

Murder Follows Me

Psychopathic Rydas

When I sit back
Thank to myself
How mutha fuckin fucked up
The World has become
It seem like violence, is the only things us mutha fuckas know nowaday
Every time I turn around
Everywhere I look
It's anotha mutha fucka killin' anotha mutha fucka
And that's some mutha fuckin' fucked up shit, mutha fucka (Fuck right)
Murder follows me wherever I go

Just the other day
Somebody shot they school up
At least that's what I been hearing everytime I turn the news up
My momma said that there'd be shit like this
I never seen it
C'mon and hit on my blunt and reminice
Now I ask myself
Is there a way to make it stop
A way to make the gats not pop
And is it possible
For me to live the way I need to live
For me to get what I need to get
And give all that I need to give
My situations getting major by the second
That fool that shot his whole school up
Just turned eleven (Whaaa?)
And ain't no body even thinkin' bout it
And for that I hope that every time you sleep you have a dream about it
Up in my hood it's like a warzone
If somebody got a problem with somebody
They don't last long
I seem 'em dyin' every god damn day
And the worst thing about it
I don't think it's shit
I just say it
So a...

The way of my love
Is like ultra man meets the sun
I need to be killin' someone
I won't go 2 days without fillin' some graves
Drag 'em in the sewers
My underground caves
I kill a bitch and then hide in my trunk
Except if they come and find me
I will cry like a punk
I just look into the camera
And say mamma I'm sorry
But it's all your fault
You never bought me atari
Murder follows me
Everywhere that I turn
Psychopathic Rydas
But we never seem to learn
I just attract mad love
Wit my black trucks and black chucks

And what's up
Since I'm strictly givin' no fucks
Murder's on my tail
I don't think I'm gonna last
I'ma leave my lip fatter
Than Rikishi ass
If I get chance
I can't resist that dance
With the devil
I'm on another level
Underneath the gravel
I'm just a thang that go bump in the night
And that bump be the back of your head off a lead pipe (a lead pipe)
I'm relaxed feelin good
Knowin' I'ma mutha fuckin' menace to my neighborhood

Murder
I take it, break it down, and analyze it
Manslaughter, murder one, murder two, can't hide it
Everywhere I go vSomebody try and take me
Pistol out my pocket, and I cock it and make 'em history
And there I go
Wizzle, third body today
This how I killin' mutha fuckas
Won't go away
I leave trails every time I walk down the street
Bystanders hoes and dealers stretched out bloody
Leave no traces
And even the cops is paid off
Ain't tryin to see incarceration
Makes ya soft
16 in the clip
Runnin' the chamber jello
Maybe it's all in my brain
But it seems like murder follows

Shit's crazy in the ghetto
Every motha fuckin' day
A nigga on parol
Now I gotta find a way
Ta get back on my feet
Gotta call Lil Shank up
Walkin' to the crib
Saw nigga get throat cut
Blood rushed out
As the nigga started coughin'
Ain't shit a nigga could do
I kept walkin'
Got to the crib
Then I put the call in
The homie told me meet me at 9
We get to ballin'
Get my chucks on
Headed back on the block
Got to tha corner
See anotha sucka get shot
Look like he caught heat from an AK
Semi-auto aint no escape when bullets spray
The young brotha took like six in the chest
One str8 shot lay the little kid to rest
And the little girl looks to be about ten
Somebody got to tell her ma that she'll never see her again
Everywhere we go from the suburbs to the hoods of the ghetto

Where the little niggas grow
I used to be a little nigga myself
And learn quick
Momma insisted that they focus on my mutha fuckin' wealth
All I had was my dogs
And my ma's kept it tight
Tell me, "Shank do momma proud and do somthin' with ya life"
Don't waste your time tryin' to be anotha useless thug
Locked up like your cuzin tryin' to sell some drugs
Your the only one left in this family tree
Anotha year past
Now my momma 53
And ain't a damn thing changed in my life at all
Stickin' niggas for they paper
Make my bank a cap tall
And perhaps a mutha fucka catch a slug in the chest
He not a trooper
If he was, he woulda had a fuckin' vest
I ain't got time to consider
The right thing to do
Besides the right thing to do don't always pay for bills and food