

Young Buck

"Get Your Murder On"

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(feat. Rizin Sun)

[Verse One]

You niggaz got me fucked up, it's time to go to war
Nigga so what's up, I bust up, any muh'fucker feelin he
rougher

I can't get enough of, showin niggaz what time it is
Go inside his crib, find his kids 'til we find the shit
Go ahead and keep buyin shit, act like you run the town
On the worst day, your birthday, that's when I cut you
down

Let me show you how, to make this money by the
pound

Get a black dickie fit, can't forget the hundred rounds
Still a murder man, told myself I'd never hurt again
Niggaz out here hoes, so I'm kickin in they do's
And nobody knows when a nigga like me be comin
Nigga stop drop and roll when a nigga like me be
gunnin

Wanna live to see tomorrow? Better calm down your
woman

And that shit in that plastic bag better be all hundreds
When my mask down, that mean I'm ready to blast now
Taught your ass a lesson, bet you'll learn how to act
now

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Get your murder on - cock it back and let it go
Bitch I represent them killers who be kickin in them do's
Get your muder on - black down from head to toe
See I tried to tell you once niggaz don't want war

[Verse Two]

Just look at life from my point of view, run where I call
home

Feel what a gun do and I'll bet you {?}
Wonder why my mind strong livin the life
When niggaz really don't live long playin me sheist
See I'm goin all out, like straight hoes to dykes
Switchin the game around like Reeboks from Nikes
Stayin in my black dickies, t-shirts all white

Thugged out, what it's all about, all right
Let's just shoot it out now, we can do it all night
It don't matter, the 50 caliber gon' bite
Watch 'em scatter, the loud sound got 'em all fright
Get the cheddar, then let them cowards hear the dual
pipes
When we bite, we fight like pits on red meat
Is this life the shit nigga? Yes it fuckin be
Freaks take a glimpse, they scream Buck's the shit
Now fiend for the dick, as I lean in the 6

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Back in my 'llac the auto fo'-fo's and Optimos
Kickin in do's on the one stressin {?}
Let me get that out you hoes, me and my snub nose
Bonnie and Clyde, when we ride, both of us have open
eyes
Realized I'm a young nigga, puttin it fuckin down
Never goin to sleep without a hundred fuckin miles
Layin it down, my name is known throughout town
Blaka blaka, blaka blaka

[Chorus]

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