

Murdergram 2009

Maino

Uh! Niggas is dead! Dead I tell you! Can't be serious!
Know what'll happen when you take three of the realest niggas in Brooklyn!
Street niggas and such, mix 'em all up in one track, It's Brooklyn!
Uh! Heh heh! Can't be serious! Yeah! Yeah!

Motherfuckers wanna kill me but don't got the heart
To look me in the eyes with the nine that spark
Cause whether you for or against us my murderous henchmen
Leave shots in the same hoodie you dressed in
No it's not a miracle baby I'm that incredible
Street certified come on salute a general
Your outta my league I refuse to war with you
Simply I got more guns than you
Keep the tek where my son live the llama at the other house
Shotty in the car streetsweeper at my mama's house
No sense I lost my damn mind now
One shot'll leave abd gun powder around your eyebrows
I'm the realest you niggas better comply now
Make way for the king the streets is mine now
I'm G and shit stripes like Adidas's
Chris Brown damn right I beat a bitch!
This year the game 'gon let the crooks in
Till the day that I die it's Brooklyn!

It's R...

I hope y'all, know I'm comin for that crown
And my niggas hungry, don't bring your jewelry around
'Cause we eat food, and I got some broads to squeeze too
In the +Boiler Room+ supplyin "Vin Diesel"
Dressed in the ice, it's dark, dim the lights
In the jails and I reach you, it's nothin to send a kite
And my dogs all bite, we be right in the hood
Down for anything, even knockin down Suge
I'm necessary, see the ghetto need Red
They know I got the juice like A-Rodriguez (WHAT ELSE?)
And I'm a come clean with the bump-bump thing
Extended clips, like I'm on somethin
And if you pickin out Gs' in a line-up (yep)
It's only a matter of time 'fore you get lined up (yep)
And you get bucked down, I'm from Bucktown
Shakedown, ready for war, wassup now? !

I'm from where dudes they got shit
Where dudes'll kill they man like 'Pone killed Rich
Or they'll sell drugs to they own mamas
Long as she come correct, with them motherfuckin dollars (What you want, mom my?)
Or they might let her go for a dollar, black
If she two dollars short, they gon' tell her to holla back (Can't help you m ommy)
You know me, I'm right where the trail m
When the club like where duke I'm beefin with baby mom at (Baby!)
My lil' brother locked up for a shooting
He remind me of me, I was a bad influence (Sorry grandma!)
Man, I had so many guns in the crib
Saw so many people who wanted to be like me when they got big (f'real!)
I'm cocky, AIN'T a emcee iller than me

And I know for sure ain't none of these dudes realer than me! (They not!)
I'm the future, I'll shoot ya, ain't hard to tell
If I ain't the hottest, it got to be snow in the L
I'm tired of these sucka ass niggas
They get record deals to start frontin like they killas (It ain't snowin down there)
Now, buck buck, before all this rap shit
They was goody-two shoes in the hood - They ain't never clapped SHIT!
(OH!)

Cock back and and watch the Mac push
Your fuckin head off, now buss a shot for East Flatbush!
Only time we pull it and party
And waste bullets without hurtin somebody it's the fourth of July!
Fireworks pop in the air
Takin them chances rinsin the cartridge cuttin the tree branches
(IN BROOKLYN!) Even the children will catch it
That's why when we was younger we borrow and trade ratchets
And get it like Omar from The Wire from a young bastard
And when the police come run up in Pancho deli and stash it
(IN BROOKLYN!) Rust niggas will start to dig in them
Pockets as if my name was Drac, Hawk and Pig and 'em
Drop it, I commend my niggas that's in the dirt
And, go 'head and where the crown cause my niggas puttin the work in
You know I be the God of the street
The people say so I relinquish wearin the crown cause Gods wears a halo