

Pulp

"Murder Rap"

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[Fat Joe]

Uh-oh, uh-oh..

Let's get it over with.

Yo sound boy turn the levels up

Let's get it over with, UH!

Terror Squad up in this motherfucker

Where my real niggaz at?

My Bronx niggaz, my (?) niggaz

I see you Lil' Hat! Uh, Ahaha!

It's time to take it to these niggaz right here

Yeah.. yo.. yo..

Who wanna spaz out? Crunchtime, blow ya abs out

Leave you in the fetal position, witcha ass out

Ready to mash out any crew actin like

they the true facts of life, frontin through the camera lights

Despite, we hold it down regardless

I got Def Jam suckin me like, "I wish you was my artist"

For starters, who's the largest cat?

Get a hundred grand from my most garbage rap

Now how hard is that? Everything we spit be hot

Whether it's live on Flex or in front of the chicken spot

Grimed out, we really live whatchu rhyme 'bout

See me posted up in the Tunnel, with my shines out

Ice cold like Alaska when I pass ya

Got girls shakin, losin they breath, as if they catchin asthma

Headed to the bar to pop some bottles

Now we in the car headed home to rock some models

All I hear in the background is Gucci and Prada

But I'm tryna gas these bitches to screw me for nada

We the best that done it, confess you fronted

Anybody wanna test how much straps, you want it?

[Hook - Fat Joe]

Aiyyo the gangsta's back

Stop it right where you at

Let a real nigga rock real murderer rap

Tell them thug niggaz, listen to that

Gotchu feelin it hard like Joe the God's really bringin it

back!

[Fat Joe]

I'm from my days and legends, since age eleven
I was the cause of dope fiends catchin AIDS infections
Most of us are dead, but the rest is locked
Runnin in the rec room and check me out on the box
A CEO could get optioned tryna change the channel
It's like tryna take the flesh outta the mouth of hungry
cannibals
Joe the God, the flow is hard
Known for packin two dozen birds like Noah's Ark
I'm the realest of 'em, make you feel the pressure
Catch you at a club, smack you up, steal ya leather
You niggaz soften me, beat you out of the mix
Tough talk, tough walk, but you cry like a bitch
I see you downin the Cris', I'm not hatin, I'm just
aggrevated
I ask myself every day, how these faggots made it?
Fuck around with the Don and get decapitated
I'm sick of hearin 'em (?) for all the cats that made it

[Hook - Fat Joe]

[Hook 2 - Armageddon]

Aiyyo the kid is back
Leave it right where you at
Let a real nigga hold that, you probably won't clap
Tell them thug niggaz, move it on back
I'm feelin tight and I'm hot
Ready to pop the crack right through your back

[Armageddon]

That's how Kenny rocks, I'm more advanced than how
your learnin
I'm like the force of space balance and planets while
they churnin
Poppin rosary beads, piss on ya candle while it's burnin
Rush ya widows crib and pop ya... bodies...
Now I know you can feel the heat I generate
Imagine when I penetrate ya stomach, and make ya
body's center bake
We can argue for days, whether it's faster to drop five
shots
in ya astronaut before you cloud the stash box
Splash ya brains on ya birds' laps
Swerve you on the curb, crash the Range, and push the
front skirt back
And murk after that, blurtin curse words
Yo I popped that nigga's son one before we catch the
first

I'ma kill any murderer, leave a nigga burpin up
Blood, chokin on chunks of his lung interior
Every verse that I spit's a personal riff
I meet a ill key frontin, I'm a murder you shit
Niggaz play me while distrubin the Bricks
I'm like the feelin of the first time they ever held a bird
in they grip
Motivator thug, scrape 'em, shoot the bolts in his butt
Energizin 'em up, make 'em wanna open 'em up
Actin like I can't happen till I smack him in his Adam's
apple
Death to rappin, I don't wanna battle
I'd rather rush your studio session and shatter the
booth
Clap at ya face, give the mic feedback the goof

[Hook]

[Hook 2]

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