

Murda (Feat. Cory Gunz, Capo & Junior Reid)

Lil' Wayne

First degree murda
Beg dem nuh push it further
This a nuh beef weh make burga
The youths dem strapped with dem burner
Real niggas say soo woo and such and such kill such and such
The street talking, bullshit walks on crutches but it's strut to strut
Niggas panic button pressing the end is coming
Count your blessings
We living in the day and time where the ten commandments are now suggestions
How depressing, how invested, click clack, pow intestines
Bad bitches in flower dresses with tight pussies
I found the crevice
AK bullets move mountains
Break them bitches down to pebbles
That tough talk is like music, to my ears so keep it a capella
Based on a true story, we not worry, y'all too worried
I faced my fears and told them motherfuckers y'all too gorgeous
Dread head from New Orleans
Where the youth dem got two choices
Shoot or get shot or a nigga choose for you
We murdered them
First degree murda
Beg dem nuh push it further
This a nuh beef weh make burga
The youths dem strapped with dem burner
First degree murda
Beg dem nuh push it further
This a nuh beef weh make burga
'Cause the youths dem strapped with dem burner
Yo, Tune point and I'm dusting niggas
I ain't talking lacing no marijuana
Soon as I hatched, I reigned like a quail
And gave 2 fucks I ain't a koala
My uncle gangsta but I make him nervous
All he see in my face is murda
Waste a burna is my waste a furnace
I'm pacing turners your face the thermos
First birthday wish was getting picked up
Shoot a nigga wake up on the wake up
Lay down and a model bitch ache up
Then I put pearls in a bitch like Jacob
Play tough taped off of this day pub

Race off like some motherfucking make up
 Take off looking for something to take up
 Get the paper? Or you want in the paper?
 Not horoscopes but in the horror scope
 Pray to God you see tomorrow, nope
 They gave my nigga 30 for a jar of dope
 But do a nigga dirty with a bar of soap
 Blowing so much you sneezing dick
 Believe in me I don't believe in shit
 Y'all pinching pennies? I'm squeezing drip
 It's Young Money till I'm in the freezer stiff
 Bitch First degree murda
 Beg dem nuh push it further
 This a nuh beef weh make burga
 The youths dem strapped with dem burner
 First degree murda
 Beg dem nuh push it further
 This a nuh beef weh make burga
 'Cause the youths dem strapped with dem burner It's all about the money nigga fuck the fame
 Where we come from shots ring nigga broad day
 Lil woadie said he had the chance he do the shit again
 Poppin' pills for the pain but still won't feel a thing
 It's deeper than this rap, I'm in the back soaking game
 Cartier frames got them looking at me strange
 Why pre mostly heard in the rally same?
 Lowkey still get a brick off my name
 Now I'mma tell you this here for my youngin' them
 The same ones I hung the corners with do numbers with
 If there ever was a problem watch 'em pull up quick
 Caught a L sticking to the script, we now switched
 We now switch First degree murda
 Beg dem nuh push it further
 This a nuh beef weh make burga
 The youths dem strapped with dem burner
 First degree murda
 Beg dem nuh push it further
 This a nuh beef weh make burga
 'Cause the youths dem strapped with dem burner

Songwriters

Dwayne Michael Carter Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>