Murder Onze

Junior M.a.f.i.a.

Trifle and larceny in the fuckin' house
My nigga klep in the fuckin' house
And me, cheek Del Vec aight uhh, check it
Snake killin' ass niggas, JM one love
Del Vec, little niggas pushing land cruiser jeeps
Gettin' blunted all day, every day of the week
Nights in maxima's and acura's
Got bitches drivin' 929 Mazda's, Tammy and Rhonda
Drivin' rope down south in the Honda
I'm behind her in the pathfinder
Gettin' blunted, my nigga need all, the XL 600
Ridin' smoothly playin' low key, watch my bitch
With the brick in the civic sellin' mad weight
Outta state and shit, I can't wait till this record shit is straight
So we can recuperate, get the dough and I'm gone
Motherfuckers fear me, I blow up spots like Ed Leary
Violent pro's even with guns like Sharon Stone
Mack ass nigga strikes again, chalk my win
Kleptomaniac attracts cream stacks from eight pens
And sticky hands wit crazy glue like finger tips shoplift
Or pass crews on mountain bikes bustin' four-fifths
Diamond vagettes, Rolex for the bitch, flex
And maxin' de moet, signin' my signature on check
Crime motherfuckin' pays when you know what you're doin'
And gettin' loops since niggas was rockin' Hawaiian suits
What don't shoot, leave ya family upset
Tight the trip D T's, chasin' down robbery suspect
Murder onez to get the Fonz and fast to die young
JM motherfucker, go get your guns
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Gettin' richer 'cos I move coke and bust quicker
Bitches get richer, jealous niggas wanna hit'cha
Stashin' my guns to protect my ones
I see the cash flow, torch it I blast, you know how it go

In the 5 double 0 SL, puffin' L's lit while larce loadin' shells in the clip
Snakes, murder men formin' plots
Lickin' shots outta drop tops and it don't stop
Us from gettin' the luchicreno
My clique tight like gambino's stickin' casinos
Bussin' down kilos, me and trifle for life
JM shorty's on the run, cocksucker go get your guns
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I smoke so much weed, I know my lungs is fucked up
Stick guns I get'cha, spit sperm when I cum
Party done, use to hustle bubble with concealed capsules
Under my tongue till my mouth got numb
Now I watch my back like my spighty sense was tinglin'
Minglin' in clubs with JM puffin on mo' teams
Don't oppose me, shit ain't rosy
Murderin' lyrical gangsta like Ini Kamoze
Del Vec project was set down south with two tek
I murdered that, we got mad respect
Sheisty niggas and vicars puffin 20's and 50's on the block
I got shit on lock in little rock
My bitch got knocked, she sold to a undercover cop
Went to jail, put the Benz up for bail
Now I'm fucked up in the cut
I got to move to a different state to make some quick bucks
As I look around me, dead bodies surround me
Part of drug dealin' killin' millions to make millions
Sittin' on top, tote glocks, smokin' pounds and Phillies by the box
Gettin' head on the yacht presidential rollin'
Watch hos clock me wit tha 420 bodyin' motherfuckers for this money
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