

# Akon, I'll Still Kill

Oh, don't even look at me wrong  
When I come through the hood  
Ain't nothin' changed, still holla at my homies  
Oh, and when I hit the block, I still will kill  
And I don't want, nigga, but I will  
If I got to kill  
If niggas get to fuckin' around  
If niggas get to fuckin' around  
Respect come from admiration and fear  
You can admire me if you can catch one in your wig  
You see the Testarossa, the toaster's right on my lap  
So if a nigga get out of line, a nigga get clapped  
I got an arsenal, a infantry, I'm built for this mentally  
That's why I'm the general, I do what they pretend to do  
Front on me now, nigga, I'll be the end of you  
Forget ya enemies and think of what'cha friends'll do  
I drop a bag off, then let a mag off  
The Heckler & Koch'll tear half of your ass off  
I'm not for the games, I'm not for all the playin'  
The hollow tips rain when I unleash the pain  
Get the message from the lions or get the message from the nine  
Paint a picture wit' words, you can see when I shine  
Put my back on the wall, nigga, watch me go for mine  
I let twenty-one shots off at the same time, yeah  
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Where I'm from death is always in the air homie  
Nanna love me so you know she say my prayers for me  
I come creepin' through the hood wearin' Teflon  
Hit the corners motherfuckers get left on  
Niggas know, if not, they better check my background  
Try and stick me, I fill ya back wit' mac rounds  
Ask 'Preme nigga, 50 don't back down  
I keep it funky like fiends in a crack house  
Cross the line, boy, I'mma air your ass out  
Screw ya face at me, I wan' know what that's 'bout  
Nigga, I know you ain't mad, I done came up  
And if you are, fuck you 'cause I ain't change up  
The O.G.'s wanna talk but I don't know these niggas  
And I ain't did no business wit' 'em, I don't owe these niggas  
A minute of my time, I get it 'cause I grind  
All across the globe like the world's mine, yeah  
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Konvict  
Now tell me have you ever looked up at an instance  
And seen a mac aimin' at'cha head, mayne?  
Before you know what life is flashin' and reminiscin'  
Your body is drippin' and full of lead, mayne  
I done been there, I done cocked that  
It ain't never been a question, I'm 'bout that  
Don't go there, you can cock that

And if you plan to fuck around then reroute that  
You'll never catch me ridin' around on these streets  
Without a couple metal pieces under my feet  
Fully automatic weapons and loaded wit' dumb-d's  
Stashed up under the carpet like a can of Seabreeze  
50 don't make me ride on these niggas  
'Cause I will kill, dip and hide on these niggas  
50 don't make me ride on these niggas  
'Cause I'll be long gone like the Ripper  
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