of been talkin' shit

You knew who you was fuckin wit

Fuckin wit the fuckin best

She who you fuckin been

Now I'm aimin' at yo chest

This goes out to all of y'all

All of y'all be talkin' shit

Slip the clip up in the gun

Then commence to bust a nig

Bust a nig, at ya dawg

Watchin' you niggas fall

Screamin' out like a bitch

Mane that's just some petty shit

(Lord Infamous)

I'm into blood baths, I don't, fine I'll punch ya

I'ma hit yo ass wit the fuckin rocket launcher

Can you stand the pain, insane, bounty hunta

Stop long, see ya pulp, till ya unconscious

Throw you in the dumpsta, lord catch a conquer

Lord don't, pistol play jump up, if ya want ta  
This is the unda, buried by yo momma  
Not only do I murder mane I also am bomb ya  
Chorus (2x)(Juicy J)  
Picture this, you a juror and you on the stand  
And you about the judge the life of a black man  
Young brotha from the hood made it rappin' and  
Wit a knot in his pocket weighin least a grand  
Here's the story he got caught wit some fire arms  
By a crooked ass cop wit his siren awn  
He was known as a felon made it bigga than state  
The whole case turned fed made him lose his faith  
Picture this, now the judge he got hatred for crooks  
Because ten years ago he was appointed by bush  
Republican white man, and he don't give a fuck  
If the guns wasn't his that was found in his truck  
Prosecutors, shady lawyers, mane who can you trust  
All this palm greasy shit, mane it's bigga than us  
Make you wanna be like fuck it hit the trunk of the car  
Deliberation it was time for the jury to star  
Killa Klan (fade out)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>