

# Murda Something

## A\$AP Ferg

Murda, Murda  
Murda, Murda

Some say I'm possessed, that's why Christ on my chest  
I'm from the Southside so I throw up the "S"  
Disrespect, I lay you to rest  
Boy you ass, you softer than breast  
Bloody murder, I lay you to rest  
Aim for the head ain't no need for a vest  
Can't nothing protect you from this tec  
Street educated, no use for G-tech  
Niggas be talking but really don't want it  
Put shells in your stomach, like pussy you wet  
Flocka like Rambo, I stay with the ammo  
Test me, that's a gamble like Russian Roulette  
I stay with them commas, I been through the drama  
You going to war, you better invest  
Fuck is a "K"? I ain't impressed  
Got thousands of shooters I pay just to flex

Niggas say I'm real, bitches say I'm hot  
Disrespect the Mob or Squad, then you get shot  
We don't dial 9-1-1, we don't fuck with cops  
1-8-7 to the fuckin' ops

Ain't afraid to murda something  
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Put 'em in a hearse or something  
I'm thinking you niggas is sweet  
Like a Starburst or something  
Get 'em a purse or something  
Might get 'em in church or something

We heard the deacon speaking  
I'm Donnie McClurkin frontin'  
I smell pussy, them niggas hurt your cousin  
All my people say "Stomp!" like I'm Kirk or something  
Put 'em in the dirt like "Work" or something  
He get on my nerves so fuck him  
You turn ass like Tahiry when I pressed your buttons  
And that was no diss, niggas quick for discussion  
Y'all quick for the tweeting, y'all quick to be tumbling  
How about a Vine, 2 clips to your spine  
And Instagram pics of me dumping  
I'm feeling your bitch so I'm fucking  
I skeet-skeet like it's nothin'

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It's a homicide, a bloody murder  
All my niggas down to murder  
187 on the op  
That's a fallen soldier

I'm finna get back and start peelin' the burner  
Now I'm beating that ass like Ike did Turner  
You sit in a box, you sleep in a hearse  
Wherever you from, that's my turf  
Fergie Ferg and I'm putting in work  
Young Flocka Flame gon' put 'em in the dirt  
Sipping on the Henny and a nigga go berserk  
Couple bitches gave me brain, then I skeet on they skirt

Yeah Ferg, you nasty  
Pay attention, focus on what we came for  
Got the drop on a nigga, got the info

Soon as I hop out, click-clack, then go bang

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