

Dope Boy "Murda"

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I can smell marijuana in that corner for...
Try the episode nigga hurt state murda it
Kill the... before your casket go a...
Come to go back...
See the night it was like more fiction
Jerry... drippin no more fives... when it dumppin at you
You will be in the slungs with me
Gone... and gave respect my jumpers and double...
Got your jumpin at you
Them trigger happy but nobody is gonna smiling when
somebody is gonan dying
911 that's who you dialing,
Who clups clan, that's who you dialing
Get us where blue were moving in silence,
... my block it's been harder than dinner plate,
We got been flight former you lane domine at your
way,
Real super hero and then cuffing with no papes,
Me and Kendrick top dog... future rich
Picture that with no InstaGram
And bullet to your temple better pray at my pistol
Pay attention to your jam

You can get murda murda murda x 8

You'll grab and you can try, you can die motherf*cker
Got the shit, you'll grab and you can try, you can die
motherf*cker

Don't cry f*ck what you nigga,
Oh, f*ck em all, kill em all, all seat em off to the only
one
Put the whole on in one life the minute you...
You double for your profit, but I see triple like Ricky
Ross,
Hang over the cluff, cluff over the gun, gun over your
job,
Pull it over your tongue, stick my dick at hip hop and
shawty sprunk
It's time I get the chance to come over,
I over come, over the snatch drums, say who could f*ck
with you the God MC

I tell em none, get it I tell em none,
Catholic North Christian no and hold in the book of
somes,
... in the book of some and back to my true religions
From the murda capital niggas capitals you neighbors
They never tell you who did it
Aiming for your... like Iâ'm working on British,
Keep it from speaking shut them out bitches
Itâ's like that ten shots at the crib for blood...
Bet they coming right back, right

You can get murda murda murda x 8
Youâ'll grab and you can try, you can die motherf*cker
Got the shit, youâ'll grab and you can try, you can die
motherf*cker

Letâ's go, you got it,
Gun shuts wake me up from my life slumber,
Another murder when I see I open my shutter
We from the gutter no bread and butter just let em
water
Even though you bite a bullet or you could die for the
hunger
The sunâ's getting lower, them corners getting darker,
Guns gettin loaded just Lord, sons and daughters
Itâ's time to get smarter, itâ's time is getting harder,
Every second the unemployment line Iâ'm getting
longer,
Baby quiet the mama shit on... what you do,
I know you is tragic but in the project you is nothing new
I know youâ're kicking it, but... the news
Roll up the cigar, cup full of coding and the rubble
band...
Pistol in my other hand
Kill the cup itâ's the real estate, real estate
Most expensive real estate bands with the dinner
plates,

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