

Wicked Minds f/ Clika One, Lil' Rob

"Murder Musica"

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[Brown] Murder musica Murder Mur-murder Murder musica Murder Mur-murder Murder musica Murder Mur-mur Murder musica Murder Mur-murder Murder musica [Bad Boy] Yeah Click One in the motherfuckin' house Wicked Minds Lil' Rob It's murder music (Verse 1) [Brown] Homie, I'm strapped up with the clapper rappin' That's what happenin' Get hog tied in the booth for actin' Exposure for your rhyme book Funny how you sounded like me Surrounded with G's, with shaved heads Locs in them tee's We smokin' the trees Click One block Open in knees I'm Wicked as Wreck, take two to your neck, fuckin' with these I walk on water Literally, niggas ain't feelin' me Until they see artillery, an infantry die industry [Lil' Rob] I remember when we used to play shoot 'em up, BANG BANG Gangbangin', motherfucker Our ways to hang you, motherfucker We the ones chasin' ya But was never losin' ya Speeding in the rhamfla Bumpin' murder musica Got a brand new nine, double end with hollow tippings Releasin' heat rocks Everytime that I pop the clip in Start duckin' When I start buckin' Cause I ain't givin' a fuck when They're pushin' the wrong buttons, gettin' yourself into somethin' Chorus: Lil' Rob It's murder musica Something you pop your clip into Murder musica, homeboy, what you gonna do When us vatos Come after you And start shootin' ya Bumpin' murder musica, fuck you It's murder musica Something you pop your clip into Murder musica, homeboy, what you gonna do When us vatos Come after you And start shootin' ya Bumpin' murder musica (Verse 2) [Wreck] Puerto Rican with a bad attitude 6'2", 240, so don't make me act a fool I'll be Droppin' fools if they disrespect And if you cross my path, then I You get a Wreck Got a wicked ass mind down to do the crime And if you owe this nigga money, then you runnin' out of time Te represento A diez y ocho de sur De Los Angeles Romero, tell 'em the rest [Romero] Don't make me have to pull my Motherfuckin' mack out (Mack out) I'm blowin' motherfucker's Backs out (Backs out) You best to duck when you hear that sound (BUCK, BUCK) I'm comin' I'm runnin' Make murder musica Shoot up your car, gives a

fuck who you are Don't fuck with the R to the O, you
should already know And if wanna go to war, my whole
army would go We brown with rage, roll around with .80
rounds in the kay To tear you to pieces Fuck it, I'll just
bury you, breezy Repeat Chorus (Verse 3) [Chino
Grande] I got murder on my mind, plus two holes in my
clip I pull a W-H-I-Double T-I-E-R buis' We making daily
contemplating over (???) your throats You
motherfuckers tryin' to look me up the way when I'm
dumpin' Fuck with something Ese, better know what we
do Just play your grinds in firme, and it'll go all smooth
I slang dope to survive, tried to open your eyes Hop
back and spit Cock back and die [Bad Boy] Homie, I
pop pills and guns on the daily basis Approachin'
motherfuckers with those paly faces The case is I been
on the flame impatient Fuck a DJ Don't let me get to
name the stations So play my shit, fag I'll hold you for
ransom I rock shit like coke and grip mics like angus So
speak and get stole on, fag My flight flew It's proven to
leave Rappers in graves, it's murder music [Lil' Rob] It's
murder musica Something you pop your clip into
Murder musica, homeboy, what you gonna do When us
vatos Come after you And start shootin' ya Bumpin'
murder musica

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