

## **E.s.g. & Slim Thug "Murder Weapon"**

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[talking]

Ha Slim Thug, E.S.G., Boss Hogg Outlaws  
My boy C on the track, putting it down like this  
Live from the Manger baby  
You boys out there on that chrome, watch your back  
Slippers get got, feel this  
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)

[E.S.G.]

Now keep the sell us on the real, it's from the man with  
the grill  
E.S.G. what's up Bun B, you from the land of the trill  
Trying to get our hand on a mill, don't give a damn how  
they feel  
I know my hood real, you see us working wood wheel  
What's the deal, we still riding dirty in Texas  
Got something you never seen, a 4-30 Lexus  
Riding reckless bending corners, you slip you's a goner  
That cat in that mask, was something mo' than  
marijuana  
Yokohamas for twenties, riding vogues with swangas  
Three TV with a DVD, Playstation 2 with disc changer  
From Southside to the Manger, Boss Hoggs be  
wrecking  
Leaving jackers confused, like presidential elections  
Bubble dried what we got, where we put our cash  
Keep on crying bout us, I'ma put my foot in your ass  
Put a hole in your mask, for trying to stop our shine  
Got a glock in my lap, at all times

[Hook x2]

We keep one up in the chamber, strapped for danger  
These boys'll get you, for your twenties or swangas  
Midwest, Dirty South, represent where you from  
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)

[Slim Thug]

Slippers get got, jackers get shot  
If I catch em trying to plot, in my parking lot  
They got me for my drop, now I shop at Topeka lot  
I wasn't high, cause Rodney D. Young, shot me a knot  
Got back on my feet, one month later, back on the

street  
Twenties inches I be, on my big body fleet  
Yeah you caught me slipping, but I'ma charge it to the  
game  
But when I catch you slipping, I'ma put one in your  
frame

[E.S.G.]

Gon be a mask in Texas, but without change songs  
Especially if them folks, pass them gun control laws  
I'm trying to roll like my papa, retire one day  
Till then I'm on MLK, it's on found sun down  
Now what's up Southside, we smoking trees to the  
dawn  
Forget to turn the alarm, and find your TV's gone  
Get your brains blown, that glock'll pop your ass  
Or should I let the electric fist, shock your ass

[Hook]

We keep one up in the chamber, strapped for danger  
These boys'll get you, for your twenties or swangas  
East Coast, West Coast, represent where you from  
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)  
We keep one up in the chamber, strapped for danger  
These boys'll get you, for your twenties or swangas  
Midwest, Dirty South, represent where you from  
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)

[Slim Thug]

Ride with me, and come see what that North be like  
We sip syrup and Sprite, and let our mind take flight  
Bub light shine bright, when we creep at night  
With red eyes and bad sight, cause we don't sleep at  
night  
I'm from the side known for jacking, placking and pistol  
packing  
It's like New Jersey Drought, but these boys ain't acting  
They'll break you off, if you live on the North or the  
South  
Cause it don't matter where you from, or where you  
floss  
It's every man for himself, out here  
And that's why we thugged out, and ride with no fear  
It look like it's getting better, year by year  
But I still got my chrome baretta, here in the clear  
But it ain't all bad, matter fact it's all good  
Cause it go down, every night up in my hood  
We sip pints, blow kill and just chill  
We all from the North, but we all gone still for real

[Hook x2]

[talking]  
Ha, that's on the real baby  
Know I'm saying, 2001 2000 and 2  
Huh, Boss Hogg Outlaws we ain't half stepping  
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)  
It go down, I don't care where you at  
What's up East Coast, know I'm saying  
New York, down Jersey, Virginia, all them boys out  
there  
I know y'all got y'all murder weapon  
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)  
What what, Midwest ha, where you at know I'm saying  
St. Louis, on up through, I know them boys out there  
Got they murder weapon, you know what I'm saying,  
keep it real nigga  
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)  
What what, all my West Coast dogs, you know what I'm  
saying  
That C walking, B walking doing your god damn thang  
I know you got your motherfucking murder weapon out  
there baby  
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)  
Huh huh, what what down here in the Dirty South  
That's how we do it, Boss Hogg Outlaws, Big Dinero  
Entertainment  
Boss Hogg Entertainment, S-E-S, what what what  
My big dog Sin huh, that's the style  
Them boys got they murder weapon, what's up M-O-E  
Ha it's going down boy, feel this  
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon),  
huh

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