

Fordham Julia

"Murdah"

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Chorus (2x):

Murdah, murdah, murdah, the mothahfuckah murdah
Murdah, murdah, the mothahfuckah murdah
Murdah, murdah, the mothahfuckah murdah
The mothahfuckah murdarah

[Sinful 1]

Yes! It's your wake up call, so bust a glock to get to
heaven
You never came up? They run you 1-8-7
You choke when I slash your throat, I take it as a joke
I laugh, cause after that you might get smoked
Then I put cha on a table, and I'll chop you up to pieces
I do it in a hustle, make you feel like a puzzle
And nobody can put you back together again
Next it'll be your family, then I'll get your friends

[Intellect]

It's a minute before midnight, and I'm on the prowl
Have no room for sympathy cause my life is foul
I lost it a long time ago, I lose control
On a dumb mothahfuckah taking a late night stroll
You see? The night belongs to a prowler
And somebody's coming to face him in an hour
Coming straight at cha
Your head I'm gonna fracture
I take you on an ill trip, you dying when I catch cha

Chorus (2x)

[Intellect]

Don't give a fuck about life and its meaning
Trying to cut a deal to survive? Keep dreaming!
I'm the merciless Mexakin, and you cannot see well
When I take your fucking eyes out with a hot spoon
Rub til you scar, skin you alive
Then throw your fucking ass in a pool of peroxide
Or, shank you in the heart with a gold-bladed dagger
Then knock your fucking head off with a sledge
hammer

[Sinful 1]

Manitico, satnico, malvado multiplero
Pero vas a ver porque me dicen el "talo" perro
A veces pierdo la mente, de repente, me regresa
Empieza, cuando a mi se-se me sella un tercer fuerza
Agarro un martillo, te doy un chingadazo en la cabeza
Ya lo dije, nunca te hago una promesa
Te dejo tirado en un charco de sangre
Tengo hambre, llega la hora de chingar tu madre

Chorus (2x)

[Sinful 1]

Another tale from my murdahrous point of view
Here's the plot
No matter what, victims get shot
No barkings to let them say, "Let's make a deal!"
What I wanna hear is a punk mothahfuckah squeal
Stick a shank in your chest and turn it
The reason why you dying, punk bitch, is cause you
earned it
You were at the wrong place at the wrong time
Now I find another property of flight that I claim as
mine

[Intellect]

The more you scream the more I fiend to be a surgeon
I can feel the urging, the merging!
More wicked than Manson, Bundy, Ramirez
Dahmer, I show these mothahfuckahs what fear is
More scarier than Halloween, so fuck Michael Myers!
Trick or treat my technique? Set your house on fire
Or cut your fucking tongue out, and watch it twist and
jump
Put some battery acid in your water
And watch you slurp it

Chorus (4x)

(Music fades away)

(Intellect knocking on door)

Intellect:

Yo! Sin! Wake your fucking ass up! We gotta go to the
studio!

[Sinful 1]

God Damn, Homes! That shit was crazy!

