

# 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 ranted 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 playa'z 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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