

## Hooker John Lee

### "Murderer, Robber"

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Murderer x13, Robber  
Pschopathic, Pschytsfranik

Chorus x8  
Murderer, robber  
Pschopathic, Pschytsfranik

Whether I can kill for my meal  
Will I live, will I die  
God forgive me of my sin  
Didn't fully see from Gin  
Hot as hell  
Lookin' for a way to take me from this pressure  
Poverty and pain got a you nigga insane  
On the street of the city  
Look them killas and the thugs  
Those who never show no pitty  
Come on for show feel them slugs  
Of a tone in the back of your motherfuckin' head  
Either get with the program  
Or our family is damn straight to death  
Fifteen seen the nigga meet his maker  
Shot him through his heart  
Kiled himn like the terminator  
Taint the then is situations that I'm livin' in  
Anamosity or frind asked out tried to get in  
In the en  
Niggas sittin' wait on other niggas lives  
Anger in my body struck  
When I hit them bridge you fuck  
So is so rocks is in your face it ain't no questions asked  
you gone drop that off your ass  
When I squeeze then take your please

Chorus x8

It ain't same silly somethin' that wants to get with this  
pimp shit  
He me who they scammin'  
Say the dump nigga in a ditch  
And then she gave me quick

I want to be down with the Prophet click  
We blight the mess  
Then you have to prove to me your oyalness  
So he grabbed his gun  
And he headed for the door  
With the grin on his face  
And I looked it up a criminal  
Dickeyed all up  
And it's sold for the darkness  
Thinkin' of what were sayin'  
So he sped up the process  
But knowin' what would happen if a bullet hit his gut  
But the kids not feelins'  
Hard made don't really did you run from then dead  
He's aways around him  
And thinkin' will god forgive him  
So now he's bound to confusion  
And please my peeps I'm losin' it  
I'm feelin' it  
Temptation like killas might take it all over my soul  
Cause he don't scare me though  
I'm thinkin' of murder or robbery of course  
Now were force  
A force tuned to kick it  
They don't have no remorse  
And then you will become a

Chorus x8

It's your own nigga Project Pat  
I'm a G as in gorilla  
all my life I want ot come clean  
Why you flossin' all my dreams  
To be rich  
Rich gone get my first a bullet  
Or that jail house

Since I ain't got shit to hose  
Robbin you's is what I choose  
Who seven to one to face taht gun  
Like russian rullet  
A hard time never did get better  
Smart crab no bloody sweater  
Better watch your back  
Slangin' that crack  
If you ever tell a  
Make a whip drop on your dome  
Better yet yo get it on  
Take a fall up in these streets  
Make a lick back on my feet  
Young nigga lookin up to buzz

Money hungry Nigga where them drugs  
There the door  
Bitch give me that cheese  
Gin in hand mama all these  
Hurt ya gut  
I'm about to sheeze  
Come on down  
Trick off them keyes  
Please bein' ain't in my heart  
Gangsta (??) don't you start  
Actin' like you don't know the rule  
Damn fools wear bepper shoes  
In the real buttook a swim  
You can end up on e of them  
On the T-V or front page  
Decompose been dead for days

Chorus...till fade

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