

Murder 2

Mystikal

Mothafuckin' murderer
Mothafuckin' murdererMurdered my sister the only thing
I'm trying to tell is to take it to that, nigga
Get that mutherfucker what I tell myself
Make that mutherfucka feel what Chell feltHeavenly father but your will to bring them tears to her eyes
Fuck the fussing and the fights why she have to die
Couldn't believe my, baby, to leave away from here so goddamn early
I tried to tell her that nigga was bad news but she ain't heard meFact was that she love this bitch
But she found love on the graveyard shift
And how many mutherfuckin' quick lift or spliff on the fifth
Find my, baby, sister she ain't deserve that shitNigga, you couldn't of nigga, you wouldn't
Put your hand on a woman how could it be my sister
Can't say I wouldn't miss her but I wouldn't forget cha
Get that bitch for every time he hit, ya he gone pay for what he did, yaMurderer
Mothafuckin' murderer
Mothafuckin' murderer
Mothafuckin' murdererPossessed that nigga that hurt her 100%
Black Queen self every women
Nigga, you lost your fuckin' life when you took hers
From her you took her from her brothersAnd her baby, mother from her
But after it's said and done your ass gone burn like it's summer
Even a fuck 'bout a system, sister was your victim
Fuck, he said, he did it what the fuck you mean you're being a victimFuck him I'll get 'em be that nigga, to deal
with him
Cut him and split him reverse that feelin'
Committed mutherfuckin' centuries under my ceilin'
The paper said, lacerations to her what did the killin'But thats on my first born to make him my first blood
Nigga, you took her from her fuckin' close friends and first cous'
She would probably miss my partner she was cool
With multiplied by the people she went to schoolWith never the less rest my sweet sister
I'm about to handle this business
Get that thing and kiss ya, picture
Heavenly father he done put me in that waterBut I got to get that bitch for what he did
To my momma daughter
Never dreamed he'd be the one to hurt her
She died a bloody murderMurderer
Mothafuckin' murderer
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Mothafuckin' murderer
Into the tick-tock of the wee hour shit started to get sour
She was killed by that fuckin' coward
How could nothin' take so much and
No more was upp'in' no more huggin'
But his conscience know the truth so he fucked up and
Her memories was all that was left so to that I'm clutchin'
She was taken out of your reach now you can't touch her
Unfortunately also taken from us so we gotta suffer
Dabalin' down to that last supper gotta hustle
Feelin' my album shake the devil up reconstruct this motherfucka
I never slowed down just throw it down like I know how
Thought I do it like she would have wanted me to do it
I still can't believe I lost her in the worst way
She died wearin' my very first T-shirt on my birthday
Now what the fuck I'm supposed to celebrate
Would have celebrated if I caught his ass
But I got in my bed and it's too late
Everybody gotta roll they must play no hollerin' when to pray
But this motherfucka gotta pay
There will be no reasonable excuse for what you've done
Even ignored him when he started stealin' from me
'Cause them was crumbs
A raindrop to a river, huh, a sinner to a Christian
A holler to a whisper she was the sole reason
That I got along which, ya, but I'm a never
Heal from the scars of what you did to my sister
Murderer
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