

# Murder

Tony Yayo

You ready cause I'm in the zone man  
Gpg  
H boy shit  
2010

Yea  
Drive by with heckler jump out, dump 3  
I get a bloodrush adrenaline junkie  
The sour hands got more color than punkie  
Brooster my 2 bitch nigga eat a seed and oover  
Canuver watch how you manuever  
Anybody in the streets I'll try to shoot ya  
I said I'm layin in your house in all black behind tints  
Tryin to stretch you out on your lawn ornaments  
Till dusk till dawn, when beef is on  
No rules white sheets your moms

Nigga  
What is it  
Nothing but  
Yea gpg nigga  
Ha ha ha ha

King of new york, nah I'm the sidekick  
Jimmy jumped with that fucking fat head on the hydrant  
Now take these fucking flowers for you witnesses  
Mo money, mo power, more priveleges  
Baby moms cryin, singing trey songz shit  
Black roses we strap boulders  
And why you even tryna scrap when the gats on us  
I'm watching every nigga round my paramater  
I got the shotgun shells in the dillinger  
I put 1 to your eye I'll finish ya

You know what it is nigga  
You been warned  
Kick the door in  
Lay you on the floor you know the routine  
Murder