

Murkin Season (Amended Album Version)

Plies

(Ey I like to welcome all you mother fuckers, to the home of the goons, where the graveyards over crowed and
where choppers is a most)[Chorus:Repeat x2]
You caught slippin crackers goin to find your ass not breathin,
A hundred holes in your ass and your body licking,
Nigga ridin with them drums nigga for a reason,
Down here we in the middle of murkin seasonStay on the coast nigga if you ain't ready to make and shake
Cause this the home of the bodys check the murder rate,
Money is key the only thing be the murder case so you better kill him
If you don't want him at your court date,
You coming better come with them choppers and don't fake
Cause if you bullshitin you'll one who get erased
This niggas murkin out pussy nigga in broad day,
And where ever you get caught slipping at that's where you lay,
And like they say nigga no face no case as long as these goons are lurkin
The streets ain't save the more rounds you shoot a nigga the less aim it takes
It's murkin season so you pussys stay out the way[Chorus:]And murkin season don't end this shit get around,
It ain't neva dropping murkin season don't slow down
It's impossible too many choppers floating round
This young niggas they sick with it with dat four pound,
They cut it twelve and all they talk about is murkin out,
Old lady said she woke up by that chopper sound,
Said she gat out of bed and laid right down
From what I heard them crackers found a hundred and twenty rounds,
Four mother fucking dead bodys layin on the ground,
Nigga bend on it now who gonna get offer?
Running your fuck box you better watch how you choose your words
And niggas sendin treats pussy you gat alot of nerves,
Nigga leav your mother fucking brains on the curve
This ain't the eightis dawg niggas gettin murk every where you turn
You see dead niggas on t-shirts
Every time I pass by the graveyard I see a herb[Chorus:]Not respecting this streets what gat you niggas fucked,
That pussy nigga ain't bout it he know how to play tough,
Runnin your dick suck in flag would get you chopped up
I know plenty of niggas like you dat done gat touched
You talk alot cause you gat a chopper that ain't enough
I know hundred niggas with choppers blowing your a bust,
You gat the mind for a killer but you ain't gat the nuts
You gat the front game down packed but you ain't gat the nut,
You probably gat off before but you ain't wack nothing,

And you can't play games boy the streets real trying to impress
A mother fucker goin to get you niggas killed
Murkin season is official boy this shit for real[Chorus:]

Songwriters

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