

## Guy Buddy

### "Murder Made Easy"

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[Young Noble] (talking)

Outlaw, Outlaw

Bring your mother fucking Jersey Mob

In the name of Makaveli The Don, the killa motherfuckin

Kadafi

[Akwylah - Verse 1]

Everybody wanna know how I live my life (pucka)

Where's my balls? (pucka)

Where's my ice?

No matter now I answer then, feel my stripes

You keep poppin shit, I'll pin my knights \*dying\*

At your grow dega

Smokin on your drow Flavor

Spit some pimp shit

Then dip with your old neighbor (come on)

And if you really, feel some type of way about it

Run up in your hood, then I'll shoot my fuckin way about  
it

This Jersey Mob, Outlaw, Akwylah

To my crew selling coke clinkin' cock dollars

We in the same game, eat the pain, maintain

All the snitches wanna see us in chain gangs

The hate for traitors, that's all a cop thought of

We live stool pigeons smokin in salt water \*pigeon\*

Only my lord and our crew know what happened to him

His family prayin 'cause one day they might back into

him (uh-huh, uh-huh)

[Smooth - Verse 2]

With nothin to loose, I walk through clutchin my tools

Ice-grill make you wanna say what's fuckin with Smooth

(yo, what's fuckin

with that nigga?)

I'm sick of these crews, actin like they've been payin

dues

I put the heat to em, tell them niggaz kick off they

shoes

What would you do in the position when it's us against  
you?

That Teflon mother fucker, can your head take two?

Shut the fuck up 'fore your luck's up  
What you gonna do when your shit's up  
Besides get dissed on nigga, and pistol-whipped up  
Tied up, mouth taped up, layed out, and hit up  
Leave you in pray, gotta give you a napkin to wipe that  
shit up  
After the fact, holdin in time, shit up for lit up  
High drilly and shit yeah nigga you know the mix-up  
We that squad for real, Jersey Mob for real  
It be kill or be killed, so we drawin that steel  
I'm lovin the rush, Essex county doublin us, fuckin with  
us (yeah, yeah,  
yeah)  
We ownin enough, them rollers is bust

[Chorus - Akwylah] x 2  
(Murder - repeated in background of chorus)  
Murder made easy for dummies  
Before you pull the trigger  
Hit his pockets, take all his money  
First you gotta be smart  
Check his race and his bag  
To see if he's strapped  
And hit him once in the face  
And that's that

[Trife - Verse 3]  
Well where you at then?  
When I needed you the most  
I hit rock bottom  
I couldn't see that we was close  
Yo box, watch em  
Now they all Champaign  
Ballin campaign  
Yeah that nigga fall in the rain  
Dirty ya joints poppin like you greasy burger enflamed  
Every verse I drop's another small piece of the pain  
Shit'll never be the same  
After we got burned  
Niggaz is burnt out  
And yo there's nowhere to turn  
Like court adjourned  
Without a quarter to burn  
Short of return  
To the same game in order to earn  
Y'all niggaz don't learn  
I ain't concerned by far  
Spit six bars like gem-star, stitches, and scars  
Niggaz dry snitchin, yo they intuition bizarre  
Picture me starved  
Without a partner, pitchin is hard

Listen, my jaw, to find the right position tomorrow  
Is mission imposs?  
I be yellin really my eyes  
Niggaz kill me when they nod like they really alive

[Kastro - Verse 4]

You ain't shit without your homeboys  
Y'all ain't no grown boys  
I feel it all and no voice  
Now you stuck with no choice  
Get on the ground, give up your property  
It's like monopoly  
With Jersey Mob this time, they're ain't a mother fucker  
stoppin me  
That's why I pop three in my throat  
Wait for my shit to drop and it's murder she wrote  
Forgot to pull it close  
And I got enough to go around for everybody  
challengin  
Guns, never silence, I'm still wildin like Allen  
And Mister Jeru, well it's mob. all that deep shit  
You can keep it  
Fuck frontin, I ain't never kept a secret  
My dog's swift, doin the hard shift in the jail  
I'm still sendin the mail  
We livin' in Hell  
My mom dukes told me 'life is what you make it'  
So watch yours close  
And The Outlawz will fuck around and take it  
I got these spinks payin a hundred a gram, fifty for half  
I'll get em for thiry that's why I dump at last

Chorus

[Napolean - Verse 5]

We catch niggaz at the stop light  
And do what's not right  
It's worked for centuries  
To the OG's and peace gites  
We seat night, and we run through your chest  
Got a bitch with your name on her breast  
Up to set up your death  
We watch your ass for ten months  
If we gots em (yeah)  
Then the first mistake you make (see them)  
Mother fucker we gots you (got em)  
We do it so cold  
We make your niggaz think they saw a ghost  
You untouchable niggaz don't even know we so close  
(right next to you nigga)  
Coast to coast, we spread so rapidly

Man, the niggaz sittin next to you answer to me  
Cause we can touch you when we want to  
So watch your tongue  
We listenin closely man  
Y'all know have no one  
We got guns  
Plus the ones that Pac left (uh-huh)  
We got enemies  
Plus the ones that Pac left (uh-huh)  
We bang thug life, outlaw  
Cause that's our job (yeah, yeah)  
We backed by the Mob  
And we hittin these niggaz hard  
So what?

Chorus

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