

## Murderer 2

Mystikal

Mothafuckin' murderer

Murdered my sister  
The only thing ? i'm tryin to tell? is to take it to that nigga  
Get that mutherfucker what I tell myself  
Make that mutherfucka feel what chell felt  
Heavenly father but ? your will? to bring them tears to her eyes  
Fuck the fussin and the fights why she have to die  
Couldn't ? beleive my baby? to leave away from here so goddamn early  
I tried to tell her that nigga was bad news but she ain't heard me  
Fact was that she love this bitch  
But she found love on the graveyard shift  
And how many ? mutherfuckin' quick lift, or spliff, on the fifth  
Find my baby sister she ain't deserve that shit  
Nigga you couldn't of, nigga you wouldn't  
Put your hand on a women, how could it be my sister  
Can't say I wouldn't miss her  
But I wouldn't forget cha  
Get that bitch for every time he hit ya  
He gone pay for what he did ya  
Murder!

Motherfuckin murderer

Possessed that nigga that hurt her  
100% black queen self ? every women?  
Nigga you lost your fuckin' life when you took hers from her  
You took her from her brothers  
And her baby mother from her  
But after it's said and done your ass gone burn like it's summer  
Even ? a fuck? bout a system  
Sister was your victim  
Fuck he said he didi it  
What the fuck you mean your being a victim  
Fuck him, I'll get 'em  
Be that nigga to deal with him  
Cut him and split him, reverse that feelin'  
Commited ? mutherfuckin? centuries under my ceilin'  
The paper said lacerations to her ? what did the killin'  
But that's on my first born to make him my first blood  
Nigga you took her from her fuckin' close friends and first cous'  
She would probably miss my partner she was cool with  
? multiplied by the people she went to school with  
Never the less, rest my sweet sister  
? i'm about to? handle this buisness  
Get that thing and kiss ya picture  
Heavenly fatherhe done put me in that water  
But I got to get theat bitch for what he did to my momma daughter  
Never dreamed he'd be the one to hurt her  
She died a bloody murder  
Murder!

Motherfuckin' murderer

Into the tick-tock of the wee hour  
Shit started to get sour  
She was killed by that fuckin' coward

How could nothin' take so much and  
No more was upp'in' no more huggin'  
But his conscience know the truth so he fucked up and  
Her memories was all that was left so to that I'm clutchin'  
She was taken out of your reach now you can't touch her  
Unfortunately also taken from us so we gotta suffer  
? dabal'in'? down to that last supper  
Gotta hustle  
Feelin' my album shake the devil up  
Reconstruct this motherfucka  
I never slowed down just throw it down like I know how  
Thought I do it like she would have wanted me to do it  
I still can't believe I lost her in the worst way  
She died wearin' my very first t-shirt on my birthday  
Now what the fuck I'm supposed to celebrate  
Would have celebrated if I caught his ass  
But I got in my ? bed? and it's too late  
Everybody gotta roll they must play  
No hollerin' when to pray  
But this motherfucka gotta pay  
There will be no reasonable excuse for what you've done  
Even ignored him when he started stealin' from me  
Cause them was crumbs  
A raindrop to a river  
Huh, a sinner to a christian  
A holler to a whisper  
She was the sole reason that I got along with ya  
But I'm a never heal from the scars of what you did to my sister  
Murderer!

Motherfuckin' murderer