

## **Bizzy Bone**

### **"Murdah"**

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*[Bizzy Bone-Chorus]*

Murdah is out of control/ Murdah just let it blow (It blow)/ Word up if you bucked a mothafucka down for taken ya dough (Taken ya dough...) nigga

*[Bizzy Bone]*

Know this liquor prolly killin my liver/ The villian is still in effect/ And I buck this motherfucker down, live and direct/ Hey, what I'ma chastise my momma? Demand the respect, get up and strategize bitches cryin like they never wept/ Slept in the gutter with no tech, I'm still in the dungeon/ Bitch I never left, pass that sticky icky ganja/ Creep on ah come up, I crept and I came/ Respect the dead game, remember ta let ya nuts hang, often, matter of fact I'ma do mine all day/ I don't sniff coke, I like to make money/ Put the fiends in the room, who's hungry? Cut from the cloth they cut me black cherry weed/ Cherokee Indians based in Cleveland, thuggin and thievin till I'm the last one breathin/ Only one believin is that Seventh Sign Saga/ Fresh and remodeled, plush like Ramada now, holy like Ramadan, a momma's smile/ Capo, my nigga what/ Nigga execution always my guns is crippin cuz, P.B.D. posse/ I roll with Rasu, Nina Ross, and Skails, Rhythm and Ghetto, Rosiah, 7th Sign murda em all, yep...

And like little Capo-Confuscious say "Nigga I'll kill for you."

*[Chorus]*

-Prince Rasu-

Be careful as fuck, baby, take precaution fo' sho'/ They say that nigga Gotti quiet , better fire off a Calico/ Bastard, I'm a animal/ My guradians was avenues/ My Lord be my shepherd, but my swarms for collatoral/ Who can I trust? Where can I turn? When will it all end? I'm suited up in Timberland boots, Regime marchin' God damnit I'm a grown man, its time to take my own stand/ Fuck the federations, my heart is racin' like grown mens/ Pumpin the anger

built up from years of stress, killers and haters  
surround me daily, no fears of death/ I hear the  
breaths of angels and demons fightin' over my soul/  
Lord, just give me the path through this bloodbath and  
it's on, Lord/ Roll all haters, out my zone when it's goin'  
down/ Ride with the 7th Sign/ Violate,  
we gone clown/ Four pounds be safe in the streets of  
the showdown/ Love to Gambino, you the chief,  
dog/This is my town, your town

*[Chorus]*

*[Josiah Rasu]*

Cock back and blast, knockin sparks up out they ass/  
Makin marks come off that cast, nigga you know what it  
is, think I'm serious/ Then heart attack,  
missles aimed straight at where the fuck your heart is  
at/ Fix cement or get hit, how hard is that, to  
comprehend, I'm tryin to be gone before them  
souljahs come marchin in/ You blue suit wearin faggets  
with badges'll get the flux, I don't give a fuck who you  
are we can send this motherfucker up/  
Crucifixion come quickly come and get me Mister  
Reeper/ I ain't scared to die/ I'm all like more than  
willin, the more the real the more that feel it, so  
I'ma stay real until my heart stop/ My reflection with  
hoes, the essence of the hard-knock life/ I am the light,  
and if you miss us then u misses haven't  
heard of murder/ Then you don't know of pain, my  
veins bleed the same blood of the motherfuckers who  
murdered my momma so I'm a natural born killa/ Than  
I, there was no cap peelas

*[Chorus]*

*[H.I.T.L.A.H. Capo-Confuscious]*

Me and my Comptons' monster mashin' mobsters/  
Analyzin' we done plottin'/ Plans in progress; Rap game  
held hostage/ Ransom, trillion dollars/ Low  
tolerence/ Suspect; Armed and dangerous, violent  
tendency's/ The industry stick up, Kingpin Capo  
Regime/ Bend on your knees, duck tape and tied down,  
follow my lead or everyone shot, bleed/ Squeeze round  
after round, empty shells hit ots the ground/ Told you  
we ain't fuckin' around/ Strictly about our  
business on some gangsta shit, no bank account/  
Money talks, greedy hogs walk the plank/ Negotiatin'  
our way, uh, forget the deal/ Your record labels'  
sorry but your phony ass superstars carbon copied,  
indistiguated, no identity/ Raise up off these N-U-T's,  
cock suckin' nigga, please/ We ain't dealin'  
with no Jerry Hellers, hell no/ Call us the money makers,

pullin' capers/ Baby mamma need that paper/ Get up  
off your ass, can't be no couch potato/ Only  
gets greater later/ Better believe in playa haters, see

*[Chorus]*

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