

# Murder Man

## Pastor Troy

(Pastor Troy)

ooh, ooh, ooh

yeah, this for da clones in the ATL,

With them fake a\*\* chains,

For all the flexy a\*\* ni\*\*az comin' outta Atlanta,

Verse 1

iiii'm comin, 2 50 cal's in hand,

long goatee's ni\*\*a da taliban,

i'll murda man, i'm tryin to murk somethin,

this aint no chuck e cheese,

i'm tryin to hurt somethin',

These ni\*\*az claimin G's, claimin' they run the south, please..

How you run this sh\*\* in them butt fu\*\* caprice,

Atleast you outta know bout' my thrown,

the P the T the R the O the Y,

ni\*\*a i'm so fly call me jet,

jump off in the ocean still aint wet,

I flex I mothafu\*\*in ball betta ax em,

catch a ni\*\*a talkin sh\*\*,

motherfu\*\*in blast em,

Murda, M - U - R - D - A,

i'm pumpin gats at whoever in the way,

I got the gunplay, don't think they understand,

don't think they wanna fu\*\* with the Murda Man.

Chorus

I don't think they wanna fu\*\* with the murda man, fu\*\* with the murda man

fu\*\* with the murda man

(well ah haaaa) (x 4)

Verse 2

yaaaaa'll trippin',

not everybody crunk,

yall' ni\*\*az gonna make me pop tha trunk,

cause I remember way back in the day, when the ATL was'nt gettin no play,

then I came out, drop, we ready,

ni\*\*az went to bouncin',

ridin' dem box chevys,

But I guess that was then,

This is now.... when I catch ya a\*\* in the street, the guns plow,

I represent the heart,

I represent the Anger,  
I represent the real,  
I represent the danger,  
I represent the cars,  
I represent the dream,  
I represent repect,  
I'm representin my team,  
it's Pistol PT, aka the Murda Man,  
Ya pistol's in ya car,  
My pistol's in my hand,  
and you can ask Jan,  
I shot a ni\*\*a ran,  
don't think you understand, i'm the fu\*\*in' Murda Man(haaaa)  
Chours(x 4)Verse 3  
Stiiiiill spinnin',  
empty my magazine,  
I jump off in my limozine, and fleet the scene,  
This aint the swat team,  
this aint' lil scrappy and them,  
I love that hard sh\*\*,  
and fu\*\* a platinum,  
and lil jon', used to be my homie, used to be my ace,  
now I wanna slap tha taste, out yo mouth,  
ni\*\*a down south i'm a legend,  
when u see me, keep mothafu\*\*in' steppin,  
they flexin... so what u got a A(ATL) Hat ni\*\*a?  
that don't mean sh\*\*,  
to a southside killa,  
What's up Shay, what's up toadd,  
On that air, shady park,  
Murda, M - U - R - D - A,  
i'm bustin' shots at whoever in my way,  
cockin' my a.k.,  
don't think they understand.. But I don't think they wanna fu\*\* with the Murda Man(haaaa)  
Chorus(x 4)  
(well ah haaaa)

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