

# 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 nobdy 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