

# Murda

## Kid Ink

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 burner You ain't innocent at all  
It's, it's fucking murder  
Shots in the burner  
More shots in the burner No 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)

Songwriters

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