

Murder World

La Coka Nostra

I?m having homicidal urges,
visions of bloody money,
Ain?t nothing funny,
a serpent sliding under the surface,
I purchase diamonds and guns,
Splurging on blackjack,
cocaine, gold chains,
and bitches is worthless,
The essence of my habits,
is twisted and prolific,
It?s been predicted,
that I would die by my own biscuit,
Amongst the wicked,
who take gambles for phone digits,
It ain?t a life worth living,
if you don?t risk it,
A moment till my atonement,
Taking ownership.
for all the domes I split,
Keep a sharpness believing everything impossible,
Took the highway and caught beef with lots of you,
So keep your black shades on when the villain shine,
You kids been talking about a long time about killing mine,
I?m too cagey, yous are half of my age,
I still got the fucking hunger I had back in the days,

[Hook]

Murder World, welcome to your death after your afterlife,
I murder you again, laugh with the burner to your head,
Support your local murder music, shoot that piece of shit,
With the burner to it and the Cadillac swerving to it,

Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic,
Rituals of madness, follow the leader, copy this, watch me flip,
Back to beef and rocking Tims and rocking more lo than Ralphies Kids,
Catch a machete up your ass like Gaddafi did,
Better yet catch that HIV like Liberace did, kid,
The ancestor of every reaction that's thought,

In every line is like a landslide, an avalanche of course,
Blizzard of Oz, children of war, cities are gone,
Missiles are launched, systems evolved, pistols are sparked,
Out the mouth I speak murder shit,
Like Jesus Malverde did, I put you to sleep permanent,
Sleep with the trout, my homies fillet piranhas,
You plan to spray llamas but you still gay like Dahmer,
I?m Coka for life, trench-coats and assault rifles,
Motorcycles, snipers leave you with a shit bag buying diapers,

[Hook]

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Lyrics submitted by Montana Eyamie.

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