

# Murder

UGK

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm still Pimp C bitch so what the fuck is up?  
Puttin' powder on the streets  
'Cause I got big fuckin' nuts  
Comin' back from Louisiana in a Fleetwood Lac  
I just served them niggas some shit  
To put they fiends on they back  
Got the pounds going for 4 cause you know I just paid 2  
Nigga bought thirty from me So I front him 42  
He gon' pop for 700 times 62  
24/8 is what I do so nigga fuck what 'cha do  
If I told ya cocaine numbers, you would think I was lyin'  
Young ass niggas 22 is talkin' bout they retirin'  
In the game ain't a thang comin' foreign with Benz  
Brick home and two apartments where I entertain friends  
Mo bounce to the ounce 'cause the Brougham the shit  
I done got me 50 ounces out of birds in this bitch  
Tightin' up, no slack, bitches checkin' my stock  
Got some birds I'll sell a nigga  
So might go rock for rock  
Just got back from California kicked it with B-Legit  
Put me down with purple chronic and that hurricane shit  
At the studio with Tone, man I wish I could stay  
I got to holla at Master P, 'cause we got money to make  
And when playaz from the South stack G'z man  
Like Ball I got to stack big cheese man  
Bitch say he want a show, you got nine grand?  
I ain't rappin' shit until my money in my hand  
South Texas mutherfucka that's where I stay  
Gettin' money from yo bitches every goddamn day  
Big paper I'm foldin'  
Hoes is on my mutherfuckin' jock  
For all this dick that I be holdin'

I hate clone men show it  
Especially them fools that take our style  
And act like my niggas don't know it  
Kick it with the trill niggas so you best not trip  
If ya keep on poppin' shit my nigga empty the clip  
Ho ass nigga Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder  
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder  
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder  
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder  
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder Well it's Bun-B bitch, and I'm the king of movin' chickens'  
Not them finger lickins  
Stickin' niggas that be trickin'  
You need a swift kick in' yo ass is right for the pickin'  
Now as my pockets thicken  
I be kickin' nickel slickin' you sick when I be clickin'  
Now take a look at the bigger nigga Malt liquor swigger  
Playa hata ditch digger  
Figure my hair trigger get a hot one in yo liver  
You shiver, shake, and quiver  
I'm frivolous if a nigga get wetter than a river  
For what it's worth it's the birth of some niggas doin' dirt  
Fuck her first and take off her skirt  
Now make the pussy hurt  
It's the Master  
Hit the Swisha faster then you fever blister bastard  
Fuck yo sister faster  
Fifty elbows for sale yo  
Brother better have my mail ho  
Fore I catch a murder case and go to jail  
Oh, hell no! Time to bail hit the trail so  
We can sell mo fuckin' yayo get the scale  
No other bullet duckers can shove us out the game  
So they better buck us  
Cause the cluckers they love us  
Make them glass dick suckers  
Shake their jelly like Smucker's  
I hit like nun-chuckers  
Cause Short Texas bring the rukus  
This for my muthafuckers  
Cookin' cheese to crooked G'z  
Rockin' up quarter keys  
Just to get the hook with ease  
Wannabes get on yo knees  
Feel the squeeze from them HK 1-3s  
From here to overseas

We do what we please  
Don't trip cause 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 Barrelli  
Flyin' through yo Pelle Pelle and  
Some smelly red jelly is drippin' out of ya belly  
Servin' 'em like a Deli jumped on my cellular telli  
Ho sell it like it's goin' out of style  
You can't see me Marcus so have a  
Motherfuckin' Sweet and a smileMurder, Mur, Mur, Murder  
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder  
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder

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