

Murder'ra

Z-Ro

Uh, the damn place made me crazy
I don't care about nothing but my daddy my granny, my bitch and my babies
Everything else, is expendable
Find out that fake niggaz, ain't dependable
I don't owe, you niggaz shit bitch
Home light weight but my style great, now my pockets is the shit
Now it's time, for expansion
Bought a nice house for parole, now I'm grind up building a mansion
I'm a rapper, and a game capper
Blue and red like a snapper, got a thang for them pussy ass jackers
That ain't, no real hustle
Get some white gold or work it, and getting some real muscle bitch
If you want it, you can sho 'nuff get it
Made me bust your watermelon, come on down fuck with it
Everybody, ain't no punk
I'm talking to you now boy, don't make me go and pop the trunk biatch

Everyday, me keep it sucker free
Me not fuck with nobody, so why do them fuck with me
Don't test me temper, make me have to watch me cool
Mack buyacka-buyacka, I didn't wanna act a fool
But I'm a murderer, murderer
I'm a murderer, murderer

It's Mr. Bossilinie, rolling up busting with real riders
Drop them b-b-bombs, like I'm up in Al Qida
Cause I'm a murderer, put it on you haters for real
Hit a nigga with the 4-5, get to dumping slugs all in his Caddy grill
Smoke chronic for my glaucoma, yeah I said glaucoma
I got a motherfucking glock, and I put niggaz in comas
Hit corners on 24's, waving hi at your hoes
With bald heads braids, perms and afros
I'm caked up like Duncan Hi, but I'm not your average do' boy
I autograph a slug, and put you on the flo' boy
It's the Spiceberg Slim, Soprano Montana minds
I done been through the flames, walked through the motherfucking fire
They can never, put my flame out
And if I wasn't high, I'd pull your motherfucking brains out murderer

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Everyday I label my loot, leaving you ladies lonely
I don't love pussy, I just love to murder these niggaz when they walk up on me
Y'all don't know me, some of y'all rappers think y'all know me
This nigga right here don't give a fuck though, so I suggest you hoes step b ack
What I got in my pants is called a, that's too big to fit in a holster gat
Straight from where niggaz sell that mad crack, just ran him over crack
It ain't no love in Missouri City, my partna I know it look nice
A 4-5 fuck around, hit a nigga you'll get took twice
Might get beat up and robbed, or you might get beat up and shot

It all depend on what you riding in, and if it look like you got a lot or no
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I use to think I'd have a future, playing basketball
But lately all I been doing, is putting people in caskets y'all
Am I sorry hell naw, if I sent him he was already on his way
When the grim reaper swing by, it'll make you wish your ass was home today
Fuck with me I'ma hit up Spice, it ain't a thang to tap the trigger twice
Brrr-click brr-click, they sideways into the next life

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