

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 burnerReal 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 themFirst degree murda
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'Cause the youths dem strapped with dem burnerYo, 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
BitchFirst degree murda
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'Cause the youths dem strapped with dem burnerIt'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 switchFirst degree murda

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Songwriters

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