

# Murdah

## El-B

-Bizzy Bone-Chorus-

Murdah is out of control/ Murdah just let it blow (It blow)/ Word up if you bucked a mothafucka down for taken  
ya dough (Taken ya dough...) nigga

-Bizzy Bone-

Know this liquor prolly killin my liver/ The villian is still in effect/ And I buck this motherfucker down, live and  
direct/ Hey, what I'ma chastise my momma? Demand the respect, get up and strategize bitches cryin like they  
never wept/ Slept in the gutter with no tech, I'm still in the dungeon/ Bitch I never left, pass that sticky icky  
ganja/ Creep on ah come up, I crept and I came/ Respect the dead game, remember ta let ya nuts hang, often,  
matter of fact I'ma do mine all day/ I don't sniff coke, I like to make money/ Put the fiends in the room, who's  
hungry? Cut from the cloth they cut me black cherry weed/ Cherokee Indians based in Cleveland, thuggin and  
thievin till I'm the last one breathin/ Only one believin is that Seventh Sign Saga/ Fresh and remodeled, plush  
like Ramada now, holy like Ramadan, a momma's smile/ Capo, my nigga what/ Nigga execution always my  
guns is cripin 'cause, P.B.D. posse/ I roll with Rasu, Nina Ross, and Skails, Rhythm and Ghetto, Rosiah, 7th  
Sign murda em all, yep...

And like little Capo-Confuscious say "Nigga I'll kill for you."

-Chorus -

-Prince Rasu-

We can't get fucked, baby, take precaution fo' sho'/ They say that nigga Gotti quiet , better fire of a Calico/  
Bastard, I'm a animal/ My guradians was avenues/ My Lord be my shepherd, but I swarms for collatoral/ Who  
can I trust? Where can I turn? When will it all end? I'm suited up in Timberland boots, Regime marchin' God  
damnit I'm a grown man, time to take my own stand/ Fuck the federations, my heart is racin' like grown mens/  
Fucked with the anger built up from years of stress, killers and haters surround me daily, no fears of death/ I  
hear the breaths of angels and demons fightin' over my soul/ Lord, just give me the path through this bloodbath  
and it's on, Lord/ Roll all haters, out my zone when it's goin' down/ Ride with the 7th Sign/ Violate, we gone  
clown/ Four pounds be safe in the streets of the showdown/ Love to Gambino, you the chief, dog/ Chi-town  
youngsta

-Chorus-

-Josiah Rasu-

Cock back and blast, knockin sparks up out they ass/ Makin marks come off that cast, nigga you know what it  
is, think I'm serious/ Then heart attack, missles aimed straight at where the fuck your heart is at/ Fix cement or  
get hit, how hard is that, to comprehend, I'm tryin to be gone before them souljahs come marchin in/ You blue  
suit wearin faggets with badges'll get the flux, I don't give a fuck who you are we can send this motherfucker  
up/ Crucifixion come quickly come and get me Mister Reeper/ I ain't scared to die/ I'm all like more than  
willin, the more the real the more that feel it, so I'ma stay real until my heart stop/ My reflection with hoes, the  
essence of the hard-knock life/ I am the light, and if you miss us then u misses haven't heard of murder/ Then  
you don't know of pain, my veins bleed the same blood of the motherfuckers who murdered my momma so I'm  
a natural born killa/ Than I, there was no cap peelas

-Chorus -

-H.I.T.L.A.H. Capo-Confusious-

Me and my Comptons' monster mashin' mobsters/ Analyzin' we done plottin'/ Plans in progress; Rap game held hostage/ Ransom, trillion dollars/ Low tolerance/ Suspect; Armed and dangerous, violent tendency's/ The industry stick up, Kingpin Capo Regime/ Bend on your knees, duck tape and tied down, follow my lead or everyone shot, bleed/ Squeeze round after round, empty shells hit ots the ground/ Told you we ain't fuckin' around/ Strictly about our business on some gangsta shit, no bank account/ Money talks, greedy hogs walk the plank/ Negotiatin' our way, uh, forget the deal/ Your record labels' sorry but your phony ass superstars carbon copied, indistiguated, no identity/ Raise up off these N-U-T's, cock suckin' nigga, please/ We ain't dealin' with no Jerry Hellers, hell no/ Call us the money makers, pullin' capers/ Baby momma need that paper/ Get up off your ass, can't be no couch potato/ Only gets greater later/ Better believe in playa haters, see  
-Chorus-

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