

# Murderer

## PsychoFreud

Guns murder niggas at night  
Niggas even kill niggas at night  
Then cops murder niggas at night  
But I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let them bitches murder mine  
Guns murder niggas at night  
Man, niggas even kill niggas at night  
Then cops murder niggas at night  
But I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let them bitches murder mine  
Motherfuckin' murderer, shot my fuckin' brother  
But when I find him, I'm gone get that motherfucker  
He playin' the role of one them niggas that's always talkin' noise  
Runnin' inside, talkin' that shit, front of his fuckin' boys  
Fuck that, I'm lockin' that bolt back  
Loadin' that gat, here that glock come  
Out'cha fuckin' head, standin' on the corner  
I'm peepin' on ya, so I can creep up on ya  
Calmin' my nerves, get rid of these punks and stick 'em in my mind  
You want it? Fine, I done reached for that nine  
I'm gone do you in, I'm tellin' ya bitch you gone have to get up quick  
And hit the bricks before I do you in  
Two of your boys spied me comin'  
Them coward-hearted niggas started runnin'  
But not you though, you gots to play the hard role  
Stop playin' it up like a bone, bitch I know you are  
Talkin' head gonna put you on your deathbed  
Just 'cuz you got a gat, that's just why you actin' brave  
Got a gat I got a glock, what'cha gone do?  
Handle your business, don't let your business handle you  
Guns murder niggas at night  
Niggas even kill niggas at night  
Then cops murder niggas at night  
But I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let them bitches murder mine  
Guns murder niggas at night  
Man, niggas even kill niggas at night  
Then fuckin' cops murder niggas at night  
But I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let them bitches murder mine  
Pull your shirt down bitch  
I know you got a gat, but I ain't scared bout that bullshit  
It don't matter how many fuckin' guns you got

The only thing that mater, is a nigga, to get the first shot  
'Cuz if I peep, that ass is fallin' to the street  
Bitch retreat or that ass is dead meat  
Smack your teeth, but I'ma knock you off your fuckin' feet  
They gone pick you up, piece-by-piece off that concrete street  
When N.O. meet, who gives a fuck about a poor neat scene?  
We got beef, so I'ma shoot'cha like a fake bitch  
Let you know just who you fuckin' with  
But I ain't that type of nigga  
That's liable to shoot you over no dumb shit  
If I'ma pop ya, I'ma pop ya for just 'cuz  
you talk too much shit PLUS, you popped one of my boys  
Gankin' niggas I'm gettin' downright scandalous

You can't handle this  
So when you're out bitch, move or I won't step  
'Cuz if I catch'cha I'ma drill ya in your fuckin' chest  
I ain't gone gone ride by and pop, 'cuz I might miss  
I'ma walk up to your face, Pop point blank bitch  
That's what you get, from out there tryin' to go act bad  
Not even Bruce Lee, could whoop a bullet ass  
Got'cha, come, get this ass whoopin'  
If you bringing them niggas with ya, that's nothin'  
I'm poppin' the clip in  
Nigga fetcher, satisfied when you're on the stretcher  
You might run but I'ma catch 'em  
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Niggas even kill niggas at night  
And cops murder niggas at night  
But I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let them bitches murder mine  
Guns murder niggas at night  
Man, niggas even kill niggas at night  
Then fuckin' cops murder niggas at night  
But I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let them bitches murder mine  
Yo nigga you caught that bitch yet?  
Fuck no, I ain't caught that bitch yet  
I done been through every scandalous sight, and every project  
But I bet'cha, when I stop, runnin' behind 'em  
Get up, pack my shit and I'll stop, and then I'll fuckin' find him  
Yo dumb ass in the street  
Fuck that shit, 'cuz I'ma catch your ass this week  
Monday, a one day when you go play, goes the A.K.  
Sprayin' on his ass like a roach, and if I approach, too late to duck hoe  
Drop, run, fall, kick, scream, now curse  
How in the fuck you gone duck a twelve round burst?

Hammin' at that ass on Tuesday, put up the nine  
Go get the A.K., bitch if I catch you in the mall Wednesday  
That's the day that ass fall  
Then it might be Thursday, three round burst day  
The day I'm blood thirsty  
Fuck that, wait 'til Friday, payday  
Shoot'cha in your face and take your money, J  
Now wait 'til the weekend, hey, yeah  
Saturday, that's the day you go creepin'  
But you better be watchin' your back 'cuz I'm sneakin'  
Waitin' for my chance to do your ass in  
I don't give a fuck if it's on Sunday  
God gone have to forgive me, 'cuz I'ma shoot'cha in your head nigga  
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