Murder Rate

Lil B

Glock .45, itÃ¢Â€Â™ll make your dreads shake
Buy a couple guns, letÃ¢Â€Â™s up the murder rate
Girl, bend over, put the dick in your face
If you donÃ¢Â€Â™t twerk, we gonÃ¢Â€Â™ up the murder rate
Do a drive by with the guns in the car
Shoot up them suckers, yeah, they brains on the floor
Still go dumb with the gun in my pants
Break one condition, if you donÃ¢Â€Â™t dance
If you in the club or if you at a party
Pull the guns out, letÃ¢Â€Â™s get it started
Who gonÃ¢Â€Â™ get shot? Who gonÃ¢Â€Â™ get shot?
Who gonÃ¢Â€Â™ get left with they brains on top?
We never tell, we donÃ¢Â€Â™t call the cops
Snitches get stitches thatÃ¢Â€Â™s off top
(Yes)Up the murder rate, up the murder rate
Up the murder rate, up the murder rate
Up the murder rate, up the murder rate
Up the murder rate, up the murder rateCome here, girl, let me whisper in your ear
Bitch, I got this gun and you might get killed
Take your clothes off, take your clothes off
Yeah, I got a gun, you gonÃ¢Â€Â™ take a loss
Bulletproof vest, riding around Oakland
With the guns in the back, doing a high-speed
Then pullover, if you get scared, donÃ¢Â€Â™t come into the party
Still in the club with the guns and the money
Throwing out hundreds so strippers like this
If she donÃ¢Â€Â™t dance, IÃ¢Â€Â™mma shoot that bitch
Shout out to the army, bustinÃ¢Â€Â™ niggas heads
U.S Navy with the infrared
IÃ¢Â€Â™mma still bring my gun to the club
IÃ¢Â€Â™mma still party every night with the thugs
Fuck rapping, IÃ¢Â€Â™mma get it trappingUp the murder rate, up the murder rate
Up the murder rate, up the murder rate
Up the murder rate, up the murder rate
Up the murder rate, up the murder rate

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