

# Murder Made Easy (feat. Jersey Mob)

## Outlawz

Outlaw, outlaw, bring your mother fucking Jersey Mob  
In the name of Makaveli the Don, the killa motherfuckin' KadafiEverybody wanna know how I live my life  
(Pucka)  
Where's my balls?  
(Pucka)  
Where's my ice?  
No matter now I answer then, feel my stripes  
You keep poppin' shit, I'll pin my knights dyingAt your grow dega, smokin' on your drow flavor  
Spit some pimp shit then dip with your old neighbor  
(Come on)  
And if you really feel some type of way about it  
Run up in your hood, then I'll shoot my fuckin' way about itThis Jersey Mob, Outlaw, Akwylah  
To my crew selling coke clinkin' cock dollars  
We in the same game, eat the pain, maintain  
All the snitches wanna see us in chain gangs  
The hate for traitors, that's all a cop thought offWe live stool pigeons smokin' in salt water pigeon  
Only my Lord and our crew know what happened to him  
His family prayin' 'cause one day they might back into himWith nothin' to lose, I walk through clutchin' my  
tools'  
Ice-grill make you wanna say, "What's fuckin' with Smooth"  
(Yo, what's fuckin' with that nigga?)  
I'm sick of these crews, actin' like they've been payin' dues  
I put the heat to 'em, tell them niggaz kick off they shoesWhat would you do in the position when it's us against  
you?  
That Teflon mother fucker, can your head take two?  
Shut the fuck up 'fore your luck's up, what you gonna do  
When your shit's up? Besides get dissed on nigga  
And pistol whipped up, tied up, mouth taped up, layed out and hit upLeave you in pray, gotta give you a napkin  
to wipe that shit up  
After the fact, holdin' in time, shit up for lit up, high drillly and shit  
Yeah, nigga you know the mix-up, we that squad for real  
Jersey Mob for real, it be kill or be killed, so we drawin' that steel  
I'm lovin' the rush, Essex county doublin' us, fuckin' with us  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
We ownin' enough, them rollers is bustMurder made easy for dummies before you pull the trigger  
Hit his pockets, take all his money, first you gotta be smart  
Check his race and his bag to see if he's strapped  
And hit him once in the face and that's thatWell, where you at then when I needed you the most?  
I hit rock bottom, I couldn't see that we was close

Yo box, watch 'em, now they all Champaign ballin' campaign  
Yeah, that nigga fall in the rain  
Dirty ya joints poppin' like you greasy burger en-flamed Every verse I drop's another small piece of the pain  
Shit'll never be the same after we got burned  
Niggaz is burnt out and yo there's nowhere to turn  
Like court adjourned without a quarter to burn  
Short of return to the same game in order to earn  
Y'all niggaz don't learn, I ain't concerned by far Spit six bars like gem-star, stitches and scars  
Niggaz dry snitchin', yo, they intuition bizarre  
Picture me starved without a partner, pitchin' is hard  
Listen, my jaw, to find the right position tomorrow  
Is mission impose? I be yellin' really my eyes  
Niggaz kill me when they nod like they really alive You ain't shit without your homeboys, y'all ain't no grown  
boys  
I feel it all and no voice, now you stuck with no choice  
Get on the ground, give up your property, it's like monopoly  
With Jersey Mob this time, they're ain't a mother fucker stoppin' me  
That's why I pop three in my throat Wait for my shit to drop and it's murder she wrote  
Forgot to pull it close and I got enough to go around  
For everybody challengin', guns, never silence, I'm still wildin'  
Like Allen and Mister Jeru, well it's mob, all that deep shit  
You can keep it, fuck frontin', I ain't never kept a secret My dog's swift, doin' the hard shift in the jail, I'm still  
sendin' the mail  
We livin' in Hell, my mom dukes told me, 'life is what you make it  
So watch yours close and the Outlawz will fuck around and take it'  
I got these spinks payin' a hundred a gram, fifty for half  
I'll get 'em for thirty, that's why I dump at last Murder made easy for dummies before you pull the trigger  
Hit his pockets, take all his money, first you gotta be smart  
Check his race and his bag to see if he's strapped  
And hit him once in the face and that's that We catch niggaz at the stop light and do what's not right  
It's worked for centuries to the OG's and peace gites  
We seat night and we run through your chest, got a bitch  
With your name on her breast up to set up your death  
We watch your ass for ten months if we gots 'em  
(Yeah) Then the first mistake you make  
(See them)  
Mother fucker we gots you  
(Got 'em)  
We do it so cold, we make your niggaz think they saw a ghost  
You untouchable niggaz don't even know we so close  
(Right next to you nigga)  
Coast to coast, we spread so rapidly Man, the niggaz sittin' next to you answer to me  
'Cause we can touch you when we want to  
So watch your tongue, we listenin' closely, man  
Y'all know have no one, we got guns plus the ones that Pac left We got enemies plus the ones that Pac left

We bang thug life, outlaw 'cause that's our job

(Yeah, yeah)

We backed by the Mob and we hittin' these niggaz hard so what? Murder made easy for dummies before you  
pull the trigger

Hit his pockets, take all his money, first you gotta be smart

Check his race and his bag to see if he's strapped

And hit him once in the face and that's that

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