Me and the crew had the 40s and dank getting fucked up
Plottin on some suckas last week that snuck up
They thought they had us done, we had the 9's and clip man
Cash in the ride, hoe sealed the cocaine
Fool started shooting
I rolled down the window
Let out some smoke, car full of that indo
Pointed the Tec-9, smoked the passenger
Another nigga to' up but bitch I laugh at ya
Fools tryin to figure whether he should duck or fucking hide out
Niggas got away so we ride out
Plottin motherfuckas cuz you know I serve ya
And sucka when I see ya, its gonna be a bloody murder

Its gonna be a bloody murder,
And when I see him I'ma kill him
Now when I'm on the set I gots to get paid, check it
Dope fiend got his high beams, talkin bout he got credit
This dope fiend, he was trippin, I said "fool get the fuck on,"
He said he wanted wholesale but didn't have a buck on him
Damn, I didn't want to beat the fool's ass
I reached for my gat, then out jumped the taz
They started gunnin, I started runnin, I got away
They thought they had me caught but the P just hid away
And laid back, did the crack thinkin bout revenge
You see I didn't get him, I'll probably get his friends
He tried to set me with the jump out boys, and I'll serve ya
And dope fiend when I see ya, its gonna be a bloody murder

I was cool, me and the chill was just chillin
Countin up my mil from the wholesale top dealin
I wasn't even trippin when my pager went off
I said who the fuck is this, just tell that bitch to get lost
He called the bitch on his mobile phone, I said yo its on
She said "P I'll dick ya dick like an ice cream cone,"
I said damn I was a trippin cuz I fuck bitches all the time
So tell that nasty bitch I catch her ass at about nine
Later that night I had to pop her
Knocked on the door said bitch I came to fuck
But see before I hit the pussy, and got a nut
Some niggas came straight out the closet talkin bout hands up
The bitch ran out the hosue, you know I'm gone hurt her
And bitch when I see ya, its gonna be a bloody murder

[Chorus x2]