

# UGK

## "Murder"

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[Verse One: Pimp C]

I'm still Pimp C bitch so what the fuck is up?  
I'm puttin' powder on the streets cuz I got  
Big fuckin' nut's comin' back from Louisiana  
In a Fleetwood Lana  
I deserve them nigga's shit to put they pea's on they  
banner  
Got the pound four by four cuz you know I just  
Pay to nigga bought thirty from me  
So I fronted forty two, he gonna pop to seven hundred  
Times sixty two, twenty four eight is what I do  
So fuck what 'cha do  
If I told ya cocaine number's you think I was lyin'  
Young nigga's twenty two talkin' bout they retirin'  
In the game ain't a thang comin' far then we been  
Rick's home two apartment's where enter  
Tight friends mo bounce to the ounce  
Cuz the Wood the shit, I done got me  
Fifty ounces out of birds ya bitch  
Tightin' up no slack bitches checkin' my stock  
Got some Burban City nigga's so I'm a go to my garage  
Just got back from California kicked it with B-Legit  
Put me down with purple chronic and that hurricane shit  
At the studio with Tom, I wish I could stay  
I got to holla at Master P, cuz we got money to make  
We with playa'z from the South stack gee'z man  
Like Ball I got to stack big cheeze man  
Bitch say he wanna show ya  
You got nine grand I ain't rappin' shit  
Till my money in my hand  
South Texas mutherfucka that's where I stay  
Gettin' money from yo bitches every  
Got damn day  
Big paper I'm foldin'  
Hoes is on my mutherfuckin' jock  
For all this dick I be holdin'  
I hate grown man show it  
Especially if a fool take our style and  
Act like my nigga's don't know it  
I kick it with the trill nigga's so you best's  
Not trip if ya keep on talkin' shit

My nigga empty the clip  
Hoe azz nigga

[Chorus:]

Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder  
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder  
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder  
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder  
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder

[Verse Two: Bun-B]

Well this Bun-B bitch and I'm the king  
I'm movin' chickens got 'em finger lickin'  
Stickin' nigga's who be trippin'  
You need a swift kickin' yo azz is right for the pickin'  
Now down as my pocket's stickin'  
I be thinkin' nigga's slippin' you sick  
When I be clickin' now take a look at the  
Bigger nigga Marl liquor swigger  
Playa hata ditch digger figure  
My hair trigger you bound one hot one in yo liver  
You shiver shake and quiver  
I'm free from nigga you wetter den a river  
For what it's worth it's suburblous some nigga's doin'  
dirt  
Fuck her first and take off her skirt  
Make the pussy hurt Mister Master  
Hit the Swisha faster then you keep a  
Blister bastard fuck her sister faster  
Hit the elbro for sale yo  
Brother better have my mail hoe  
Before I catch a murder case and go to jail hoe  
Hell no, time to bail hit the trail so  
We can sell mo fuckin' yell get the scale  
No other bullet duck or get shoved  
Inside this game they better buck us  
Cuz the clucker's they love us  
Make them class dick suckers  
Check they jelly like smoker's  
I hit like nun-chuckers  
Cuz Short Texas bring the rukus  
This for my muthfucker's  
Cookin' cheese to crooked geez  
Rockin' up quarter key's  
Just to get the hook with ease  
Wanna bee's get on yo knee's  
Fill the squeeze from them HK one three's  
>From here to over sea's  
We do what we please

No trip cuz we flip  
Light up a dip  
I'm breakin' 'em off from they hip to yo lip  
Go ask that boy Skip  
That nigga Bun rip  
With one clip, soon as the gun slip  
Now I done ripped out my Barile  
Flyin' through yo belly belly and  
Some smelly red jelly is drippin' out of ya belly  
Servin' 'em like a Deli jumped on my cellular telli  
Hoe sell it like it's goin' out of style  
You can't see me Marcus so have a  
Motherfuckin' Sweet and smile

[Chorus]

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