

Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

"Mo' Murda"

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Hook:

Mo murda mo murda

Come come again

(Repeat 8x)

Verse 1: Krayzie Bone

Dear Mr.Ouija,

Let 'em know who the boss is

So nigga you wanna get tossed in the river?

Nigga, put 'em in the mud see them pump blood, nigga
no love,

Me show 'em the Bone when I grab that chrome,

Gotta haunt that dome,

Folla me roll stroll down East 1999

Gotta find these row hoes,

Nigga if you woke up and all of a sudden

Nigga you was off inna my hood?

I'm a, real thuggish nigga,

So a, I would have to kill ya so die,

Popped off to the coffin,

Pick up my pump dump chumps in the gutter pain,

Nigga got ta fucked up bang

Taking no shorts so fuck ya man,

Claim my thang to slang them bloody bodies,

Kill 'em all, send them hoes up in flames

Krayzie insane to the brain,

Hey we slay niggas who think we play,

Nigga, me deadly wid the gun,

Machete be dipped in rum,

Runnin' wid the gun steady buckin'

Leavin' them bodies dumped off in the alley for dead,

I'm near, kill 'em all, mo' murda mo' murda

That's what Ouija said,

Gotta put one in ya head, Bang,

We coming to serve ya,

Mo murda, mo murda, mo murda

Mo murda, mo murda, mo murda

Hook

Verse 2: Layzie Bone

Will I die of murda bloody mo murda,
Living in the Land of the Heartless comin' up daily?
Until a me murda them all, I'm never gon' fall
So I'ma murda them baby
Get 'em up wid me thugs,
See 'em on the corner and they slangin' them drugs
Givin' up shots out to the glock glock
Eighty eight to the ten five,
Them killas be pumpin' them slugs,
Niggas be fiendin' me daily,
Me silence me twelve guage eruption,
And I'm on a road to destruction
And steady be bustin' and bodies be bustin' me,
Killa, with a buckshot, I'ma peel ya
Number one assassin's still the realer nigga
Down for my crime, niggas be down tryin' to stay to tha
grind,
Niggas is going insane taking a shot to the brain, and
man,
So call it a shame but what be the thang up offa this
murda game?
And I'm feelin' not a bit remorseful,
My twelve guage just so forceful,
So playa hate when I'm in ya town
The nigga me bucking 'em down
And I'm giving up peace to the hustlas,
Thugstas and twelve guage pumpstas,
Drug 'em in gutters mo murda me style, now,
Put 'em on the ground, lay down,
Nigga check my thang the way that we swang
When I'm coming to serve ya,
Wid the nine cocked and it's ready to pop
Lettin' off shots Layzie be screamin'
Mo murda mo murda

Hook

Verse 3: Wish Bone

Gotta kill, get 'em nowhere to run
Can't get away from my shotgun
Leavin' them bodies fucked up,
Pump pump to the ground better leave it alone,
Nigga wanna die when fuckin' wid,
Mo Thug nigga we killed this bitch,
Now you wanna catch some bang bang
Nigga wanna die when I let my nuts hang,
What is it in me makes me feel like I gots ta murda ya?
You slip when I'm high, pullin' my trigger and nigga you

die, soldier
Four killas we creepin' and comin' to hurt ya, mo murda
Better pack that five five,
I'm feelin' like killin' you dying tonite,
You don't wanna hear that glock pop,
When the glock pop pop don't stop,
We all about murda mo,
Finger on the trigger Mo Thug let go,
We straight from Cleveland,
Clack back nigga ya bleeding,
You don't wanna fuck wid Bone,
Pullin' that chrome now nigga ya gone
If you wanna die bye,
See you in the gutter let mama cry,
Watch Mo Thug Killas pump pump,
Put 'em in the ground with his head blown gone
Mo murda, mo murda, mo murda

Hook

Verse 4: Bizzy Bone

Eternally thugstas die,
Will I die of murda now?
East ninety nine follow me grind
And all descending that body underground, way down
Me ride and everyone dies,
And I, rolling wid my killas,
And all ah my, thuggish ruggish niggas no lie,
Druggin' up bloody mo victims get 'em get 'em
That'll be little Ripsta, sinister
Kill y'all, put 'em in the river,
Bodies shiver, FUCK that nigga
Hit 'em up inside, minds be blowin' I'm dumpin'
Remember me spray 'em slay 'em guage 'em layin 'em
All up off inna the coffin,
Ready to fade 'em,
To buck or to shoot wid the twelve guage eruptions,
Creep out your seat would ya we come to stay
Found out none of my niggas was bluffing,
For the love of the murda man the murda game
The same but a bang bang bang,
Can't resist to bump you now pow run 'em all off
St Clair stays, down for the murda mo
Oh no, ho when a thugsta, stroll
Forty fours still pointed at the po-pos
Stop 'em drop 'em numb those 'til out cold they froze,
You know, nigga we can't be bluffing
We bannnggg insane,
When I put one to your temple,
Mo murda then blow out ya brain

Mo murda mo murda
Come come again,
Come bloody murda
('til fade)

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