

Accident Murderers (feat. Rick Ross)

Nas

You cocked back
You thought you had it planned
You thought you had your man
He saw you coming, he ran when you tried to blast that man
You missed him by inches, he sprinted
Some of his boys on the corner was who your bullets entered
Two of em pull through but one didn't, son's finished
You took the life of him
The part about it that's crazy, you was aight with him
Tight with him, why was he in the way
Why was he standing next to the enemy that specific day
His style never hollas loud, stays reclusive
Good dude, got that look like he always about to do shit
Side of his mouth toothpick, one eyebrow raised
Got into it with dude who still tried to live out his old wild out days
They never had no probs
Somehow they rubbed each other wrong like a bad massage
These two different personalities had to collide
Niggas could not aim and innocent niggas died
You ask why, cause of aAccident murderer, act like you killed on purpose
Liars brag, you put work in
You ain't mean to murk him
Your gun's a virgin
Streets are full of em
Read the bulletin
Accident murderer
You just an accident murdererWe grew up doing graffiti
Now hollow heads getting heated
Seated in foreign cars, constantly getting weeded
Proceeded to count profits
I know they got on binoculars
But fuck em all, we balling til they come lock us up
Twenty to life; I'm clubbing, blowing twenty tonight
We the mob, Bob Marley Marlin' all through the night
Addicted to wealth, never cold turkey to war
Snatch a tec off the shelf, live forever; that's Insh'Allah
Memoirs of a rich nigga;
Sweat suits, gold chains, old drug dealers
New Benz, chrome rims are for show, killer

You niggas accidental, shoppers in back of the limo
Pay your tithes, stay alive, can't be dodging my clique
Cut a check; I use your bitch for some bargaining chips
In a hole, sell your home, nigga go sell your soul

This forty-five in control

God forgives and I don't Accident murderer, act like you killed on purpose

Liars brag, you put work in
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Accident murderer

You just an accident murderer Accident murderer, accident murderer
You just an accident murderer Yo, for my nigga that got killed, got hit up

Vodka spills on the concrete

Light a swisha, we miss ya

And for that girl who never made it home, shot in the dome

How they gon' kill that beautiful sista

Violent adolescents, homicidal with weapons

Not a lot of knowledge inside of they minds, that I'm guessing

Tell me who you impressing

Shooters I knew them when they was babies

I used to test them

Make em throw up they hands, choke em out playing wrestling

Watch em grow to a man

I see them now they repping

But they cold-blooded, homie

Wondering where the respect went

Can't play with these little niggas, gangsta little niggas

Can't hang with these little niggas, they killing, they reckless

Wish I could build with him, but will he change really

Some real killers

I think of Wayne Perry

Think of my nigga Drawz

But you aren't a name to me you ain't mean to kill him Accident murderer, act like you killed on purpose

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