

Accident Murderers (Ft Rick Ross)

Nas

You cocked back
You thought you had it planned
You thought you had your man
He saw you coming, he ran when you tried to blast that man
You missed him by inches, he sprinted
Some of his boys on the corner was who your bullets entered
Two of em pull through but one didn't, son's finished
You took the life of him
The part about it that's crazy, you was aight with him
Tight with him, why was he in the way
Why was he standing next to the enemy that specific day
His style never hollas loud, stays reclusive
Good dude, got that look like he always about to do shit
Side of his mouth toothpick, one eyebrow raised
Got into it with dude who still tried to live out his old wild out days
They never had no probs
Somehow they rubbed each other wrong like a bad massage
These two different personalities had to collide
Niggas could not aim and innocent niggas died
You ask why, cause of aAccident murderer, act like you killed on purpose
Liars brag, you put work in
You ain't mean to murk him
Your gun's a virgin
Streets are full of em
Read the bulletin
Accident murderer
You just an accident murdererWe grew up doing graffiti
Now hollow heads getting heated
Seated in foreign cars, constantly getting weeded
Proceeded to count profits
I know they got on binoculars
But fuck em all, we balling til they come lock us up
Twenty to life; I'm clubbing, blowing twenty tonight
We the mob, Bob Marley Marlin' all through the night
Addicted to wealth, never cold turkey to war
Snatch a tec off the shelf, live forever; that's Insh'Allah
Memoirs of a rich nigga;
Sweat suits, gold chains, old drug dealers
New Benz, chrome rims are for show, killer

You niggas accidental, shoppers in back of the limo
Pay your tithes, stay alive, can't be dodging my clique
Cut a check; I use your bitch for some bargaining chips
In a hole, sell your home, nigga go sell your soul
This forty-five in control
God forgives and I don't
Accident murderer, act like you killed on purpose
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You ain't mean to murk him
Your gun's a virgin
Streets are full of em
Read the bulletin
Accident murderer
You just an accident murderer
Accident murderer, accident murderer
You just an accident murderer
Yo, for my nigga that got killed, got hit up
Vodka spills on the concrete
Light a swisha, we miss ya
And for that girl who never made it home, shot in the dome
How they gon' kill that beautiful sista
Violent adolescents, homicidal with weapons
Not a lot of knowledge inside of they minds, that I'm guessing
Tell me who you impressing
Shooters I knew them when they was babies
I used to test them
Make em throw up they hands, choke em out playing wrestling
Watch em grow to a man
I see them now they repping
But they cold-blooded, homie
Wondering where the respect went
Can't play with these little niggas, gangsta little niggas
Can't hang with these little niggas, they killing, they reckless
Wish I could build with him, but will he change really
Some real killers
I think of Wayne Perry
Think of my nigga Drawz
But you aren't a name to me you ain't mean to kill him
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Accident murderer
You just an accident murderer

Songwriters

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