

Mango

"Recipe 4 a Murder"

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Verse 1: [Willie D]

Motherfuckers are dying
And getting buried in the cemetery
Cause they ass couldn't pass the preliminaries
That's when you mind your own
Stay in line and keep the fuck out of mine
Cause goddamn I ain't got it all
This year I'm a fuck off a whole lot of y'all
There was a body found in a lake
Butt naked, wrapped in duct tape
And the #1 suspect came from a broken home
That ain't been fixed yet
You got family, ah that's beautiful
I want to see them at your goddamn funeral
Along with your bitch and your friends
Cause I'm a view the body, and pop your ass again
No I'm not dick riding the chronic like the others
I'm just the wrong motherfucker
For a nigga to play with or say shit
Behind my back, cause nigga that's gay shit
I'll make a nigga drop his pants then buck him
Throw him in the ditch and let the dope fiends fuck him
I can't charge it to the game
Cause the game never paid Willie D a goddamn thing
I'm talking about a cold-blooded murder
You never heard of a recipe for a murder

Chorus:

Lay your guns down
You don't want to see me clown
One shot to your dome
Two shots, now you're gone
(2x)

Verse 2: [Sho]

Niggas I'm smooth
But watch me move on this groove
About niggas getting they ass misused
I'm a soldier, I don't start trouble see
But somehow man the shit just find me
Now take a nigga talking shit

Better yet he talking shit to me
Trying to impress one of his homies
A front for a bitch that I done already fucked
And to this day I can still get my dick sucked
Mix that together with a hot ass club
And that's a little dish called a nigga getting his ass
drugged
But my hands ain't enough
I gotta schedule you a wait
Give you two to the head for old times' sake
So don't fuck with me and don't fuck with this clique
Unless you ready to lay in front of a pulpit
With your mama crying listening to some verses being
read
For you trying to catch lead with your head
Did you hear what I said?
I want to see some red, pronounce your punk ass dead
Now you can beg, give me your dope and your bitch
Suck my dick but it still won't change shit
Because I hate motherfuckers who talk trash
So don't let your mouth overload your ass
But some still gonna flex
And I'm a swing and connect
And it's gonna feel like a train wreck
I'm putting in work
Fucking with Sho you'll be the quietest nigga in the
church
And if a bitch is in my mix then a nigga gotta hurt her
Bitches die too my recipe for a murder

[Willie D]

My recipe for a murder is simple
Fuck with Will and get one to your temple
So pull your motherfucking guns
And I'm a show you I'm the clean-up man in more ways
than one
You got a posse, a thick clique
Cool, it makes it easier to hit me a bitch
I want to see you piss on yourself
And your eyes buck, for fucking with Wize Up
Cause there's too many studio gangsters making noise
Knowing that they're motherfucking choir boys
I'm coming from the south
I talk that talk, I walk that walk that fucks your ass off
Niggas try to deal with it
But got the fuck out of Dodge when they saw I was real
with it
So if you're talking shit about the Gulf Coast
Suck a dead man's dick until you're comatose
And if a cop want to blast, we can blast
I'm a Tupac Shakur his ass

I'm talking about a cold blooded murder
You never heard of a recipe for a murder

Chorus (2x)

Verse 3: [Willie D]

Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge
I'm trying not to lose my head, but dig this
One nigga got got in the parking lot
Cause his punk ass ran me hot
Talking about he coming back
With his boys and his gat
But he ain't never coming back
See when a motherfucker threaten Willie D
I gotta fuck him off before he fuck off me
The trigger finger ain't never nervous
So unless you're sucking my dick, save the lip service
I know a gang of motherfuckers who done passed
For letting that mouth overload that ass
It's a wreath from the goddamn forest
Check out the motherfucking chorus

Chorus (2x)

Yeah, it's time for all you motherfuckers out there to
wise up
Cause we handle our business on the records and the
streets
Punk motherfuckers

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