

Murder Avenue

Dying Diva

Creeping down the hallway quiet as kept
The only sign of a murder was the blood on the fore steps
I stopped for a second to wipe it up
And threw the bloody towel in the garbage bag with her guts Pretty as a picture her name was Rosie
Had to kill the bitch 'cuz she was getting too fuckin' nosey
A school hoe she attended U of H
A law student who was looking for a fuckin' case But she was barking up the wrong tree g
Ay yo why in the hell did the bitch wanna fuck with me?
Walking around my crib steady casin'
Askin' about the strange smells that were coming from my basement She asked one too many motherfuckin
questions it was time
Somebody taught the stupid bitch a good lesson
I snuck in the house by the back door
It was like a scene from psycho The bitch was in the shower
I rushed her quick so she wouldn't have a chance to holler
And said, "Shut the fuck up hoe"
And slammed her motherfucking face against the cold floor Struggling soaking wet
I gagged her mouth with a whole box of kotex
After I fucked her check out what I did
Slit her fucking stomach and watched her squeal like a pig The shit was gruesome G, I couldn't call it
I cut off her fingers and flushed them down the fuckin' toilet
And wrote my name on the wall like I usually do
To mark a murder hoe, yeah on murder avenue More murder, more murder, more murder, yo
More murder, more murder, more murder, watch me hurt a hoe
More murder, more murder, more murder, nigga
More motherfucking murder gots ta pull the trigger
More murder, more murder, more murder, check it
A hundred and fifty seven thousand victims in a second Gotta give it up for Brigitte and Ted brand new newly-
weds
There's nothing I would love better than to have their fuckin' heads
On a platter I watch them son of a bitches scatter
In broad daylight but yo it really didn't matter I put my gin to their heads and said, "Shut up"
The nigga was big I watched this big motherfucker nut up
On the rampage both of 'em got pistol-whipped
The 9 was bloody so I pulled out my pistol grip The nigga was damn near dead
I grabbed the bitch by her head and told her, "Spread your fucking legs"
I placed the barrel of my 9 on her pearl tongue
And stuck a shell inside her pussy and said, "Now ain't that fun?" She started to cry
I saw a tear fall from here eye I said, "Bitch you must wanna die"

I pulled the trigger of the gun back slowly
And shot up her nigga until he was full of holes GThe bitch was screaming with rage
I stamped on her motherfucking face until it caved in
'Cuz killing is so damn sweet
I saved the remains and used them later for ground meatBeing a lunatic I gotta do the lunatic
Gotta do man, yeah living on this avenueMore murder, more murder, more murder, yo
More murder, more murder, more murder, watch me hurt a hoe
More murder, more murder, more murder, nigga
More motherfucking murder gots ta pull the trigger
More murder, more murder, more murder, check it
A hundred and fifty seven thousand victims in a second

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