

Murda Murda

Sean Kingston

Murder, Murder, Mur...Murder
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Murder
First I plan my escape
Nothing on papes and leave the scene without a trace
I'm lookin' dead in her face
But she don't see me
I'm unnoticed
I head straight to her bedroom window for better focus
Hokus pokus
I see the door's unlocked, I let myself in
Head for her room, with plans of murder and mayhem
There she go, there that bitch lay
Living on this earth to my dismay
Time to pay
Palms are sweaty, I'm about to vomit
I grab the knife out of my belt and jab it in her stomach
Again, and again and now she's screaming like I care
But I could give a fuck less
Before she dies I grab her by her blood soaked hair
And tell her shit's gonna be alright on my end
I'm glad it happened this way
Back in my daughters life again
Ain't it a shame that it came to this
Life goes on except for one less bitch
Ain't it a trip?
Murder, Murder, Murder
You never heard of redrum in reverse
Bodies in the hearse
Now your life's gone cause we wanted you to die
Time to kiss your ass good bye
Don't ask why
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It was Tuesday, December 24th '97
Time on the clock 1:11
Thinking bout sending somebody to heaven
Or the crossroads
A fate of a soul lies in my hands I suppose
Now I'm wearing dark clothes
Parked on the side street
Peepin out the scenery

Make sure nobody seeing me
As I move to the trunk of the stolen car
Up to the back door with the crow bar
So far the plans fool proof
Called from the phone booth
Got the message machine
Nobody's on the scene
Kicked in the backdoor, 1:34
Looking for the family dog Thor
Kicked em in the jaw with the work boots
Knocked a couple teeth loose
Smacked em in the mouth with my empty deuce deuce
Then I smile
Break his neck and watch him piss on kitchen tile
Never liked him since the day he tried to play me vile,
And tried to bite me
Stab a steak knife in his head
So much for that man's best friend
Now I'm all up in the place and
In the bedroom masturbating
Cummin on the sheets and pillow cases
Fuck that bitch
She's just a cunt and her mothers nothing but a slut
Can't wait to seal her mouth shut
2:30 she returns home from work
Nice blouse, tight shirt
Business attire for this hooker for hire
Threw the keys to the table, said baby are you home
Didn't expect to see Bones we're alone
And she's reaching for the telephone to call the police
Strangled with the chord, now deceased
In the process of her suffocation
Finger fucked her for demonstration
Let her know I know her many faces
Now she's dead in the closet
Hangin out with all the winter clothes

In the struggle suffered a bloody nose
But I'm straight though
As I move to the bathroom to wash my hands
It's all part of the plan
Don't think you understand see?
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You never heard of redrum in reverse
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