

Murda Murda

Memphis Bleek

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 Sophie The 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 birth Me 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 Free Geda 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 chill Yeah, 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 Chilly chill
Chilly chill
Chilly chill Aiyyo, 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 real Boss'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 real Guerrilla warfare hittin' the field
Six saw head splittin' your grill
New issue, or I might grip the Uzi pistol
Do more than bruise tissues Crack 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 real I 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 real I'm from murder, murder Marcyville
My nigga you heard I clap you, I certainly will

With my South Philly motherfuckers kill at will
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