

Murderer 2

Mystikal

Mothafuckin' murderer

Murdered my sister
The only thing ? i'm tryin to tell? is to take it to that nigga
Get that mutherfucker what I tell myself
Make that mutherfucka feel what chell felt
Heavenly father but ? your will? to bring them tears to her eyes
Fuck the fussin and the fights why she have to die
Couldn't ? beleive my baby? to leave away from here so goddamn early
I tried to tell her that nigga was bad news but she ain't heard me
Fact was that she love this bitch
But she found love on the graveyard shift
And how many ? mutherfuckin' quick lift, or spliff, on the fifth
Find my baby sister she ain't deserve that shit
Nigga you couldn't of, nigga you wouldn't
Put your hand on a women, how could it be my sister
Can't say I wouldn't miss her
But I wouldn't forget cha
Get that bitch for every time he hit ya
He gone pay for what he did ya
Murder!

Motherfuckin murderer

Possessed that nigga that hurt her
100% black queen self ? every women?
Nigga you lost your fuckin' life when you took hers from her
You took her from her brothers
And her baby mother from her
But after it's said and done your ass gone burn like it's summer
Even ? a fuck? bout a system
Sister was your victim
Fuck he said he didi it
What the fuck you mean your being a victim
Fuck him, I'll get 'em
Be that nigga to deal with him
Cut him and split him, reverse that feelin'
Commited ? mutherfuckin? centuries under my ceilin'
The paper said lacerations to her ? what did the killin'
But that's on my first born to make him my first blood
Nigga you took her from her fuckin' close friends and first cous'
She would probably miss my partner she was cool with
? multiplied by the people she went to school with
Never the less, rest my sweet sister
? i'm about to? handle this buisness
Get that thing and kiss ya picture
Heavenly fatherhe done put me in that water
But I got to get theat bitch for what he did to my momma daughter
Never dreamed he'd be the one to hurt her
She died a bloody murder
Murder!

Motherfuckin' murderer

Into the tick-tock of the wee hour
Shit started to get sour
She was killed by that fuckin' coward

How could nothin' take so much and
No more was upp'in' no more huggin'
But his conscience know the truth so he fucked up and
Her memories was all that was left so to that I'm clutchin'
She was taken out of your reach now you can't touch her
Unfortunately also taken from us so we gotta suffer
? dabalín'? down to that last supper
Gotta hustle
Feelin' my album shake the devil up
Reconstruct this motherfucka
I never slowed down just throw it down like I know how
Thought I do it like she would have wanted me to do it
I still can't believe I lost her in the worst way
She died wearin' my very first t-shirt on my birthday
Now what the fuck I'm supposed to celebrate
Would have celebrated if I caught his ass
But I got in my ? bed? and it's too late
Everybody gotta roll they must play
No hollerin' when to pray
But this motherfucka gotta pay
There will be no reasonable excuse for what you've done
Even ignored him when he started stealin' from me
Cause them was crumbs
A raindrop to a river
Huh, a sinner to a christian
A holler to a whisper
She was the sole reason that I got along with ya
But I'm a never heal from the scars of what you did to my sister
Murderer!

Motherfuckin' murderer