

Murder Me

Twista

The stress of everyday living is slowly corrupting my soul
Im 2 months out the joint on papers walking with 3 years parole
I did 4 and a half a slab and shit a nigga was dying
I'm finally back in the world and it's hard but I'm still trying
Not to fall and risk my freedom again trying to ball
While waiting for this pussy ass job to call
And it ain't hopping
Got me tipping to hear them things popping
Cash bags dropping
With plenty of cane for recopping oppurtunity knocking
Its what I'm on
I cry when I'm at home cause I'm alone
24 years and grown with a future unknown
My heart was torn from the pain of being back in the game
But I'd rather die getting my hussle on and live like a lane
So it's back to pistols and cane
Plotting on licks hitting stains
The mob life runs through my veins
Its too late for me to change
These streets got me deranged
Strapped up and paranoid
Ready to add on situations I can and can't avoid
Plus big voices getting hot
They constantly sneaking on blocks
They trying to bring me in unconscious
But them pins got popped
Now they got me on the run
Cherishing every last breath
But I ain't going back
Its freedom or death
That be my motive for murder

Now I know you the judge of life and death
I ain't evil or nothing
But somebody done brought me pain and sorrow
So I'ma have to kill something
Let me count the ways that I can repent
Trying to stay holy and focused
But that evil in his eyes let me know that nigga too bogus
That be my motive for murder

I'ma survive these streets another day
I know the pain in my heart won't go away
These mother fuckers try to murder me
And won't nobody hurt my family
That's what he gotta die

9 times out of 10 you can find Mays trying to hit a better lick. If it ain't
coming up with the dopest shit
Then I'm trying to cop the thickest brick
Cause life in the belly of the best
Is equal to povertys bottomless pit
Where bitch niggas trick
And thirsty mother fuckers beat you out of everything you get
But it seems like everybodys trying to make some type of come up quick
Before it's too late to get straight

And the most I make is final pick
Anywhere they shit like riding slick
With a thick chick slobbering your dick
Even if it means fighting these niggas in cases
As long as neither ones thick
Cause I swear when I get hit
I go in a crucial rage like a flick
Turn straight lunatic
Making all these bitches niggas hear their final tick
But that don't mean my minds sick
Just cause I'm motivated by a lot of cheese
When trees by the p's
And fuckin fine fee's and 3's with ease
For sho the skilled poets
Within in the mask up kill for it
I'll whoop a fiend with a crushed grill
I'll bet his dumb ass'll stil blow it
Bullshit ain't nothing
I'm trying to get this first mil in the bank
And drive a bullet-proof hummer tank
So the next haters who try to air me out come up blank
And I'ma have to sacrifice your life
With a wrath that's stronger than christ
And forces of life that's know to do damage to human eyesight
I guess it's true
Moneys the route of all evil
Cause crooked or legal
Its all manipulated by the eagle
And be my motive for murder

Lord knows I was hurt from a judge from the start
How I'ma hide love from this mark
This nigga made my homie die in my arms
Had to put a slug in his heart
Mother fuck that stuff
It was just a grudge on his part
My boy was young and ambitious
Took his dreams and wishes
Try to do right but my attitude like blast them bitches
Drowning all my sorrows in bottles of yack
And a quarter ounce of dro want a rap
I'm bout to snap
Here come the big pay back
Looking up on the dresser for the black and gray strap
I'm crying and shit
I was hurt so bad I felt I had to go kill him
Even if a slug hit him
I was still hurt enough to aim at myself and die with him
Can't control them pains
Now it's time to throw them thangs
Visions of the stud don't stay
Empty the clip of am out right
Ambulance come around
By the time the hypes
Taking of his nikes
I know it sound cold
But this bullet put a hole in my soul
?never shorties years stole?
He was only 17 years old
And at the funeral I got to watch his mama's tears roll
And I know he used to wild sometimes
Carry a 9 but you took away your sunshine
No more reminising on the fun times

Balling and coming at bitches with blunt lines
But this nigga ain't going to want mine
For the pain I'ma handle this funk and dismantle this junk
Fuck all that
In all black and then pumped
To run up on this nigga
Tip up on him then jump
Mission to kill armed with a fist full of steel
Eyes gleam with the fury
Never thought I'd be facing to 2 mothers
In front of a prosecuting team and a jury
How did one murder turn into 2
Revenge had me shooting thorough hate
I couldn't stop
In the mist of the action
Is when that little ? got shot
All because of my motive for murder