

Tha Mexakinz

"Murdah"

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Chorus (2x):

Murdah, murdah, murdah, the mothahfuckah murdah

Murdah, murdah, the mothahfuckah murdah

Murdah, murdah, the mothahfuckah murdah

The mothahfuckah murdarah

[Sinful 1]

Yes! It's your wake up call, so bust a glock to get to heaven

You never came up? They run you 1-8-7

You choke when I slash your throat, I take it as a joke

I laugh, cause after that you might get smoked

Then I put cha on a table, and I'll chop you up to pieces

I do it in a hustle, make you feel like a puzzle

And nobody can put you back together again

Next it'll be your family, then I'll get your friends

[Intellect]

It's a minute before midnight, and I'm on the prowl

Have no room for sympathy cause my life is foul

I lost it a long time ago, I lose control

On a dumb mothahfuckah taking a late night stroll

You see? The night belongs to a prowler

And somebody's coming to face him in an hour

Coming straight at cha

Your head I'm gonna fracture

I take you on an ill trip, you dying when I catch cha

Chorus (2x)

[Intellect]

Don't give a fuck about life and its meaning

Trying to cut a deal to survive? Keep dreaming!

I'm the merciless Mexakin, and you cannot see well

When I take your fucking eyes out with a hot spoon

Rub til you scar, skin you alive

Then throw your fucking ass in a pool of peroxide

Or, shank you in the heart with a gold-bladed dagger

Then knock your fucking head off with a sledge
hammer

[Sinful 1]

Manitico, satnico, malvado multiplero

Pero vas a ver porque me dicen el "talo" perro

A veces pierdo la mente, de repente, me regresa

Empieza, cuando a mi se-se me sella un tercer fuerza

Agarro un martillo, te doy un chingadazo en la cabeza

Ya lo dije, nunca te hago una promesa

Te dejo tirado en un charco de sangre

Tengo hambre, llega la hora de chingar tu madre

Chorus (2x)

[Sinful 1]

Another tale from my murdahrous point of view

Here's the plot

No matter what, victims get shot

No barkings to let them say, "Let's make a deal!"

What I wanna hear is a punk mothahfuckah squeal

Stick a shank in your chest and turn it

The reason why you dying, punk bitch, is cause you earned it

You were at the wrong place at the wrong time

Now I find another property of flight that I claim as mine

[Intellect]

The more you scream the more I fiend to be a surgeon

I can feel the urging, the merging!

More wicked than Manson, Bundy, Ramirez

Dahmer, I show these mothahfuckahs what fear is

More scarier than Halloween, so fuck Michael Myers!

Trick or treat my technique? Set your house on fire

Or cut your fucking tongue out, and watch it twist and jump

Put some battery acid in your water

And watch you slurp it

Chorus (4x)

(Music fades away)

(Intellect knocking on door)

Intellect:

Yo! Sin! Wake your fucking ass up! We gotta go to the studio!

[Sinful 1]

God Damn, Homes! That shit was crazy!

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