

M-16

Z-Ro

M-16, I'm reloading my magazine
And I will murder, every bumper clot run
Keep my hand, on my gun
Whoooooa

Don't worry, the Hogg gon get it cracking round here
And I know I'm talking loud enough, for all y'all to hear
This H-Town Texas, we ain't breeding no homos
Get a banger to you matrix style, trick in slow-mo
I'm the gun range stayer, 45 payer
No question where I'm from, cause I'm a Southside Playa
Got juice by the gallo', earvoes by the layer
Rubberband every thou', 3rd Ward youngest Mayor
Extended clips extra drums, for the K and the calico
Catch bag for the A-R, wet up your whole car
You talking like you want it, but you really don't want war
It's reg baby, in battlefield go
I'm out on two bonds, and parole don't know
So have your heart right trick, when you stepping to Mike D
I'ma b-braid your hair, then reload the magazine
Hit you with sixteen, then flee the murder scene

And I will murder, every bumper clot run
Keep my hand, on my gun
Whoooooa

Now of the situation get sticky, I got this nigga playing thirty eight
A snub nose, that'll increase the murder rate
I heard they hating on a nigga, but I'm use to em
I sent this message by this bitch, to break the news to him
That y'all done fucked, with the wrong one
I got short patience, and a long gun
And I don't talk shit, I spark's it and I bust brains
And I don't play, no fucking games
Nigga I could make it happen, while you popping that shit
Squeeze a trigga, till ery'body drop in this bitch
Ain't no stopping this shit, once it get's to jumping
You get my heart pumping, the adrenaline pumping
I see me dumping, on motherfuckers
Empty the clip, and get to stomping a motherfucker
And I won't be disrespected, by none of these youngsters
I got my hand I got pass, I got a trunk bitch a liver pump

And I will murder, every bumper clot run
Keep my hand, on my gun
Whoooooa

Is it me glock 40, pump-pump-pump-pump nope
Is it me 45, pump-pump-pump-pump nope
Is it me 3-57, pump-pump-pump-pump nope
Me M16, taping off the murder scene
Inhaling potent doja, with muddy cup of codeine
Me people don't even play me close, cause them don't know me
Me don't want no company, me kick it with me lonely
And will murder anyone of you snitches, run up on me
But my grandmother didn't raise a killer, she raised up a Christian
But the fact that I was already down, and people kept kicking

Made me crazy, that's why I got no love for nobody lately
And I told y'all once before, none of my weapons have a safety
Ru-run up on me once, I'ma beat your ass down
Ru-run up on me twice, I'ma heat your ass down
Place you in another dimension, nobody can see you now
Rest in peace, I'm the king of the streets yeah

And I will murder, every bumper clot run
Keep my hand, on my gun
Whooooa