

# Murder Onze

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Intro: Cheek Del Vec

Uhh (what?)

Trife & Larceny in the fuckin house (uhh)

My nigga Klep in the fuckin house (Kleptomaniac)

and me (uhh, uhh), Cheek Del Vec (Del Vec, aight)

Aight!

(One love) Uhh, check it

(Snake-killin ass niggas, JM one love)

Verse 1: Del Vec, Kleptomaniac

Del Vec, little niggas pushing Landcruiser jeeps

gettin blunted all day, every day of the week

Nights in Maxima's and Acura's

Got bitches drivin 929 Mazda's, Tammy and Rhonda

Drivin rope down south in the Honda

I'm behind her in the Pathfinder

gettin blunted, my nigga need all, the XL 600

ridin smoothly playin low-key, watch my bitch

with the brick in the Civic sellin mad weight

Outta state and shit, I can't wait til this record shit  
is straight

So we can recuperate, get the dough and I'm gone

Motherfuckers fear me, I blow up spots like Ed Leary

Violent pro's even with guns like Sharon Stone

Mack ass nigga strikes again, chalk my win

Kleptomaniac attracts CREAM stacks from eight pens

And sticky hands wit crazy glue like finger tips  
shoplift

Or pass crews on mountain bikes bustin four-fifths

Diamond Vagettes, Rolex for the bitch, flex

and maxin de Moet, signin my signature on cheques

Crime motherfuckin pays when you know what you're doin

and gettin loops since niggas was rockin Hawaiian suits

What? Don't shoot \*gun shot\* leave ya family upset

Tight the trip DT's, chasin down robbery suspect

Chorus: Larceny

Murder Onez to get the Fonz and fast to die young

JM motherfucker, go get your guns

Murder Onez to get the Fonz and fast to die young

JM motherfucker, go get your guns

\*repeat\*

Verse 2: Trife, Larceny

Gettin richer cos I move coke and bust quicker

Bitches get richer, jealous niggas wanna hit'cha

Stashin my guns to protect my ones

I see the cash flow, torch it I blast, you know how it  
go

In the 5-double 0 SL

puffin L's lit while Larce loadin shells in the clip

Snakes-murder men formin plots

Lickin shots outta drop tops and it don't stop  
us from gettin the Luchicreno  
My clique tight like gambino's stickin casinos  
Bussin down kilos, me and Trife for life  
JM shorty's on the run  
Cocksucker go get your guns

Chorus x 1/2

Verse 3: Klep, Del Vec, Trife

I smoke so much weed, I know my lungs is fucked up  
Stick guns I get'cha, spit sperm when I cum  
Party done, use to hustle bubble  
with concealed capsules under my tongue til my mouth  
got numb  
Now I watch my back like spighty sense was tinglin  
Minglin in clubs with Jm puffin on mo' teams  
Don't oppose me, shit ain't rosy  
Murderin-lyrical gangsta like Ini Kamoze

Del Vec project was set down south with two Tek  
I murdered that, we got mad respect  
Sheisty niggas and vicars puffin 20's and 50's on the  
block  
I got shit on lock in Little Rock  
My bitch got knocked, she sold to a undercover cop  
went to jail, put the Benz up for bail  
Now I'm fucked up in the cut  
I got to move to a diff'rent state to make some quick  
bucks

As I look around me, dead bodies surround me  
Part of drug dealin-killin millions to make millions  
Sittin on top, tote Glock  
smokin pounds and phillies by the box, gettin head on  
the yacht  
Presidential rollin, watch hos clock me wit tha 420  
Bodyin motherfuckers for this money

Chorus x2