

# 115

## "Blockstyle Murderah"

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\* [Taydatay]

Stack chips like Don Trump  
Comin' wit the slump  
So original head bustas  
Makin' moves from the junk  
Mashin' niggas [???)  
We stay loaded, fully loaded  
Let the game be noted  
We only comin' wit the coldest, hold up  
In '99 we breakin' 'em off wit major heat  
Sweepin' the industry off they feet  
Hypnotize 'em wit the beats  
It's the most hated, America's most blunted  
See niggas come from the bottom  
Then we turn around and run it  
Comfront it, we got cha  
Hollow points in the chamber  
Releasin' the anger  
Fuckin' around get caught up in the caper  
People stoppin' my paper  
Ain't no time for no games  
I'm watchin' niggas catch the vapors  
While I'm doin' my thang  
I hit the back and I swang  
Niggas and bitches they be jockin'  
They wanna floss wit us  
Cuz they know we 'bout the lock and load  
We warmed up for the score  
'Bout to hit 'em wit a little bit of hardcore

[Chorus] x 2

Cuz in my lifetime I'd a done gang of shit  
Invloed wit 211's, 187's for the chills  
Another blockstyle murderah  
Another blockstyle murderah  
We 'bout to have it bitch

[Hennessy]

And since I was a itty bitty niggy on the corner  
I was a performer  
Now my music gets women through California  
Love to get up on it

We disingrate all opponents  
And represent niggas, windows tinted  
Till you can't [??]  
It's the O to the fuckin' A-K  
D to the A-L-D  
Fuck what the haters say, we paper chase  
So you can't tell me a muthafuckin' thang  
But the [?]  
We [?] too much blood gushers  
Cuz you ain't the one that run the hood  
We [?] from the goods  
Like they say, "Talk is cheap"  
Oh yeah, they workin' the tech  
So you get swopped up off your feet  
Now break up off of me, heard me  
In the game  
I'm a fill the lane like I'm James Worthy  
Hella slurvy  
Yes indeedy that's your boy  
That would keep the backpack  
And the clack-clack, you be destroyed  
You shouldn't have never got me pumped  
And now your soul is full of holes  
They've come to mop him up  
Cuz I was sloppy drunk  
And had to pop him up

[Chorus] x 2

[Hennessy]  
It's just the flossamatic, caught the cabbage  
Nigga what, in the cuts, get no bumps  
Till my pockets got the mumps  
And when they jump  
We let them cats off  
But we take yo head off  
Wit a [?], no explanation, no hesitation  
Nigga just smash on  
But 'for the chance was smooth  
And all the work, yo ass was through  
Hoppin' fences, coherant distance while we passin'  
through  
I'm here to let you know boy  
We get the [?]  
When you fuckin' wit them snow boys  
And makin' more noise

[Taydatay]  
You know  
Cuz we be flippin' the script  
On top wit big faces

Known in hella places  
Illutin' all the drug cases  
Fuck the basics, we goin' all out  
We got to show these muthafuckas what the Sco be  
about  
You got to follow your route,  
Follow your route, follow your route  
Cuz without the paper  
Niggas gon' be assed out  
I'm talkin' word of mouth  
I said, "You in it for the whores"  
You know my Hunter's point niggas be straight hard

[Chorus] x 4

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