

# 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

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