Murda Something

A$AP Ferg

Murda, Murda
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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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