

## Z-Ro "Murder'ra"

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(feat. Pimp C, Spice 1 & Vicious)

[Pimp C:]

Uh, the damn place made me crazy  
I don't care about nothing but my daddy my granny,  
my bitch and my babies  
Everything else, is expendable  
Find out that fake niggaz, ain't dependable  
I don't owe, you niggaz shit bitch  
Home light weight but my style great, now my pockets  
is the shit  
Now it's time, for expansion  
Bought a nice house for parole, now I'm grind up  
building a mansion  
I'm a rapper, and a game capper  
Blue and red like a snapper, got a thang for them  
pussy ass jackers  
That ain't, no real hustle  
Get some white gold or work it, and getting some real  
muscle bitch  
If you want it, you can sho 'nuff get it  
Made me bust your watermelon, come on down fuck  
with it  
Everybody, ain't no punk  
I'm talking to you now boy, don't make me go and pop  
the trunk biatch

[Hook:]

Everyday, me keep it sucker free  
Me not fuck with nobody, so why do them fuck with me  
Don't test me temper, make me have to watch me cool  
Mack buyacka-buyacka, I didn't wanna act a fool  
But I'm a murderer, murderer  
I'm a murderer, murderer

[Spice 1:]

It's Mr. Bossilinie, rolling up busting with real riders  
Drop them b-b-bombs, like I'm up in Al Qida  
Cause I'm a murderer, put it on you haters for real  
Hit a nigga with the 4-5, get to dumping slugs all in his  
Caddy grill  
Smoke chronic for my glaucoma, yeah I said glaucoma

I got a motherfucking glock, and I put niggaz in comas  
Hit corners on 24's, waving hi at your hoes  
With bald heads braids, perms and afros  
I'm caked up like Duncan Hi, but I'm not your average  
do' boy  
I autograph a slug, and put you on the flo' boy  
It's the Spiceberg Slim, Soprano Montana minds  
I done been through the flames, walked through the  
motherfucking fire  
They can never, put my flame out  
And if I wasn't high, I'd pull your motherfucking brains  
out murderer

[Hook]

[Z-Ro:]

Everyday I label my loot, leaving you ladies lonely  
I don't love pussy, I just love to murder these niggaz  
when they walk up on me  
Y'all don't know me, some of y'all rappers think y'all  
know me  
This nigga right here don't give a fuck though, so I  
suggest you hoes step back  
What I got in my pants is called a, that's too big to fit in  
a holster gat  
Straight from where niggaz sell that mad crack, just  
ran him over crack  
It ain't no love in Missouri City, my partna I know it look  
nice  
A 4-5 fuck around, hit a nigga you'll get took twice  
Might get beat up and robbed, or you might get beat up  
and shot  
It all depend on what you riding in, and if it look like  
you got a lot or not  
I use to think I'd have a future, playing basketball  
But lately all I been doing, is putting people in caskets  
y'all  
Am I sorry hell naw, if I sent him he was already on his  
way  
When the grim reaper swing by, it'll make you wish  
your ass was home today  
Fuck with me I'ma hit up Spice, it ain't a thang to tap the  
trigger twice  
Brrr-click brrr-click, they sideways into the next life

[Hook]

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