

# Murder

Silkk The Shocker

Y'all niggaz ready for this Silkk the Shocker shit?  
(Y'all niggaz out there bangin) Switch! (claimin red and blue)  
Y'all niggaz bout it? Nigga be a leader not a follower  
(my muthafuckin TRU tatoo) Uuunnngggghhh!

Murder, murder, murder, murder  
187, cause I don't give a fuck

Well, it's time to ride, slide  
them niggaz that fucked up, they lucked up  
Seen them niggaz rollin in they cutlass  
I'm about act bad, no doubt, I'm a go in they house  
And if they home, I'm a blast, take them niggaz out  
Cause we be bout drama, no fuck that, we bout killin  
Drama, fuck all that, stay real when it's time to peel  
Caps, no doubt, hah I check the house  
Cause I ain't gon be satisfied till all ya'll stressed out  
That's a fuckin shame, I ain't gon be satisfied til I see blood, nigga  
What you think we was doin before we was rappin, we was drug dealers  
You think I'm a let this shit slide cause I done got fame  
Fuck the name, I can't have shit in this fuckin game  
Without niggaz tryin to test nuts, tryin to act bad  
I'm a fuck you nigga  
you gon have a closed casket and I'm gon crack yo mask  
You talkin shit, but, bitch, it's goin down  
See I was locked up for a second, but now I'm home now  
It's time for niggaz to get checked, they done pushed me to the limit  
I was a cool nigga, but now, it's only the beginnin  
It's time to ride, when it's time to slide, you die  
No doubt about it, act bad, let's put that on the vibes

Mr. Wicked, I be comin hard, just like a hurricane  
Choo-choo, shootin brains, killin Mr. Murder, mad  
Hustla, balla, Mr. fuckin Do-a-reporter  
Don't give a fuck about a bitch or a balla  
Break me off proper, gun in that doctor  
Gats at yo head, call me Mr. Non-stopper  
Tech 9 shooter, lady, ruder  
Down South hustla, West Coast ruler  
3rd Ward villian, I'm in the killin  
They ban my videos from TV, they say they drug dealin  
Ice cream slangin,  
And if the radio don't play this gangsta shit, what are they thinkin?  
They could stop, a nigga from comin up  
They could stop a young nigga from makin big bucks  
Independent, and black owned  
But still got more money than Al Capone  
Y'all niggaz can't stop a killa,  
A murder, a hustla, fuck it, a drug deala  
But if they shoot, did up with police  
Ready to run dope from here to the Middle East  
And call me Mr. Paul  
Cause I be smokin muthafuckas like Steven Seagal  
Mr. Killa, the ghetto Kadofy  
And 187 on any nigga that try to stop me

Niggaz, they want to start some stack

but if they stack then let it be started  
And at your funeral, I want to here em say dearly departed  
Because I got it on my mind and on my mind I got's it  
When I pop ya with this heart rock  
make your heart stop cause I'm bout it  
Jack you like a New Jersey drive  
My niggaz are always down for that who ride, I ride  
Creep with these killas on our tippy tippy toes  
See the barrel knows where the bullet go  
and then we smash off in that 4 by 4  
See we rolled on ya set and then bucked  
A bunch of niggaz fallen and they can't get up  
You wants to fuck with this TRU click and get ya khakis creased  
Get your shirt pressed and the bullets rip through yo chest  
TRU niggaz don't fall, fool, we to busy flossin  
It might be your ho we tossin  
Step to us and we make ya hits like Michael Jackson  
Cause every nigga in my crew is bout it and we packin

Ha ha. Now y'all know. We run the muthafuckin streets.  
No Limit. True to the game. Silkk the Shocker.  
This shit go out to all y'all gangsta niggaz and gangsta bitches  
(soldiers) from Richmond (Atlanta) Down South (Alabama)  
to the East Coast (to the West Coast)  
to motherfuckin Kentucky, Missouri (to Florida) to Dallas (Houston)  
to New Orleans (Austin, Texas) to muthafuckin Miami (D.C.) to  
Cinnicinnati (Ohio) to D.C. (North Carolina, South Carolina) fuckin  
Baton Rouge (Oklahoma) Mississippi (Kansas City) Lafayette (Georgia,  
Seattle, Washington) Detroit (Omaha, Nebraska) Chicago (Phoenix)  
To all y'all muthafuckin ghetto (Alberquerque) gangsta (Indiana) real  
niggaz and bitches (all y'all niggaz that's locked up) everywhere.  
Murder, murder, murder, murder. Ha ha.  
But y'all niggaz betta watch y'all ass  
(watch y'all ass) so y'all won't get caught up in motherfuckin 187  
(a 187)  
Cause every nigga I know is bout it (Bout it!)  
Nigga that mean don't trust nobody (these niggaz rowdy)  
cause the sreet is real. Believe that.