

Outlawz "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

[Akwyah - 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, Akwyah

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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