

Murda (feat. Estelle)

Cyhi The Prynce

Say we don't wanna murda
That's why we keep it full of pure life
And roll is all we know, I
Swings is hard enough for there's real fight
'Cause we don't wanna, we don't wanna murda pon the scene
Run go tell the people that is blessings we ah bring
'Cause
Out in the streets they call it murderOK, huh
I'm from East Atlanta
Up the street from Candler
Elbows on the table
They didn't teach us manners
Sell those to my neighbors
And we keep them hammers
Play with me, it be a (Murder)
Ok, now that we got that understood
Where my niggas from the hood?
All they do is cook the hard
Quick to push a bunch of kush
All my crooks behind them walls
I put money on their books
Who got caught up on a (Murder)
Huh, so where my bad bitches?
3am still let me crash bitches
Let me use they condo for a stash bitches
Brought me cash, strippin'
I love that way that ass switchin'
That lil' pussy I'ma (Murder)
I need a jumper, that's a transporter
I need 'em all for 48 and not a gram shorter
She say they charged her baby daddy with a manslaughter
We prayin' for him 'cuz he coulda caught a (Murder)
Yeah
Better keep that thang when you (Out in the streets)
Can't be playing no games with niggas (Out in the streets)
Shawty, better use your brain when you (Out in the streets)
Niggas in the chain gang for shit they did (Out in the streets)
So homie, stay in your lane when you (Out in the streets)
Don't let them play you like no lame when you (Out in the streets)

I done seen niggas get slain, laid (Out in the streets)
It's 'bout the money not the fame when you (Out in the streets)Can't lie, the street shit is mesmerizing
Never realize what you jeopardizing 'til the Feds arriving
We just surviving, kicking doors is what we specialize in
"It's just a robbery, boy. Don't make this a..." (Murder)
That was the slogan if we heard you holding
I seen my partna take a bullet and his shirt was soakin'
Free my nigga Gred, they gave him life, my heart was broken
He got locked up back when Ja Rule was yellin' (Murder)
I don't smoke it if it ain't no orange hairs in my purple
Waffle-ass nigga, ain't no squares in my circle
Just a bunch of players, a few drug dealers that'll serve you
And a couple niggas that'll (Murder)
Before the root of all evil, you was all peaceful
Now a hater trying to kill you, you of all people
And the rules of the street is all legal
Niggas lie, steal or even (Murder)
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