

Murdera

Mobb Deep

Look into my crystal ball I see murder for y'all
First things first or the hearse for y'all
First nigga open his mouth first to fall
Watch who you talking to nigga first of all
My game don't get along, we ain't arrogant
It'll take a while for you to assess what the damage is
Give a fuck, pop with no camera-ses
New York shit, under new management
Blessing in disguise, black mask and black gloves
Forecast: grey skies, tears of a black dove
I can change your life, I just need you to act up
Yeah, that's karma, we don't believe in no bad luck
'He without sin cast the first stone
Good in any hood I blend like an earth tone
I murk microphones, it's a homicide
As I watch the soul from your body rise
Pop, pop, pop, murder, murder, kill, kill
Do it for the money or we do it for the thrill
Hustle in the cold 'till my nose running still
Blood on the streets I'm 'bout the dollar, dollar bill
I'm out for gunshots to represent me
Do it for the principle and do this shit for free
You scared, motherfucker? You stay away from me
You snitch, motherfucker? You supposed to be a G
The chickens and the rats and the snakes all click
And can't come outside no more, I'm on my shit
I'm talking right now, you talking back then
Yeah, it's a new day, wake up and get a whiff
Can't you smell it? That's a bitch nigga flesh burning
I put pussyholes all over your back, you run from the teks squirming
Oh suddenly these niggas is feeling me
And all that blood loss got them catching epiphanies
Young fly rap nigga and I Blapp niggas
I understand why you upset, I'm that nigga
Uh, shooting star, I'm a gun toting celeb
I wield pistoles, put em in wheelchairs
Fuck a peace treaty, they try to O.D. on me
Oh, now you want me to chill or call police on me
I'm outside of the law, fuck the system
I piss on the courtroom floor, I don't give fucks
Pop, pop, pop, murder, murder, kill, kill
Do it for the money or we do it for the thrill

Hustle in the cold 'till my nose running still
Blood on the streets I'm 'bout the dollar, dollar bill R.I.P. for those try to go against we (rest in peace)
We the, M-O-B-B, make you swallow all your teeth (you take that)
And fuck the police, we New York's finest
Top shelf gangsta shit, yo we the grimeiest
You send me up the river, I send you up the river sticks
Bitchy ass nigga, you bleed Infamous
Come again Pop, pop, pop, murder, murder, kill, kill
Do it for the money or we do it for the thrill
Hustle in the cold 'till my nose running still
Blood on the streets I'm 'bout the dollar, dollar bill [x2]

Songwriters

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