Rebels Symphony

The Murderers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Lights out niggas, you clowns
The Murderers is here now, the game has changed
You know what I mean, nobody knows you anymore
Your records make no sense, you know what I mean
I just wanna know, all I wanna do, I just wanna know
How does it feel, huh, let me know, what it feel likeI know y'all niggas is thinking of thoughts
How y'all gon' catch the Rule it's, catch a dude and send in the feud
But it won't do 'cause now I got a crew, nigga
Black Child, Tah, Murda fucking Inc. niggaO-1 and Vita, keep the dope and the heater
Or the fucked up rental or a hot two seater
As long as the love with me hoods will never forget me
I could put raps in them and shine up the cityLike elected Frank Nitty, jot a Big Poppa
For reasons of, we run up in a big truck and pop ya
Midnight opera over the wheels
Slug body marks and pop upYo, seem like y'all niggas ain't never gon' learn
Either you hitting or the nigga getting hit
'Cause son, when I click and cock, my shit gon' pop and never been
A small nigga, always a score nigga that be up in your braud nigga
You fraud nigga cop yae, from far but never raw niggas
My A's and SK's will rob when it's war niggaProduct and money, so if you want fifteen it's twenty
Anythin' less than ten, I won't bend
Or y'all niggas to run with it, gun busting I done did it
And anything else that come with itYou don't want it if it's real, put the deal on it
Stand up niggas and have you sitting in chairs with wheels on them
And that murder shit, I'm still on it, murder for life
Give a fuck if you a accept it, you better respect itUnless it's one of my fam' members
Leave whoever into this involvement in legal tendency
Laying where the dirt be, you dig this
Better recover with some big shit or duck when this fifth spitAnother question, is you willing to die
Just as much as you want to kill?
Answer meI went from handcuff recovering, blowing up from bubbling
Shot muscling all my checks doubled in fuck tussling

Word to God got a hundred men with guns and tems
And we love Mack-10'sSince the sex, got a nigga blushed with me
Got a nigga wet, dropped the Lex, copped the tech
We cashing checks son, we out to get the decimals
Don't know about the rest of you, you fucking with professionalsMurderers, that will split your juggle up
Motherfucker I'll cut ya and you think Tah touch ya
Then we flip shit with bitches that ride all day
And niggas that get head on the highwayAnd niggas hating to see Satin or be played
I'm gon' tell yo' hoe, you in hell waiting
While niggas on Earth flossed like they first
For what it's worth Murderers blast firstNiggas respect Murder everywhere
It's the streets
Nobody's dancing in the streets
Huh, the streets is ours man, MurderNigga, it's so hard to say goodbye, I wonder why
Take a sneak peak kissing herbs on a high
Hah, I'm down for whatever, whenever
Murderers stick togetherSee Vita, be that chick to hard throb you nigga
Fuck you, then rob you nigga
A grimy broad that'll set you and wet you
Leave you for my dogs to fetch you
Tie you up and wet youUnless you, talking pacos again it don't matter
The longer we spend the longer we win
And Gotti, showed me how to work these niggas
[Incomprehensible] turkeys niggas and hurt these niggasAnd I'll be there, when my niggas need bail
Catch a body, take the stand and won't tell
T-tale, I flip wholesale, retail
Cheap, so you can get deep into this femaleGangstas and hoes go together
Don't let nobody tell you no different, man
It's the beginning of time
I love my bitches, manMotherfucker it's on one
When I come through, niggas run, niggas know
Equipped with guns, ya heard son
You get plugged up and gutted out
Found dead with a gun in your mouth
Now what you talking about?Scold on these streets
I'm involved with thugs, who carry heat
To lift you off your feet, the riding suite
But when it's time to eat, the guns come
Nigga's bitch I'm like, They don't want none of the Murderers

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