

De Dijk

"Murda Afta Midnight"

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Chorus: J-Dawg & Ice Mike (repeat 4X)

Have you ever seen a killa after midnight?
Nigga don't trip, my pistol grip's up in your shit, right?

[First Verse: J-Dawg]

Four deep in the G-Ride
We high on my side
Got the pump and I'm dumpin' pellets
Bet'cha won't live, you won't go tell it
Face down, with your stomach swellin'
No tellin' what a nigga might do when the nightfall,
you ain't safe when it's dark
Try to run and I'ma give chase
I'm in your face nigga, no place for ya when the shit
start
Park, you don't understand
You was once a man
But now you're food for the fishes
Muthafucka what the camp be like? Nigga we tight for
life
And we don't fool with them bitches
We vicious creatures we disregard it
You're dearly departed
Fallin' to the wayside, tryin' to play fly
Hate to die, but everybody got a date to die
We can't lie when the gun dump, collect money & lust,
nigga mafia style
With the seventeen shot glock, on your Mom's block
Steady poppin' her child
Take it Uptown nigga don't fuck around Downtown
It's like Barnum & Bailey
I'm harmin' 'em daily
Protect yourself cuz I'm comin', it's hailing
No peace for the police, or the poor peeps
Don't get no sleep in the ghetto
I gotta put up with some more beef
so I go to sleep with heat til' I freeze, never let go
Collect four more niggas in a chest
With the maximum sentence it's time to get ghost
In the wrong place at the wrong time, in a long line

You find you fixin' to die cuz I'm gettin' close
Now have you ever seen a killa after midnight?
Nigga don't trip cuz I got the pistol-grip pump
with a four, better get it right
Many nights I done shit, by any means bitch, you either
kill or get killed
Catch a nigga down bad
I'ma lay his ass flat on his back until his cabbage get
peeled
For real

Chorus

[Second Verse: Ice Mike]
Straight out the W.B.
With out the thirty-eight, Mack-11 spittin'
Unexpected drive-by killin'
Rollin' backwards
Hittin' murderers
Swervin' around, killin' when I'm dumpin'
Stop it when I unlock it, see bodies droppin'
From the poppin', to the pavement
Headstone engravements
Death is irreversable, let bustas take it personal
Workin', makin' these paid hits
Can't fade this
Killa in the process of bein' made bitch
Under the full moon, we locin' and smokin' niggas who
think we jokin'
Brains hang with a proper bang that's how I'm leavin'
'em open
Bulletholes smokin' like hocus-pocus abracadabra
Five G's, beheaded dead, that's what I'm after nigga
Have you ever seen a muthafuckin' killa?

(J-Dawg) If you rebel, you catchin' shells all up inside ya
nigga

(Ice Mike) Have you ever seen a muthafuckin' killa?

(J-Dawg)
Muthafucka better ride a train, or jump ship
When the shit get thick, niggas just don't know that you
all gonna die

Chorus

[Third Verse: J-Dawg]
Say dogg, nigga don't trip when I'm off the fifth
It might cause me to click and then I go left
When I hit the block, it don't stop,
but the main thing you need to watch is your step

Go catch the bullet and form the line, cuz you was
invited to meet death
Cold over a breeze, hand over your keys
Damn nigga then you die with your keys wet
Regret fuckin' with a nigga like me, cuz I be the Son of
Sam
You don't understand?
You don't disrespect no man with a fuckin' gun in his
hand
Understand, the way I be layin' and prayin', God,
forgive me dogg
Sometimes I be talkin' and then I be wonderin'
is he too busy to hear when I call?
Slip and you fall, put a price up on his head
Nigga dead, you just don't know
Got that infra-red to the back of his head
Nigga dead when he hit the floor
Bitch I'm both, the rapper slash backwards slash nigga
with a gun
Killa tryin' to run? One gone come
With the funk and break him off some
No more sun

Chorus (2x)

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