Murder

Ugk

I'm still Pimp C bitch so what the fuck is up?
I'm puttin' powder on the streets cuz I got
Big fuckin' nut's comin' back from Louisiana
In a Fleetwood Lana
I deserve them nigga's shit to put they pea's on they banner
Got the pound four by four cuz you know I just
Pay to nigga bought thirty from me
So I fronted forty two, he gonna pop to seven hundred
Times sixty two, twenty four eight is what I do
So fuck what 'cha do
If I told ya cocaine number's you think I was lyin'
Young nigga's twenty two talkin' bout they retirin'
In the game ain't a thang comin' far then we been
Rick's home two apartment's where enter
Tight friends mo bounce to the ounce
Cuz the Wood the shit, I done got me
Fifty ounces out of birds ya bitch
Tightin' up no slack bitches checkin' my stock
Got some Burban City nigga's so I'm a go to my garage
Just got back from California kicked it with B-Legit
Put me down with purple chronic and that hurricane shit
At the studio with Tom, I wish I could stay
I got to holla at Master P, cuz we got money to make
We with playa'z from the South stack gee'z man
Like Ball I got to stack big cheeze man
Bitch say he wanna show ya
You got nine grand I ain't rappin' shit
Till my money in my hand
South Texas mutherfucka that's where I stay
Gettin' money from yo bitches every
Got damn day
Big paper I'm foldin'
Hoes is on my mutherfuckin' jock
For all this dick I be holdin'
I hate grown man show it
Especially if a fool take our style and
Act like my nigga's don't know it
I kick it with the trill nigga's so you best's
Not trip if ya keep on talkin' shit

My nigga empty the clip
Hoe azz niggaChorus:Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder
Murder, Mur, Mur, MurderVerse Two: {Bun-B}Well this Bun-B bitch and I'm the king
I'm movin' chickens got 'em finger lickin'
Stickin' nigga's who be trippin'
You need a swift kickin' yo azz is right for the pickin'
Now down as my pocket's stickin'
I be thinkin' nigga's slippin' you sick
When I be clickin' now take a look at the
Bigger nigga Marl liquor swigger
Playa hata ditch digger figure
My hair trigger you bound one hot one in yo liver
You shiver shake and quiver
I'm free from nigga you wetter den a river
For what it's worth it's suburblous some nigga's doin' dirt
Fuck her first and take off her skirt
Make the pussy hurt Mister Master
Hit the Swisha faster then you keep a
Blister bastard fuck her sister faster
Hit the elbro for sale yo
Brother better have my mail hoe
Before I catch a murder case and go to jail hoe
Hell no, time to bail hit the trail so
We can sell mo fuckin' yell get the scale
No other bullet duck or get shoved
Inside this game they better buck us
Cuz the clucker's they love us
Make them class dick suckers
Check they jelly like smoker's
I hit like nun-chuckers
Cuz Short Texas bring the rukus
This for my muthfucker's
Cookin' cheese to crooked geez
Rockin' up quarter key's
Just to get the hook with ease
Wanna bee's get on yo knee's
Fill the squeeze from them HK one three's
>From here to over sea's
We do what we please
No trip cuz we flip
Light up a dip
I'm breakin' 'em off from they hip to yo lip

Go ask that boy Skip
That nigga Bun rip
With one clip, soon as the gun slip
Now I done ripped out my Barile
Flyin' through yo belly belly and
Some smelly red jelly is drippin' out of ya belly
Servin' 'em like a Deli jumped on my cellular telli
Hoe sell it like it's goin' out of style
You can't see me Marcus so have a
Motherfuckin' Sweet and smileChorus:

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