

Lloyd Banks

"Murder On My Mind"

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Wuddup nigga..i see you in my sweat dreams, n when i wake up i feel like shit

Woke up in the morning wit my mind on my murder, thinkin bout to get bak and pushin ur shit back.Woke up in the morning wit my mind on my murder, mind on the 187.

Yeah, why death have to come get him?we wasnt done withim. pinky rings make him shine when the sun hit em. i got drunk wit him, roll up the weed and hit da blunt wit him. came up in da same slum wit him. hung wit him. damm, why he aint have his gun wit him. i no his personality wouldve done did em.we cut class wit him, shot dice and got cash wit him, broke laws and hauled ass wit him. im ridin dirrty yee im illegal. swat team vest on chrome desert eagle. fuck sendin threats i juss see u when i see u. my soul senile catch u clowns on da rebound. i hate u, its time for u to hate me now. catch an h boom sowhere n spend his vrounds? u no niggas do anything 2 be round, clik clak poww now u want wit me noww.

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when i finally fall asleep, my dreams soo sweet.buncha young ignorant muthafuckas in da street. big world a reality nobody wanna see. either you rap shoot bull or sell e. its hard to see tommorow when u stuck on today. BC budd and henessey take da troubles away. reminising on da pact we had; whuts mine is urs from a bitch down 2 a half a bagg. excuse me if i come off wrongg, but i wish my enimies noneee. u can slip away nice and calm, rite into ur baby mama armss. mann call al sharpton get a lil press, try 2 figure out whut happend 2 dat boys chesst, da hood is a mess nigga shudda had his vesst. besides thru his death i can get a lil restt. im angry and i..

i wake up outta cold sweats, my eyes red n my clothes wet. theres enimies still breathing i cant go yett. how imma look ur mama in the face, tell her, it was juss the wrong time right place. let her know she got someone she can call on. we talked about makin a dig but now thats all gone. we go back soo long, came up so fast, not thinkin bout the futre juss 2nites block bassh. untill the day i end up dead, imma give em hell down here i bring my thing everywheree i come from where niggas dont care. southside jamiaca its a do or die thing police aint refferin you on our ringg. i hope wherever u are, u living like a kingg. motherfuck a car, a broadd or da blingg, i miss you and...

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yeee shout out 2 all mah niggas meng.

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