

# Murda Bizness (Feat T.I.)

## Iggy Azalea

Hit the club, with bad bitches  
Stack of hundreds, bunch of fifties  
Super clean, fa'sho get 'em  
Hit the scene, kill shit, we in the murda bizness I kill pride, I hurt feelings,  
Click clack bang bang we in the murda bizness  
My outfit? It murk bitches  
Click clack bang bang we in the murda bizness Iggy, do it Biggie  
Tell 'em keep sending bottles, I'mma pop fifty  
These other bitches think they hot? Not really  
She a broke ho, that's how you know she not with me  
Keep my heels on high, ride or die  
760Li, ridin' fly  
I'm the God's honest truth, they decide to lie  
They just divide they legs, I divide the pie  
And nah, nah, nah, nobody digging ya'll hoes  
When Iggy in the spot, they be iggin' ya'll hoes  
I'm cold, get in that thang, kill bitches dead  
Click clack bang bang, it's the murda bizness Hit the club, with bad bitches  
Stack of hundreds, bunch of fifties  
Super clean, fa'sho get 'em  
Hit the scene, kill shit, we in the murda bizness I kill pride, I hurt feelings,  
Click clack bang bang we in the murda bizness  
My outfit? It murk bitches  
Click clack bang bang we in the murda bizness Peezy, we got them queazy  
Give these hoes a hard time, make it look easy  
I'm the first of my kind, you ain't seen any  
We gon' eat this bread cause we make plenty  
Stacks piled high, let the hundreds fly  
You ain't gotta do a shit but stay broke and die  
While I keep making hits with these coca lines  
Shit, I'm IMAX big, you poster size  
And nah, nah, nah, they ain't feeling y'all hoes  
If you was on fire, wouldn't piss on y'all hoes, I'm cold  
Get in that thang, kill bitches dead  
Click clack bang bang, it's the murda bizness Hit the club, with bad bitches  
Stack of hundreds, bunch of fifties  
Super clean, fa'sho get 'em  
Hit the scene, kill shit, we in the murda bizness I kill pride, I hurt feelings,  
Click clack bang bang we in the murda bizness

My outfit? It murk bitches  
Click clack bang bang we in the murda bizness  
Outfit perfect, hit the scene, hurt shit  
In the 9/11, I 187 murk shit  
Holocaust, genocide  
Kill their ego and their pride  
Cremating the hating, it's a murda in the making  
I'm taking all shine off top  
Buying all bottles from the bar, let's pop, Champagne  
If them niggas die of thirst, man we'll buy a hearse  
When the light hit the chain all you see is fireworks  
I mute niggas turnt up all the way  
Shoot nigga with the swag, Doc Holliday  
I'm steady blowing loud, broke niggas ain't allowed  
Click clack bang bang pow pow, it's the murda bizness  
Hit the club, with bad bitches  
Stack of hundreds, bunch of fifties  
Super clean, fa'sho get 'em  
Hit the scene, kill shit, we in the murda bizness  
I kill pride, I hurt feelings,  
Click clack bang bang we in the murda bizness  
My outfit? It murk bitches  
Click clack bang bang we in the murda bizness  
Ay we in that thang  
Everybody wants to kill bang bang  
Yeah we in that thang  
Everybody wants to kill bang bang  
It's the murda bizness  
We in the murda bizness  
It's the murda bizness  
We on the murda bizness  
It's the murda bizness  
We in the murda bizness  
It's the murda bizness  
We on the murda bizness

Songwriters

Clifford Harris, Salaam-Bailey Brandon  
Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>