

Murderah

Bizzy Bone

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Murderah, murderah, murderah, murderah
Enemies please, I keep my chest out, believe me
700 lawyers and they all actin' greedy
Money hungry strugglin' while thuggin'
My baby momma complain, I'm full wit pain
Cigarettes tha tame, enemies filled wit pain
Itchy fingers while niggaz they snitched out
And bitches inches from havin' pussy
Poppers wit pistol switches, picture that
I actually I'm happy, daddy just don't understand
I'm back on tha block wit chucks and my man
And store my sexuality when all tha chickens where virgins

(Now)

Rebellin' in excursions, wonderin' if it be burnin' up suburbans
And my community we watch fights
And it really don't bother me, sadamized by poverty
'Cause nobody think 'bout our babies
'Cause nobody thinkin' 'bout our babies
Yeah, murderah, murderah, yeah, murderah, murderah
Heavily in tha drug thing
And if they can stop Saddam from sellin' missiles
How we saturated wit pistols they illegalize
And tax which changed and mark my words
They doin' tha same thing wit cocaine
And herb, how we everyday handle well
Jesus planted tha seeds and help ease lil' boys and girls
Ease their minds and I ain't talkin' 'bout smokin' weed
Tha word is all you need follow my lead
I'm thorough I know, wit different homies barrowed
Thru different girls, have double barrow pro hammers
And I sold crack to Sherrell and blastin'
Got cleansed to save myself and no turnin' around
'Cause tha [unverified], 'cause nobody
'Cause no one's thinkin' 'bout our babies
'Cause no one's thinkin' 'bout our babies
Yeah, murderah, murderah, yeah, murderah, murderah
Here for tha babies and I'm takin' my kids wit me
See Moses never made to tha promise land, Satan come get me
He's ready to burn us all, baptize is flames like Kane
Takin' tha shot to my body, can enemies aim for my brain?
Pray for tha devil hopin' he change his ways, he still
laughin'

Screamin', I don't know tha half but tell me what tha fuck done happen
I ain't worried 'bout a damn thing, God got my back, remember that
And fuck me 'cause I'm on tha attack Can't waste my time wit these niggaz, my brothers are just like me
Makin' a form wit tha image but I love to scrimmage wit tha team
Believe in Jesus indeed, gotta get more deeper, concentrate on tha love
Satan is gettin' weaker, no one's thinkin' 'bout our babies
No one's thinkin' 'bout our babies Yeah, murderah, murderah, yeah, murderah, murderah
Yeah, murderah, murderah

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>