

# 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')