

Bizzy Bone **"Murdah"**

Visit "[Murdah](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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]

Visit [Bizzy Bone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.