

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony**

### **"Mo' Murda"**

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Mo' murda, mo' murda  
Come, come again  
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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  
Running wid the gun, steady bucking  
Leaving 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

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Will I die of murda, bloody mo' murda?  
Living in the Land of the Heartless, coming 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 slanging them drugs

Giving up shots out to the glock, glock  
Eighty eight to the ten five  
Them killas be pumping them slugs  
Niggas be fiending me daily  
Me silence me twelve gauge eruption  
And I'm on a road to destruction

And steady be busting and bodies be busting me  
Killa with a buckshot, I'ma peel ya  
Number one assassin's still the realer nigga

Down for my crime, niggas be down  
Trying 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 feeling not a bit remorseful  
My twelve gauge 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 gauge 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  
Letting off shots, Layzie, be screaming  
?Mo' murda, mo' murda?

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Gotta kill, get 'em nowhere to run  
Can't get away from my shotgun  
Leaving them bodies fucked up  
Pump, pump to the ground, better leave it alone  
Nigga wanna die when fucking 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  
Pulling my trigger and nigga, you die, soldier

Four killas we creeping and coming to hurt ya, mo'  
murda  
Better pack that five five  
I'm feeling like killing, you dying tonight  
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  
Pulling 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

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Eternally thugstas die, will I die of murda now?  
East 99, 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

Drugging 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 blowing, I'm dumping  
Remember me spray 'em, slay 'em, gauge 'em, laying  
'em  
All up off inna the coffin, ready to fade 'em,  
To buck or to shoot wid the twelve gauge 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 bang insane, when I put one to your temple  
Mo' murda then blow out ya brain

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Come bloody murda  
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Come bloody murda

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