

Stateville

Do Or Die

Kill 'em all!
C'mon niggas

You don't want no static, maggot
Cause once I point the automatic, at it
Yo brain gon' get splattered, faggot
So have it your way
You got a issue wit' me?
It's okay, but if you dis-respect me nigga
Motherfucka's gon' pay
My motherfucka's don't play
This some serious shit
And we murder motherfucka's we get furious wit'
The theory is this; mob-life, learn the rules
Fuck rap, we own straps, and start burnin' fools
And you can turn the dues, that got juice on the street
But fuck chief, we can all get loose wit' the heat
And fuck peace, fuck stars, fuck whose in the lead
It's about who blood oozin' wit' me
Ya cock-biters

I still knock bitches up off they back-wheel
To the day, come like Hoover, a clean will
Harder than the bars of Stateville
Motherfucka flip this and put bitches on stage still
Drill a couple of slugs through they grille
And chase them bitches through hay-field
Cause I'll peel, some hollow-points off in yo shit
And I steal, the slugs in broad-day, bitch
Guillotine, knock off his shoulder
Spittin' shit, like spittin' comas
Surround yo death, like this exposure
Check out my murderous fashion
"Enter the Dragon" like Bruce Lee
Bracin' yoself, I keep on shootin' oozie
I'm strapped wit' this Uzi
I'm about to bloody up your cool-g
Livin' vision, act ill
AK, cell-block one, Stateville

Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Muuuurdaaa
(Nigga, that's what I be yellin')

I did it all for the nation
Now I'm in this cell waitin' patient
Killed two niggas, natural life's what I'm facin'
Thinkin' of my son in my head, while I'm pacin'
Two shanks in my shoe, and four on my waste
That's for them big niggas, I ain't knowin' my case
He be dead by the mornin', before they go in the gates
Now I got another case, and I'm locked in a hole

No food for months, laid on the floor
A bitch nigga like you couldn't walk in my shoes
My homie, Stateville, cell-block two, nigga

Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Muuuurdaaa
(Nigga, that's what I be yellin')

I remember the targets, so I catch you alone
And rip up the carcass, I don't wanna be heartless
But I'm locked down in this one cell, in the darkness
And regardless, I rip yo brains, the remains when I kill shit
From worse to the ill shit
Got Glocks that'll tear through bricks when you build shit
I put that on Will bitch, betta walk the line
Or chalk up your air time
Or fuck up your whole block
And yo mama is missin', yo bitch wanna close shop
And these four Glocks, go straight through teflon
Where yo teflon? It's murda
This real shit, it's murda
When I kill shit, it's murda
Stateville, cell-block three

Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Muuuurdaaa
(Nigga, that's what I be yellin')

Uhh, picture me dead when the bars closin'
My mind's blank, no thinkin' murder me, foul play
Suicidal, ex-felony, convict nigga
Appetite for destruction, bounty huntin' nigga
Cause it's K-I-L-L or I'll be
Killin' motherfucka for this feelin' up in me
My murderous tactics is still in me
I'm feelin' rejected, so I can't find peace
I'm in the middle of the ribs of the Belly of the Beast
As soon as he vomit, I'm released to the streets
How deep? Deep, deeper than Einstein
Deep, deeper than Manson
Deep, deeper than the Gladius
Stateville, cell-block five

Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Murda, murda
(That's what I be yellin')
Muuuurdaaa
(Nigga, that's what I be yellin')