

## Prophet Posse

### "Murderer robber"

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Murderer x13, Robber

Pschopathic, Pschytsufranic

Chorus x8

Murderer, robber

Pschopathic, Pschytsufranic

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 feelin'  
Hard made don't really did you run from then dead  
He's always 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 thse  
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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