

Styles P

"Manson Murder"

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(Intro)

Believe me, if I started murdering peopleÂ...
ThereÂ'd be none of you left.

(Verse)

Basically, hit you with the hard nigga recipe
Fuck you! If you ainÂ't with me, youÂ're next to me
(Fuck you!)
I ainÂ't one for the small talk
Goes to get it in it like Nucky on Boardwalk
Real grinding nigga though, IÂ'mma let the 4 talk
You ainÂ't got to hear me dog, you could hear the
lower talk
Uzzi at the place when the Shawty blow the doors off
Free my dollar bills and killin niggas that they kid me
Nothing on yo bitch face, rain is in the sick place
Maybe itÂ's the wax or the fact that IÂ'm shit phased
Rap spelled backwards is par Â- you ainÂ't up to that
If your shit sound whack I had enough of that
Fuck em all from the bottom to the top
If you left it up to me, yea all of em be shot
A bullseye on the forehead
Fuck whack rappers, leave em all dead

(Interlude)

Why do you wanna call me a murderer for?
IÂ've never killed anyone
I donÂ't need to kill anyone
I think it

(Verse)

Voices in the attic, bodies in the basement
People under the stairs hold my guns and chasin
When I buy a brick I bring the best set to taste it
Zombies out here, yea this shit is like a wasteland
I donÂ't give a fuck about no goddamn bath salts
P91 to blow half of your mass off
Face all over the asphalt
No track down here but whips is like NASCAR
Weed in the glass jar, shot em in the head Â'cause the
trash words

Then I got ghosts like Casper
No, I get ghosts like myself
If I rap like you I put the toast to myself
I shit on you, the mic booth in your board
Why don't you find a bridge and bungee with no
chord
Or build yourself a pool full of swords
Dive in it, next time you rhyme put your mind in it

(Interlude)

Maybe I should've killed 4 to 500 people,
Then I would've felt better

(Verse)

The healthiest nigga in New York, smoking Newport's
I'm not a new boos, I'm in the new Porsche
My Nike sneakers, it be my like sneakers
Jogging on the beach with my wife beaters
Word to Obama mama, Jeffrey Dammer drama
Swiss got keys, pianos and Alicia
When I be talkin keys I'm talkin coke and the Keisha
I know chicks that swallow cum and they still suck it
Miscarriage hoes, fowl cuz they still fuckin
You know the deal, they don't even wait to heal
My booster bitches - they can't even wait to steal
My favorite sex position is the 69
I fuck er at 6 while holdin my 9
Amsterdam, stuff blunts, call em sumos
Walkin out the walk, with a veggie meal you know
Kick yo feet up like weed up, show yo speeder

(Outro)

I'm the king, man
I run the underworld, guy
I make the money, man
I change minds.

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