

Murda Murda

Memphis Bleek

Chilly chill

It's gangsta, turn the music up, uh, ch'eah

Yeah, we back on that gangsta, gangsta shit

Shit, they just wanna play the motherfuckin' game

We don't give a fuck but Swizz'll lit up somethin' on you niggas

Chilly chill, let's go I'm from murder, murder Marcyville

My nigga you heard I clap you, I certainly will

With my South Philly motherfuckers kill at will

Bet the nine milli make you niggas, chilly chill Yeah, from murder, murder Marcyville

My nigga you heard I clap you, I certainly will

With my South Philly motherfuckers kill at will

Bet the nine milli make you niggas, chilly chill I feel like a felon with two strikes, mad bullshit in this life

I done seen everythin' but Christ, luckily I'm just off the basement

You niggas just bullshittin' with bars

The boys you got just tryin' my patience Like, I don't carry around banana clips like groceries

With a presence that make 'em don't wanna get 'em close to me

Talk about we suppose to be brothers

Don't make me laugh, motherfucka you chose to be On the side opposin' me, no matter what culture you be

From, Young Hova light your ass up explosively

A lil' use K for ya, pour out the P-A for ya

Had to bring y'all like back in the day for ya They don't respect nothin' else, they somethin' else

Two guns with sons will get inside yourself

Loose two lungs, bullets'll get inside your health

Will take the wind outta yourself, like so Niggas for truly in a war with yours truly

While they emulating shit they saw in the Art Of War movie

But I'm the writer of Sun Tzu, so whatever son do

I do better, more lyrics, way more cheddar Catch me if you can, I'm the gingerbread man

Keep pumpin' 'em up make me injure bre-thren

Niggas is tryna capitalize of Hov

Like I don't realize, I see the demons inside of they souls Niggas is dreamin' to sell what I sold

Fuckers is fiendin' to held what I hold

I just know what I know

They respect me all across the globe, although I'm from murder, murder Marcyville

My nigga you heard I clap you, I certainly will

With my South Philly motherfuckers kill at will

Bet the nine milli make you niggas, chilly chill Murder, murder Marcyville

My nigga you heard I clap you, I certainly will

With my South Philly motherfuckers kill at will

Bet the nine milli make you niggas, chilly chill Uh, uh huh, yea, yo, yo

It ain't nothin' to double clips, trust the fifth could be toss
 Niggas poppin' their shit, they startin' ta piss me off
 Bitches and bitch niggas tryna ride against homie
 So fuck them and the Originator of SophieThe gat spit rapid, duel actions
 Look, I'm nice with the fifth the moments when you bastard get sick
 I'm from the ghetto is turf where the metal do work
 My ER eight grade, they had the errors since birthMe and the God spittin', you know police come chalk ya
 It's like you peep this and I'm the young A. Walker
 Fuck it, I'm ridin' with Sig, you niggas is sweet
 Collidin' with Cam and I'm throwin' with FreeGeda K's the co-d, young boss
 Until we State Property, we spit in the Taurus
 Fuck it, H in the pen, huh
 You know we bang where we from nigga, H to the pen, it's nothin'I'm from murder, murder Marcyville
 My nigga you heard I clap you, I certainly will
 With my South Philly motherfuckers kill at will
 Bet the nine milli make you niggas, chilly chillYeah, murder, murder Marcyville
 My nigga you heard I clap you, I certainly will
 With my South Philly motherfuckers kill at will
 Bet the nine milli make you niggas, chilly chillChilly chill
 Chilly chill
 Chilly chillAiiyo, the South Philly motherfucka kill at will
 I keep my Mack Milly chilly chill
 You niggas' gay like that for real
 I move yay all day for realBoss's plaque, check the status for real
 Balls splat, you will lay in the ground for real
 All day I'ma ammo for real
 Clip shape like bananas for realGuerrilla warfare hittin' the field
 Six saw head splittin' your grill
 New issue, or I might grip the Uzi pistol
 Do more than bruise tissuesCrack bone marrow, lose grisel
 Sit you down in a chair for real
 Forever you'll wheel around for real
 Listen boy, I get it down for realI clutch pound for real
 When I ball you touch down for real
 Correct tar, Brett Farve, hecklaw
 Cops send shots down your field
 Tell, muah, leave the town for realI'm from murder, murder Marcyville
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