

Twista "Motive 4 Murder"

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The stress of everyday living
Is slowly corrupting my soul
I'm 2 months out the joint on papers
Walking with 3 years parole

I did 4 and a half a slab
And shit a nigga was dying
I'm finally back in the world
And it's hard but I'm still trying

Not to fall and risk my freedom
Again trying to ball
While waiting for this pussy ass job
To call and it ain't hopping

Got me tipping to hear them things
Popping cash bags dropping
With plenty of cane for recopping
Opportunity knocking it's what I'm on

I cry when I'm at home 'cause I'm alone
24 years and grown with a future unknown
My heart was torn from the pain of being back in the
game
But I'd rather die getting my hustle on and live like a
lane

So it's back to pistols and cane
Plotting on licks hitting stains
The mob life runs through my veins
It's too late for me to change

These streets got me deranged
Strapped up and paranoid
Ready to add on situations
I can and can't avoid plus big voices getting hot

They constantly sneaking on blocks
They trying to bring me in unconscious
But them pins got popped
Now they got me on the run

Cherishing every last breath
But I ain't going back
It's freedom or death
That be my motive 4 murder

Now I know you the judge of life and death
I ain't evil or nothing
But somebody done brought me pain and sorrow
So I'ma have to kill something

Let me count the ways that I can repent
Trying to stay holy and focused
But that evil in his eyes let me know that nigga
Too bogus that be my motive 4 murder

I'ma survive these streets another day
I know the pain in my heart won't go away
These motherfuckers try to murder me
And won't nobody hurt my family that's what he gotta die

9 times out of 10 you can find
May's trying to hit a better lick
If it ain't coming up with the dopest shit
Then I'm trying to cop the thickest brick

'Cause life in the belly of the best
Is equal to poverty's bottomless pit
Where bitch niggas trick and thirsty
Motherfuckers beat you out of everything you get

But it seems like everybody's trying
To make some type of come up quick
Before it's too late to get straight
And the most I make is final pick

Anywhere they shit like riding slick
With a thick chick slobbering your dick
Even if it means fighting these niggas
In cases as long as neither ones thick

'Cause I swear when I get hit
I go in a crucial rage like a flick
Turn straight lunatic making all these bitches
Niggas hear their final tick

But that don't mean my minds sick
Just 'cause I'm motivated by a lot of cheese
When trees by the P's and fuckin' fine
Fee's and 3's with ease

For sho' the skilled poets within in the mask up kill for it
I'll whoop a fiend with a crushed grill
I'll bet his dumb ass'll still blow it

Bullshit ain't nothing I'm trying to get this first mil in the
bank
And drive a bullet-proof Hummer tank
So the next haters who try to air me out come up blank

And I'ma have to sacrifice your life
With a wrath that's stronger than Christ
And forces of life that's know to do
Damage to human eyesight

I guess it's true money's the route of all evil
'Cause crooked or legal
It's all manipulated by the eagle
And be my motive for murder

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Lord knows I was hurt from a judge from the start
How I'ma hide love from this mark, this nigga made my
homie
Die in my arms had to put a slug in his heart
Mother fuck that stuff it was just a grudge on his part

My boy was young and ambitious took his dreams and
wishes
Try to do right but my attitude like blast them bitches
Drowning all my sorrows in bottles of yack
And a quarter ounce of dro want a rap I'm 'bout to snap

Here come the big pay back looking up on the dresser
For the black and gray strap I'm crying and shit, I was
hurt so bad
I felt I had to go kill him even if a slug hit him, I was still

hurt

Enough to aim at myself and die with him can't control
them pains

Now it's time to throw them thangs visions of the stud
don't stay
Empty the clip of am out right ambulance come around
By the time the hypes taking of his Nike's
I know it sound cold but this bullet put a hole in my soul

Never shorties years stole he was only 17 years old
And at the funeral I got to watch his mama's tears roll
And I know he used to wild
Sometimes carry a 9 but you took away your sunshine

No more reminiscing on the fun times balling
And coming at bitches with blunt lines
But this nigga ain't going to want mine for the pain
I'ma handle this funk and dismantle this junk

Fuck all that in all black and then pumped
To run up on this nigga tip up on him then jump
Mission to kill armed with a fist full of steel
Eyes gleam with the fury

Never thought I'd be facing to 2 mothers
In front of a prosecuting team and a jury
How did one murder turn into 2 revenge
Had me shooting through hate

I couldn't stop in the mist of the action
Is when that little girl got shot
All because of my motive 4 murder

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