

Murda (feat. Pusha T)

Kid Ink

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I got a piece, for all the drama
Walking around like I'm president Obama
Yeah you see me with a team, deeper than the secret service
Drop-drop-drop it down baby girl, you know it's worth it
Heard you looking for the shit, go get some tissue
Let's pay some bills, pockets fatter than a Swisha
It's Rocketshipshawty bout to drop another missile
Put this bottle to your lips baby girl and french kiss it
You ain't innocent at all, it's fucking murder
Pour up, more shots in the burner, nah
All I see is ass, prolly looking so perverted
Getting money is the crime, baby guilty is the verdict
(We up)Get higher (Get high)
Get higher (Get high)
Get higher (Get high)
Get higher (Get high)You ain't innocent at all
It's, it's fucking murder
Shots in the burner
More shots in the burnerYou ain't innocent at all
It's, it's fucking murder
Shots in the burner
More shots in the burnerThe king had a dream, I think I'm living
These haters sour cause they're riding in the limit
Heads to the sky, it ain't a limit
But you gotta about a minute girl, to make up a decision
Is you rocking with the team, or the opposition?
Put you in the game, just gotta play your position
See you the baddest here, ain't gotta hold a petition
Playing with your straw, I've been staring at you sipping
You ain't innocent at all, it's fucking murder
Turn up, more shots in the burner
Saying that you're straight as an arrow, I can turn you

Baby ain't nobody flyer, I know you can feel the turbulence
(We up)Get higher (Get high)
Get higher (Get high)
Get higher (Get high)
Get higher (Get high)You ain't innocent at all
It's, it's fucking murder
Shots in the burner
More shots in the burnerYou ain't innocent at all
It's, it's fucking murder
Shots in the burner
More shots in the burnerNo angels allowed
Baby you ain't innocent, caught up in that whirlwind
Molly in the evening, girls kissing girls, and
I ain't here to judge at all, tryna get my twirl in
Benefits of fucking with 'em, shitting on your girlfriends
Woo! The party girls run the night, baby
Hah, cause boring bitches ain't my type, ladies
Mix it up, I'm in the French vanilla white lady
And got rich selling all this ice ice baby
Murda, murda, shots coming from everywhere
Glow in the dark, Don P's flowing heavy here (YUGH!)
Another movie in the making
Starring all these bitches, on these couches half naked
(Push)

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