

# Murder

Bizarre

Detroit, Motown

Hey guess what, they gave us two bonuses this year  
And you know what happened?

Robbin', shootin', killin', murder  
(Murder, murder)  
Robbin', shootin', killin', murder  
(Murder, murder)

Hennied up, ginnied up, ski mask, black truck  
Dickey outfit, passenger side, pistol grip pump  
Fuck it I just did two lines  
A chrome tech nine, it'll tear out niggaz spines

It's a party, go on in and have fun  
'Cause after it's over all you gon' hear is  
Shootin', blastin', hittin' the floor  
Ten-thousand in the safe, shit I'm 'bout to score

'Cause I'm dangerous, off Angeldust  
Shit I'll bust even the nigga that came with us  
And this is for my nigga's that be robbin' and stealin'  
Carjackin', murder one's, and fuckin' drug dealin'

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I stumble in the club blowed up, nine millimeter cocked  
Something's telling me to stop, fuck it I don't see the cops  
Nigga's don't believe until they see it's out  
Stupid motherfuckers want to take the scenic route, now the heater's out

Bitches scream like I pulled my penis out  
Beggin' me to put that big motherfucker away, but the demon's out  
Everybody on the floor, come out of that naked  
Come out of them diamonds and you come out of that velor

The party is over, shut the fuck down, cut the music  
Matter of fact turn it back up shit I can use it  
I need the noise in case I have to let a couple off  
Saw another icy chain, walked over and tugged it off

Give me that butter soft, and since you buyin' out the bar  
You can buy my drinks for today and tomorrow  
I'm out for the paper, my homie better hide the jewels  
I'm in the game starvin', and I ain't playin' buy the rules nigga

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Sh-sh-Shady