

**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!

