Murderer

Isaac Maya

Guns murder niggas at night
Niggas even kill niggas at night
Then cops murder niggas at night
But I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let them bitches murder mine
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Motherfuckin' murderer, shot my fuckin' brother
But when I find him, I'm gone get that motherfucker
He playin' the role of one them niggas that's always talkin' noise
Runnin' inside, talkin' that shit, front of his fuckin' boys
Fuck that, I'm lockin' that bolt back
Loadin' that gat, here that glock come
Out'cha fuckin' head, standin' on the corner
I'm peepin' on ya, so I can creep up on ya
Calmin' my nerves, get rid of these punks and stick 'em in my mind
You want it? Fine, I done reached for that nine
I'm gone do you in, I'm tellin' ya bitch you gone have to get up quick
And hit the bricks before I do you in
Two of your boys spied me comin'
Them coward-hearted niggas started runnin'
But not you though, you gots to play the hard role
Stop playin' it up like a bone, bitch I know you are
Talkin' head gonna put you on your deathbed
Just 'cuz you got a gat, that's just why you actin' brave
Got a gat I got a glock, what'cha gone do?
Handle your business, don't let your business handle you
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Then fuckin' cops murder niggas at night
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Pull your shirt down bitch
I know you got a gat, but I ain't scared bout that bullshit
It don't matter how many fuckin' guns you got

The only thing that mater, is a nigga, to get the first shot
'Cuz if I peep, that ass is fallin' to the street
Bitch retreat or that ass is dead meat
Smack your teeth, but I'ma knock you off your fuckin' feet
They gone pick you up, piece-by-piece off that concrete street
When N.O. meet, who gives a fuck about a poor neat scene?
We got beef, so I'ma shoot'cha like a fake bitch
Let you know just who you fuckin' with
But I ain't that type of nigga
That's liable to shoot you over no dumb shit
If I'ma pop ya, I'ma pop ya for just 'cuz
you talk too much shit PLUS, you popped one of my boys
Gankin' niggas I'm gettin' downright scandolous

You can't handle this
So when you're out bitch, move or I won't step
'Cuz if I catch'cha I'ma drill ya in your fuckin' chest
I ain't gone gone ride by and pop, 'cuz I might miss
I'ma walk up to your face, Pop point blank bitch
That's what you get, from out there tryin' to go act bad
Not even Bruce Lee, could whoop a bullet ass
Got'cha, come, get this ass whoopin'
If you bringing them niggas with ya, that's nothin'
I'm poppin' the clip in
Nigga fetcher, satisfied when you're on the stretcher
You might run but I'ma catch 'em
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Yo nigga you caught that bitch yet?
Fuck no, I ain't caught that bitch yet
I done been through every scandalous sight, and every project
But I bet'cha, when I stop, runnin' behind 'em
Get up, pack my shit and I'll stop, and then I'll fuckin' find him
Yo dumb ass in the street
Fuck that shit, 'cuz I'ma catch your ass this week
Monday, a one day when you go play, goes the A.K.
Sprayin' on his ass like a roach, and if I approach, too late to duck hoe
Drop, run, fall, kick, scream, now curse
How in the fuck you gone duck a twelve round burst?

Hammin' at that ass on Tuesday, put up the nine
Go get the A.K., bitch if I catch you in the mall Wednesday
That's the day that ass fall
Then it might be Thursday, three round burst day
The day I'm blood thirsty
Fuck that, wait 'til Friday, payday
Shoot'cha in your face and take your money, J
Now wait 'til the weekend, hey, yeah
Saturday, that's the day you go creepin'
But you better be watchin' your back 'cuz I'm sneakin'
Waitin' for my chance to do your ass in
I don't give a fuck if it's on Sunday
God gone have to forgive me, 'cuz I'ma shoot'cha in your head nigga
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