

Lola Monroe

"Murder"

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(Verse)

Disrespect me and bring the swilla to your deala
Put the killas on your villa, how you feelin don't appeal
er
Go gorilla with the trillas and still it's turn you reveal
us
I'm just mirror with the realers, leaving so real of the
grillas
Bitch fittin and bitch yall bitches so quick I bet you
depose
My bitch your perfect figures that's lickin up in the
pose
I'm sittin off in the ghost, will sick you up in the
clothes
Area than bury ya, sittin up in the Rolls
They appearin all apparel from American apparel
I'm impervious and apparently I'm parallel to both
As in Dolce & Gabana, handin coco with Madonna
Lace design and design a double C and then huge
notes

(Hook)

When my niggas is in the building that's murder
Hug the block and we make a killin, that's murder
All white, blows notes, stealing that's murder
Suicide, those got it feelin like murder
You you you you could call it murder
You you you you could call it murder
In this cake, when I throw the shoes on the rock
I rock you back, this not murder
My nigga, it's double homicide

(Verse)

I made it through hatred, cascaded through envy
Carolina blue Jordans, baby blue Bentley
You'd be lyin, my mama raised her baby in the zoo
So I blew money on Lola and put a baby in her too
Had a crazy nigga crew that them blue lights was after
But that's before I blew up and blew life and rappers
You bastards! For the last time, I do this in my pass
time

My diamonds Â– variations of blue like them last lines
My lines last Â‘cause I ainÂ’t going through a lion feast
IÂ’m a beast behind bars like a lion king
90 gold chains and a gold Benz
They try to block me but I still score like a gol ten
Check the credits motherfucker, yea you heard right
IÂ’m pulse right hand in every sense of the world rights
I serve like Serena well I serve like
A truck driver sippin syrup with my swerve like nigga

(Hook)

When my niggas is in the building thatÂ’s murder
Hug the block and we make a killin, thatÂ’s murder
All white, blows notes, stealing thatÂ’s murder
Suicide, those got it feelin like murder
You you you you could call it murder
You you you you could call it murder
In this, when I throw the shoes on the rock
But fuck murder
My nigga, this double homicide

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