

Murder Man

Pastor Troy

(Pastor Troy)

ooh, ooh, ooh

yeah, this for da clones in the ATL,

With them fake a** chains,

For all the flexy a** ni**az comin' outta Atlanta,

Verse 1

iiii'm comin, 2 50 cal's in hand,

long goatee's ni**a da taliban,

i'll murda man, i'm tryin to murk somethin,

this aint no chuck e cheese,

i'm tryin to hurt somethin',

These ni**az claimin G's, claimin' they run the south, please..

How you run this sh** in them butt fu** caprice,

Atleast you outta know bout' my thrown,

the P the T the R the O the Y,

ni**a i'm so fly call me jet,

jump off in the ocean still aint wet,

I flex I mothafu**in ball betta ax em,

catch a ni**a talkin sh**,

motherfu**in blast em,

Murda, M - U - R - D - A,

i'm pumpin gats at whoever in the way,

I got the gunplay, don't think they understand,

don't think they wanna fu** with the Murda Man.

Chorus

I don't think they wanna fu** with the murda man, fu** with the murda man

fu** with the murda man

(well ah haaaa) (x 4)

Verse 2

yaaaaa'll trippin',

not everybody crunk,

yall' ni**az gonna make me pop tha trunk,

cause I remember way back in the day, when the ATL was'nt gettin no play,

then I came out, drop, we ready,

ni**az went to bouncin',

ridin' dem box chevys,

But I guess that was then,

This is now.... when I catch ya a** in the street, the guns plow,

I represent the heart,

I represent the Anger,
I represent the real,
I represent the danger,
I represent the cars,
I represent the dream,
I represent repect,
I'm representin my team,
it's Pistol PT, aka the Murda Man,
Ya pistol's in ya car,
My pistol's in my hand,
and you can ask Jan,
I shot a ni**a ran,
don't think you understand, i'm the fu**in' Murda Man(haaaa)
Chours(x 4)Verse 3
Stiiiiill spinnin',
empty my magazine,
I jump off in my limozine, and fleet the scene,
This aint the swat team,
this aint' lil scrappy and them,
I love that hard sh**,
and fu** a platinum,
and lil jon', used to be my homie, used to be my ace,
now I wanna slap tha taste, out yo mouth,
ni**a down south i'm a legend,
when u see me, keep mothafu**in' steppin,
they flexin... so what u got a A(ATL) Hat ni**a?
that don't mean sh**,
to a southside killa,
What's up Shay, what's up toadd,
On that air, shady park,
Murda, M - U - R - D - A,
i'm bustin' shots at whoever in my way,
cockin' my a.k.,
don't think they understand.. But I don't think they wanna fu** with the Murda Man(haaaa)
Chorus(x 4)
(well ah haaaa)

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