

## Pras "Murder Dem"

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Hey, yeah, aight  
Just count me in, up in here, aight?  
Yeah, uh, uh, uh

First and foremost, let's distinguish the boys from the  
men  
The start to a end, a foe from a friend  
Who next of kin, when I bust this iron across yo' chin,  
nigga?  
Let me extend payments, due on your arrangements

Turn on the news, nigga, listen to the latest  
development  
Extra, extra, read all about it, master Pras, always 'bout  
it, 'bout it  
Bring tears to your fears when I shout it, shout it  
Made Thomas believe, though he doubt it, doubt it

Yeah, what's all the fussin' and bickerin' for?  
Yeah, few shots up your ass, hear from you no more  
For sure, you belong with an M-16  
Stand in front of the door that you just can't ignore

Go figure, hit the floor, nigga  
Random shots, run for your life, nigga  
This goes for my niggas who gets no bigger  
Sweat on your forehead, let's see who pull quicker

Murder dem, murder dem  
In a competition, me go, murder dem  
Wha', what? Follow dem, follow dem  
In this situation, me no follow dem

When me gone, all pussy haffi run  
When me gun, all cowards haffi run  
When me gun, no man haffi come  
'Cause we murder dem, murder dem

I'm livin' on danger's ground, where the danger's mine  
Hold firm, stand strong, 'bout to blow like land mine  
Never mind, draw, reach for yours, I'ma go for mine  
Leave you paralyzed with a broken spine

They seize and they shrine in the line of fire  
Retreat, recline from all firearm  
Ring the alarm, bring the bomb squad, word to God  
Got your number, nigga, watch, I'll pull your cord

Pardon me, sincerely yours  
Down by law, out to settle the scores  
Haters shoutin', "No, he can't be no more"  
Parasite, leachin' down, rottin' to the core

Cash rule, jewels cool, drown in my whirlpool  
'Scuse my rudeness, rude boy from Providence  
These fists of fear remain to be fearless  
Move like flyin' faders full automation  
Pumpin' carbon monoxide through your blood  
circulation

Separate these facts like segregation  
Trial and tribulation, high expectation  
The brigade shut off, backs seen me run off  
Cagein' with Nicholas, it's a 'Face Off'  
What? Yeah, ha, um

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In case you didn't know, it's the P R A S  
Got strategies like playing chess  
Penetrate through your flesh, yes, hit me with your best  
Got issues to address, nonetheless

Checkmate, only makin' moves with my playmate  
Prakazrel is Pras when it's abbreviate  
My puncture is accurate, nigga, you dead weight  
Dislocate every bone in your body

Then sit back and evaluate  
Every mental thought process is isolate  
Perception is clear, with my steel, I should demonstrate  
You were last seen gettin' head from a drag queen

Come clean, nigga, what with an eighteen  
The supreme dream team, cash rule and cream

While your body lies up in the neon brim  
What? Yeah, wha', what, wha', what? Ha

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Uh huh, uh huh  
Refugee camp, all stars  
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh  
Yeah, yeah

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