Murder

Silkk the Shocker & Big Ed

SILKK THE SHOCKER LYRICS"Murder"Y'all niggaz ready for this Silkk the Shocker shit?
(Y'all niggaz out there bangin) Switch! (claimin red and blue)
Y'all niggaz bout it? Nigga be a leader not a follower
(my muthafuckin TRU tatoo) Uuunnnggghhh!Murder, murder, murder, murder
187, cause I don't give a fuck(Silkk)
Well, it's time to ride, slide
them niggaz that fucked up, they lucked up
Seen them niggaz rollin in they cutlass
I'm about act bad, no doubt, I'm a go in they house
And if they home, I'm a blast, take them niggaz out
Cause we be bout drama, no fuck that, we bout killin
Drama, fuck all that, stay real when it's time to peel
Caps, no doubt, hah I check the house
Cause I ain't gon be satisfied till all ya'll stressed out
That's a fuckin shame, I ain't gon be satisfied til I see blood, nigga
What you think we was doin before we was rappin, we was drug dealers
You think I'm a let this shit slide cause I done got fame
Fuck the name, I can't have shit in this fuckin game
Without niggaz tryin to test nuts, tryin to act bad
I'm a fuck you nigga
you gon have a closed casket and I'm gon crack yo mask
You talkin shit, but, bitch, it's goin down
See I was locked up for a second, but now I'm home now
It's time for niggaz to get checked, they done pushed me to the limit
I was a cool nigga, but now, it's only the beginnin
It's time to ride, when it's time to slide, you die
No doubt about it, act bad, let's put that on the vibes
(Master P)
Mr. Wicked, I be comin hard, just like a hurricane
Choo-choo, shootin brains, killin Mr. Murder, mad
Hustla, balla, Mr. fuckin Do-a-reporter
Don't give a fuck about a bitch or a balla
Break me off proper, gun in that doctor
Gats at yo head, call me Mr. Non-stopper
Tech 9 shooter, lady, ruder
Down South hustla, West Coast ruler
3rd Ward villian, I'm in the killin
They ban my videos from TV, they say they drug dealin
Ice cream slangin,

And if the radio don't play this gangsta shit, what are they thinkin?
They could stop, a nigga from comin up
They could stop a young nigga from makin big bucks
Independent, and black owned
But still got more money than Al Capone
Y'all niggaz can't stop a killa,
A murder, a hustla, fuck it, a drug deala
But if they shoot, did up with police
Ready to run dope from here to the Middle East
And call me Mr. Paul
Cause I be smokin muthafuckas like Steven Seagal
Mr. Killa, the ghetto Kadofy
And 187 on any nigga that try to stop me
(Big Ed)
Niggaz, they want to start some stack
but if they stack then let it be started
And at your funeral, I want to here em say dearly departed
Because I got it on my mind and on my mind I got's it
When I pop ya with this heart rock
make your heart stop cause I'm bout it
Jack you like a New Jersey drive
My niggaz are always down for that who ride, I ride
Creep with these killas on our tippy tippy toes
See the barrel knows where the bullet go
and then we smash off in that 4 by 4
See we rolled on ya set and then bucked
A bunch of niggaz fallen and they can't get up
You wants to fuck with this TRU click and get ya khakis creased
Get your shirt pressed and the bullets rip through yo chest
TRU niggaz don't fall, fool, we to busy flossin
It might be your ho we tossin
Step to us and we make ya hits like Michael Jackson
Cause every nigga in my crew is bout it and we packinHa ha. Now y'all know. We run the muthafuckin streets.
No Limit. True to the game. Silkk the Shocker.
This shit go out to all y'all gangsta niggaz and gangsta bitches
(soldiers) from Richmond (Atlanta) Down South (Alabama)
to the East Coast (to the West Coast)
to motherfuckin Kentucky, Missouri (to Florida) to Dallas (Houston)
to New Orleans (Austin, Texas) to muthafuckin Miami (D.C.) to
Cinnicinnati (Ohio) to D.C. (North Carolina, South Carolina) fuckin
Baton Rouge (Oklahoma) Mississippi (Kansas City) Lafayette (Georgia,
Seattle, Washington) Detroit (Omaha, Nebraska) Chicago (Phoenix)
To all y'all muthafuckin ghetto (Alberquerque) gangsta (Indiana) real
niggaz and bitches (all y'all niggaz that's locked up) everywhere.
Murder, murder, murder, murder. Ha ha.

But y'all niggaz betta watch y'all ass
(watch y'all ass) so y'all won't get caught up in motherfuckin 187
(a 187)
Cause every nigga I know is bout it (Bout it!)
Nigga that mean don't trust nobody (these niggaz rowdy)
cause the sreets is real. Believe that.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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