

Murderer

Mystikal

Guns murder niggas at night....
Man, niggas even kill niggas at night
Cops murder niggas at night...
I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let them bitches murder mine!!!

Motherfuckin murderer....shot my fuckin brother
But when I find him, I'm gone GET THAT MOTHERFUCKER!
He playin the role of one them niggas that's always talkin noise
Runnin INSIDE, talkin that shit, front of his fuckin boys
Fuck that, I'm lockin that bolt back
Loadin that gat, here that glock come, [gunshot]
Out'cha fuckin' head... standin on the corner
I'm peepin on ya, so I CAN CREEP UP ON YA!!!!
Calmin my nerves, get rid of these punks and stick em in my mind
You want it? Fine, I DONE REACHED FOR THAT NINE
I'm gone do you in
I'm tellin ya bitch you gone have to get up quick
And hit the bricks before I do you in
Two of your boys spied me comin
Them coward-hearted niggas started runnin
But not you though, you gots to play the hard role
Stop playin it up like a bone, BITCH I KNOW YOU ARE
Talkin head gonna put you on your deathbed
Just cuz you got a gat, that's just why you actin brave
Got a gat I got a GLOCK, what'cha gone do?
Handle your business, DON'T LET YOUR BUSINESS HANDLE YOU!

Pull your shirt down bitch
I know you got a gat, but I ain't scared bout that bullshit
It don't matter how many fuckin guns you got
The only thing that MATTER, is a nigga, to get the first shot
Cuz if I peep, that ass is fallin to the street
Bitch retreat or that ass is deeeeeeeead meat
Smack your teeth, but I'ma knock you off your fuckin feet
They gone pick you up, piece-by-piece off that concrete street
When N.O. meet, who gives a fuck about a poor neat scene?
We got beef, so I'ma shoot'cha like a FAKE BITCH
Let you know just who you fuckin' with
But I ain't that type of nigga
that's liable to shoot you over no DUMB SHIT!
If I'ma pop ya, I'ma pop ya for just cause
you talk too much shit PLUS, you popped one of my boys
Gankin niggas I'm gettin downright SCANDOLOUS!!!!
[gunfire] YOU CAN'T HANDLE THIS!!!!
So when you're out bitch, move or I won't step
Cuz if I catch'cha I'ma drill ya in your fuckin chest
I ain't gone gone ride by and pop, cause I might miss
I'ma walk up to your FACE, Pop POINT BLANK BITCH!!!
That's what you get, from out there tryin to go act bad
Not even BRUCE LEE, could whoop a bullet ass
Got'cha, come, get this ass whoopin
If you bringing them niggas with ya, that's nothin
I'm poppin' the clip in

Nigga fetcher, satisfied when you're on the stretcher
You might run but I'ma CATCH 'EM!!!!

(Yo nigga you caught that bitch yet?)
FUCK NO! I ain't caught that bitch yet
I done been through every scandalous sight, and every project
But I bet'cha, when I stop, runnin behind em
Get up, pack my shit and I'll STOP, and then I'll fuckin find him
Yo dumb ass in the street
Fuck that shit, cuz I'ma catch your ass this week
Monday, a one day when you go play [alot of gunfire], goes the A.K.
Sprayin on his ass like a roach, and if I approach, too late to duck hoe
Drop, run, fall, kick, scream, now curse
How in the fuck you gone duck a twelve round burst?
Hammin at that ass on Tuesday, put up the nine
Go get the A.K.
Bitch if I catch you in the mall Wednesday
That's the day that ass fall
Then it might be Thursday, three round burst day
The day I'm blood thirsty
Fuck that, wait til FRIDAY, PAYDAY!!!!
Shoot'cha in your face and take your money, J
Now wait til the weekend, heh, yeah
Saturday, that's the day you go CREEPIN
But you better be watchin your back cuz I'm sneakin [door noise]
Waitin for my chance to do your ass in
I don't give a fuck if it's on Sunday
God gone have to forgive me, cuz I'ma shoot'cha in your head nigga