

Murder

Eminem

Detroit, Motown

Hey guess what, they gave us the this year, and you know what happened?

[Chorus]

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

[Bizarre]

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 *gunshot* run nigga run nigga
Shootin', blastin', hittin' the floor
Ten-thousand in the safe, shit I'm 'bout to score
Cause I'm dangerous, off angel dust, 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'!

[Chorus]

[Kuniva]

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
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 could use it (ohhhhh)
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

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Sh-sh-sh-shaaaaady!