

Murkin' Season

Plies

Ey, I'd like to welcome all you motherfuckers man
To the home of the goons, where the grave yards over crowded
And where chopperz is a must You caught slippin' crackers goin' find your ass, not breathing
100 wholes in your ass with your body leaking
Nigga ridin' with 'em drums, nigga for a reason
'Cause down here we in the middle of murkin' season Stay on your porch nigga if you ain't ready to make a
shake
'Cause this the home of the bodies, check the murder rate
Money and ski's is the only, that'll be the murder case
So you better kill him if you don't want him at your court date If you comin' you better come with 'em choppers
and don't fake
'Cause if you bullshit, you're the one that's getting erased
This niggaz murikin' out pussy niggaz in broad day
Where-ever you get caught slippin' at that's where you lay And like they say nigga no face, no case
As long as these goons are lurkin' these streets ain't safe
The more rounds you shoot nigga the less aim it takes
It's murkin' season so you pussies better stay out the way Murkin' season don't end, this shit year round
It ain't never drop, murkin' season never slow down
It's impossible to many choppers floating around
These young niggaz they sick with it on that 4 pound Lil cuzin' 12 and all he talking is murkin' now
Old lady said she got woke up by that chopper sound
Say she got on her bed and laid back down
From what I heard 'em crackers fired 120 rounds 4 motha fuckin' dead bodies laying on the ground
Niggaz bettin' on it now, who goin' get off first?
Running your fuck box better, what how you choose your words That nigga sending threats pussy, you got a lot
of nerves
Niggaz would leave your motherfuckin' brains on the burb
This ain't the 80's dawg, niggaz getting murked
Everywhere you turn you see dead niggaz on t-shirts
Everytime I pass by the grave yard I see a herse Not respecting these streets is what got you niggaz fucked
That oussy nigga ain't about it, he just know how to bring tongue
Runnin' your dick, suckin' lips would get you chopped up I know plenty niggaz like you that done got touched
You talking loud 'cause you got a chopper nigga that ain't enough
I know 100 niggaz that got choppers but only few would bust
You got the mouth of a killa but you ain't got the guts You got the front game down packed but you ain't got the
nuts
You probably got off before but you ain't wack nothing
This the wrong place to play games dawg, the streets real
Trying to impress a mothafucker would get you nigga killed

Murking season is official, now this shit for real

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