

Murder

UGK

I'm still Pimp C bitch so what the fuck is up?
I'm puttin' powder on the streets cause I got
Big fuckin' nut's comin' back from Louisiana
In a Fleetwood Mac roned forty two, he gonna pop to seven hundred
Times sixty two, twenty four eight is what I do
So nigga fuck what 'cha do
If I told ya cocaine number's you think I was lyin'
Young ass nigga's twenty two talkin' bout they retirin'
In the game ain't a thang comin' forgien in benz
Rick ass home two apartment's where I entertain
Friends mo bounce to the ounce
Cause the bomb the shit, I done got me
Fifty ounces out of a bird in dis bitch
Tightin' up no slackin bitches checkin' my stock
Got some Birds I sell to niggas some I go rock for rock
Just got back from California kicked it with B-Legit
Put me down with purple chronic and that hurricane shit
At the studio with Tone, man I wish I could stay
I got to holla at Master P, cause we got money to make
Were big playaz from the South stack gee'z man
Like Ball I got to stack big cheeze man
Bitch say he wanna show ya
You got nine grand I ain't rappin' shit
Till my money in my hand
South Texas mutherfucka that's where I stay
Gettin' money from yo bitches every
Got damn day
Big paper I'm foldin'
Hoes is on my mutherfuckin' jock
For all this dick I be holdin'
I hate clone man show it
Especially if a fool take our style and
Act like my nigga's don't know it
I kick it with the trill nigga's so you best's
Not trip if ya keep on talkin' shit
My nigga empty clips
Hoe azz nigga

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Well this Bun-B bitch and I'm the king
I'm movin' chickens got 'em finger lickin'
Stickin' nigga's dat be trippin'
You need a swift kickin' yo azz is right for the pickin'
Now as my pocket's thicken
I be thinkin' nigga's slippin' you sick
When I be clickin' now take a look at the
Bigger nigga Malt liquor swigger
Playa hata ditch digger figure
My hair trigger give a hot one in yo liver
You shiver shake and quiver
I'm frivoulous of a nigga you wetter den a river
For what it's worth it's the purpose some nigga's doin' dirt

Fuck her first now take off her skirt
Make the pussy hurt Mister Master
Hit the Swisha faster then fever bilstar
Blister bastard fuck her sister faster
Peep the Elbows for sale yo
Brother better have my mail hoe
Before I catch a murder case and go to jail oh
Hell no, time to bail hit the trail so
We can sell mo fuckin' yayo get the scale
No other bullet duckers can sove up
Out of this game they better buck us
Cause the clucker's they love us
Make them class dick suckers
Shake they jelly like smucker's
I hit like nun-chuckers
Cause Short Texas bring the ruckus
This for my mufuckas
Cookin' cheese to crooked geez
Rockin' up quarter key's
Just to get the hook with ease
Wanna bee's get on yo knee's
Feel the squeeze from them HK one three's
From here to over sea's
We do what we please
Don't trip cause we flip
Light up a dip
I'm breakin' 'em off from they hip to yo lip
Go ask that boy Skip
That nigga Bun rip
With one clip, soon as the gun slip
Now I done ripped out my barrette
Flyin' through yo pelle pelle and
Some smelly red jelly is drippin' out of ya belly
Servin' 'em up like a Deli jumped on my cellular telly
Hoe sell it like it's goin' out of style
You can't see me Marcus so have a
Motherfuckin' Sweet and smile.

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