

# Murder Man

Pastor Troy

Ooh, ooh, ooh  
Yeah, this for da clones in the ATL,  
With them fake a\*\* chains,  
For all the flexy a\*\* ni\*\*az comin' outta Atlanta,

Iiiii'm comin, 2 50 cal's in hand,  
Long goatee's ni\*\*a da taliban,  
I'll murda man, I'm tryin to murk somethin,  
This ain't no chuck e cheese,  
I'm tryin to hurt somethin',  
These ni\*\*az claimin G's, claimin' they run the south, please..  
How you run this sh\*\* in them butt fu\*\* caprice,  
Atleast you outta know bout' my thrown,  
The P the T the are the O the why,  
Ni\*\*a I'm so fly call me jet,  
Jump off in the ocean still ain't wet,  
I flex I mothafu\*\*in ball betta ax em,  
Catch a ni\*\*a talkin sh\*\*,  
Motherfu\*\*in blast em,  
Murda, M - you - are - D - A,  
I'm pumpin gats at whoever in the way,  
I got the gunplay, don't think they understand,  
Don't think they wanna fu\*\* with the Murda Man.

Chorus

I don't think they wanna fu\*\* with the murda man, fu\*\* with the murda man  
Fu\*\* with the murda man  
(well ah haaaa) (4x)

Yaaaaa'll trippin',  
Not everybody crunk,  
Y'all' ni\*\*az gonna make me pop tha trunk,  
Cause I remember way back in the day, when the ATL was'nt gettin no play,  
Then I came out, drop, we ready,  
Ni\*\*az went to bouncin',  
Ridin' dem box chevys,  
But I guess that was then,  
This is now.... when I catch ya a\*\* in the street, the guns plow,  
I represent the heart,  
I represent the Anger,  
I represent the real,  
I represent the danger,  
I represent the cars,  
I represent the dream,  
I represent repect,  
I'm representin my team,  
It's Pistol PT, aka the Murda Man,  
Ya pistol's in ya car,  
My pistol's in my hand,  
And you can ask Jan,  
I shot a ni\*\*a ran,  
Don't think you understand, I'm the fu\*\*in' Murda Man(haaaa)

Stiiiiiiiill spinnin',  
Empty my magazine,  
I jump off in my limozine, and fleet the scene,  
This ain't the swat team,  
This ain't' lil scrappy and them,

I love that hard sh\*\*,  
And fu\*\* a platinum,  
And lil jon', used to be my homie, used to be my ace,  
Now I wanna slap tha taste, out yo mouth,  
Ni\*\*a down south I'm a legend,  
When you see me, keep mothafu\*\*in' steppin,  
They flexin... so what you got a A(ATL) Hat ni\*\*a?  
That don't mean sh\*\*,  
To a southside killa,  
What's up Shay, what's up toadd,  
On that air, shady park,  
Murda, M - you - are - D - A,  
I'm bustin' shots at whoever in my way,  
Cockin' my a.k.,  
Don't think they understand.. But I don't think they wanna fu\*\* with the Mur  
da Man(haaaa)