

Listening Pool

"Murder Weapons"

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[Chorus]

I had a anna wid murder weapons I'm sweepin' the city
Hate the rizele they practicin' hoe I buried them bitches
It ain't no love for you dirty dirties I'm packin' that thirty
Under the porch wid the camouflage
nigga that laughin' I'm scopin'

[Verse 1]

Nigga bring it on
Peep the plan and all them fake ass friends
Bitch I'm by my lonesome but that thirty by me drinkin'
gin
Saggin' my pants and muggin' lookin' undereyed wid
thirty slugs
Bustin' wid no mercy hangin' out the hooptie rippin' me
and cuz
Hoe this shit for real,
this is the heat that let you know the deal
Bitch them games you play is make me determine
whether should you live,
Shit on bitches fuck 'em
Fuck the past and present time will hold
Out for just the money cappin' pussy
that shit cause the dough,
Lit the strip wid diamonds big buck grill
but you hate my kind
Understand this shit can happen
any kinda day I'm packin' mine
What you wanna do,
fuck that shit you call your crew,
And your kinfolk too
Bustin' thrities wid no mercy
under the piece we drinkin' brew
I stand on the man, ain't no love
Why is the fuck we playin'?
Is it just me or is it the way I walk and how I serve yo
man
Fuck yo weak ass clan,
bitch it's the Hill a hoe has nothin' else
Thirty cannon bullets rippin' yo vest
and can you catch your breath

[Chorus] 2X

[Verse 2]

I'm deep in the cut not givin' a fuck
I'm peepin' and creepin' and Project Pimp bustin' on
lame
Penetrate demonstrate murder rate heavyweight
here comes the thirty can' hollow point swang
The shit ain't the same I'm bringin' the pain
I'm climbin' and hangin' and jumpin' out trees
Time for the young ones that thuggin' and rushin'
you bitches and snitches that's itchin' for kis
Hater done tell me it's greed, but hoe I just need
The scents and the smell ah that cheese
Drop it off gimme some but I'm not robbin' you
Hoe I'm just out for the shit that I believe
Cause some ah these niggas are pickin' out
Project thug Project mug in a hoe prison for real
Nina and a switchblade 'member I'm sick
and that forty glock thirty can bust a hoe grill
Hit the block never stop rollin' wid thirty friend
Beat up the neighbourhood drinkin' on Seagrams Gin
How do you figure I'm flodgin' I'm mobbin'
wid infinite niggas that's all about dividends
Project Pimp Project thug Project will fuck up
niggas and leavin' you niggas in ditches
Alleyway rippin' and runnin' and gunnin'
convictable leave the body bloody wid stitches
Thirty done rippin' and creepin' a nigga was
slippin' and stiffin' and flodgin' that pimpin'
Tellin' me how I'ma wear my hat on your street
and a banana clip under that shit
Anyway fuck around kick around wid gin and Hen
Smilin' wid super thought look at my body
Bitches they hit me up on the horn
Fuck what you wanna do Project Pimp man ah the party
bitch

[Chorus] 2X

[Verse 3]

Civilized and buck and wild and niggas so called actin'
bad
Really don't wanna kill him but he pushin'
Don't frown peep and laugh
With them niggas that'll pull them triggers
Double O be for real,
After we take care ah that lil bidness bitch
we sit back drink and chill
Ain't no love for niggas bitches faggots

wid them barricade,
Tryna stop my come up bitch
I post up wid them hand grenade
Death is my intention,
fuckin' wid a nigga like the Project thug
On the blay wid a pistol one in the chamber
with the Project mug,
Hollow P-O-I-N-T plus T.I. A-K got the plan
Project P-I-M-P peep double O eight broke the law and
ran
Cross off friends they stupid,
Fuck theyself off when they cross they boss
Niggas talk that shit around they posses
but can't walk the walk
Upside down wid liquor that's the bidness
cause Project the meanest,
All about that creepin' late night callin'
Watch thug niggas finish
Haters you could stop at playin' them games
and keep your mind off mine,
Fuck you talkin' bout squashin' Project Pimp bustin'
Nigga I'm on the grind, on the grind

[Chorus] 2X

[Lots of shout outs til fade]

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