Murderer III

Mystikal

(first verse)
Muthaf**kin' murderer!
Bitch you killed my sister!
Bitch I'm bout to get my pistol!
Know that I'm comin' and I gotta get him,
And I gotta kill him,
And cease all his stupid shit,
And walk with this venomous shit 'cause she's 'sposed to be there for me,
Six years, still tears!
I know it's gonna be that way
Until the day that your grave is filled up,
I still can't forget'cha, 'cause all you did is spilled blood,
Bitch that was my only sister, you can't just kill her!
Don't that f**k with you? can't you feel her?
That's what the f**k she get for givin' you her real love?
I tried to play cool, and mind my business, and stay out it,
I was supposed to be all in, when it comes to your family share your
Problems!
I just wish I would've knew then what I know now,
I just wish I could've woke up before it went down!
Now I'm sayin' "damn!"
Wake up hollerin' "damn!"
Wait until I get that muthaf**ka, and I am!
Chorus (mystikal & uncredited singer):(mystikal)
Murder murder murder
Murder murder murder (get that muthaf**ka what I tell myself!)(singer)
Murderer...
Murderer...(2x)(second verse)
Noooooooow, why?
Would you come to my house, tell the truth,
Then turn around and be bout lyin'?
Muthaf**ka in that water, I know you didn't want your son to rot!
So if you gone support him,
Then you can jump up in the skillet with him and fry!
Bitch! my God damn sister used to call you mama!
And this is how you honor her?
I'm furious, and to her I say murderer!
Her loyalty, and her love, you deserted her!
Changed the whole story, and got on the evening news and shined,

The bitch start actin', got on the witness stand and start cryin',
Now who the f**k you think you foolin'? or convincin'?
It must be your f**kin' self!
It hurt me so bad, to avoid doin' somethin' crazy
I had to write this shit down on paper,
And show you what the f**k I felt!
You disgrace me, it's a show of shame,
You saw that look in my sister face, she died in pain!
Chorus
(third verse)
Thou shalt not kill,
Bitch I can remember finishin' the argument
That y'all was havin' over automobiles,
Thou shalt not lie,
I know what you did, I'm comin' to get'cha, you cannot live!
Look, you sleep forever is the f**kin' price,
Shit, a throat for a throat, a life for a life,
F**k my feelings, you owe that to my family and her son,
My children auntie ain't there,
F**kin' well right I got a grudge,
On your ma, and her lawyer, and the courts,
And the jurors, and the judge,
Defenses, your immediate family members,
I'm pissin' on it and burnin' the distict attorney,
You stepped down on us,
Shipped that coward out his f**kin' cell and let him skip town on us,
Just like that,
And I guess I'm 'sposed to let that shit go down, ha? just like that?
I'm makin' it happen to these actors,
My screwdriver, and my telephone bar, and my black hat on backwards,
Takin' your boyfriend, that's how it end,
But until then, I'm livin' for revengeChorus (mystikal & singer):(mystikal)
Murder murder murder
Murder murder murder (get that muthaf**ka what I tell myself!)(singer)
Murderer...
Murderer...(mystikal)
Murder murder murder
Murder murder murder (get that muthaf**ka what I tell myself!)(singer)
Murderer...
Murderer...(mystikal)
Murderer!
Bitch you killed my sister!
Murderer!
Bitch you killed my sister!(mystikal)
Bitch you killed my sister!

...what I tell myself!(singer... simultaneous with mystikal)Murderer...
Murderer...(beat plays with drum cadence until the final gunshot ends the song)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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