## Pyro Methane "Murda Bizness Ft. Tye Sosick"

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[Intro: Tye Sosick]

These niggas want to fuck around and make me

load that tooly up on the ass

Aye pyro man let that shit off one time

[Verse 1 : Pyro Methane]

Gold rings, ice cold like a hockey puck

Purple syrup in my lean, Styrofoam cup

They say I'm too much, net worth going up

But a local for a feature got me cracking up

Domestic nigga but the threads international

Put your girl on my plate, treat her like a cannibal

Blowing cantaloupe, zigzag back wood smoke

Plug my tongue in the speaker, I'm audio dope

Wanna cross a nigga, hit'em the with pope, pope

You swisher sweet get rolled like new dope

I'm Pyro propane like a dragon throat

I'm a Norfolk nigga, you can get scoped

Na na na na na you ain't know?

I been running this shit since Kango

Pay up front for the money

Two for the show

No cover charge when I walk through the door

[Hook]

Hit the club

All my niggas

Popping bottles, getting bitches

Super clean, sho get'em

Hit the scene kill shit

We in the murder business

I kill pride, I hurt feelings

Click-clack, bang bang we in the murder business

My outfit, merk niggas

Click clack, bang bang

We in the murder business

[Verse 2: Pyro Methane]

My heavy chain on her head while she give me brain

We getting money over here stay in your lane

Your girl wanna come kick it like Lui Lang

I see you hating over there you gone pop a vein She wanna roll with a nigga that self made Eating meals out of town, 80 dollar plates Solid gold on my neck nigga no plates Dividing money in between getting more cake Na na na na you ain't know I been running this shit since kango Pay up front for the money Two for the show No cover charge when I walk through the door

[Hook]
Hit the club
With all my niggas
Popping bottles, getting bitches
Super clean, sho get'em
Hit the scene kill shit
We in the murder business
I kill pride, I hurt feelings
Click clack, bang bang we in the murder business
My outfit, merk niggas
Click clack, bang bang
We in the murder business

## [Verse 3: Tye Sosick]

Young Pippen, I'm balling while they still tipping Tye nigga, but I never been tripping Nigga fuck your feelings, shout out to forgiven Boy I'm unforgiven, broke niggas need fixing Check the BS, I'm living in they tell me that I'm sickening

The pissing cuz I'm putting minutes in

That's why they steady whispering
Bickering like Mike Vick in some shit again
You better beware, I'm snatching shit again
Excuse my language, I'm just feeling famous
Back off my hiatus, back to being heinous
I'm the shit, no anus
Boy I'm the greatest, check ya PlayStation cases
Special occasion, who they think they phasing
I'm aleave'em tasteless, scratch that faceless
Lion out the cages, I'm a dick no latex
I'm the problem you ain't faced yet
You got a bitch well I'm the nigga she ain't taste yet

[Outro: Tye Sosick] Stupid ass niggas, you gone fuck around and make me dump that shit off! Naw, I'mma let pyro do that  $\underline{\text{MotoLyrics.com}} \mid \text{Lyrics}, \text{ music videos}, \text{ artist biographies}, \text{ releases and more}.$