

Murder One

Chinx Drugz

George of the jungle, lord of the bundles,
Hit my youngers with the hand though we go fumble
We've got cocaine and rumba, fresh up on the grad school
Driven us to the corner chain, it might give me the motif.

8, Chapter 12, Psalms; 37

Evil get you, going get the reverend.
All the monsters that you fear you hear the engine revvin'.
I bet that chopper slap him over like the number seven.
Who kept these all rappers out the cemetery?
Mashing all those numbers one on my itinerary.
But you're blocking my vision, I can't see the other side,
Niggas blocking my digits, that's why motherfuckers die.

Thirty thousand on that auto mall,
Partying 'till the morning like I ain't got court tomorrow.
Drugz, nigga, and you know that.

Murder one when I'm around, lay 'em like a door mat.
It's the murder one, bullets in your back, probably heard it low
Cold bar, yeah, you heard it all
Don't talk, we be swirving on

You don't even need a turban, get your head wrapped
You don't even need a turban, get your head wrapped.

Yeah, it's the murder one. Yeah, it's the murder one. I'm balling on point like a church temple
They say you do your best business with your worst people
When you heavenly got any money niggas can't reach you.

I blame your g's for they ain't teach you.
Never worry aka is my insurance
Yeah, a trigger when I tell the bullets flow like the current.
Canaries on my wrist, emeralds in my chains
I just live in the ends, we see maneuvers in the game.
Shot five times before you even noticed
The fifth one hit his brain, but doom exploded.

One eighty seven when we rolling and we know it's homicide, every nigga with me hold.
Killed him in Brooklyn, his family has gone broke
His body lay for twelve hours in court and I was in yankers.
My shoot is for that working and they fade to black.
Got on investing your ball cap, they don't aim for that.
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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