

Bizzy Bone f/ Capo Confucious, Josiah, Prince Rasu

"Murdah"

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[Intro: Bizzy Bone]

Murder is out of control

Murder just let it blow

Murder is out of control

Word up if you done bucked a motherfucker down for
taken ya dough

Nigga, murder is out of control (control, control)

Murder just let it blow (it blow, it blow)

[Bizzy Bone]

Though this liquor, probably killin my liver the villian is
still in effect

And I buck this motherfucker down, live and direct

Hey, what I'ma chastise my momma, demand the
respect?

Or get up and strategize, bitches cryin like they never
wept

Slept in the gutter with no tec, I'm still in the dungeon

Bitch I never left, pass that sticky-icky ganja

+Creep on Ah Come Up+, I +Crept and I Came+,
respect the dead game

Remember to let yo' nuts hang often, matter of fact

I'ma do mine all day

I don't sniff, coke; I like to make money

Put the fiends in the room, who's hungry?

Cut from the cloth they cut me, black Cherokee, Indians
based in Cleveland

Thuggin and thievin 'til I'm the last one breathin

Only one believin is that 7th Sign saga, fresh and
remodeled

Plush like Ramada now, holy like Ramadan, a momma's
smile

Capo my nigga what, nigga execution always

My guns is Crip'n Cuz, P.B.D. posse

Honorable Rasu, Nina Ross, and Skails

Rhythm and Ghetto, Ras' fire, 7th Sign murda 'em all

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah..

And like little Capo Confucious say, "Nigga I'll kill for
you"

[Chorus: Bizzy Bone]

Murder is out of control
Murder just let it blow (it blow)
Word up if you done bucked a motherfucker down
for taken ya dough... nigga
Murder is out of control (control, control)
Murder just let it blow (it blow, it blow)
Word up if you done bucked a motherfucker down
for taken ya dough (for takin ya dough)
Nigga, murder is out of control

[Prince Rasu]

Be careful as fuck baby, take precaution fo' sho'
They say that nigga Gotti quiet, better fire off a Calico
Bastard, the animal, my guradians was avenues
My Lord be my shepherd, but my swarms for collateral
Who can I trust? Where can I turn? When will it all end?
I'm suited up in Timberland boots, regime marchin
God damnit I'm a grown man, time to take my own
stand
Fuck the federations, my heart is racin like romance
Pumpin the anger built up from years of stress
Killers and haters surround me daily, no fears of death
I hear the breaths of angels and demons, fightin over
my soul Lord
Just give me the path through this bloodbath, and it's
on Lord
Roll all, haters out my zone when it's goin down
Ride with the 7th Sign, violate we gon' clown
Four pounds be safe in the streets of the showdown
Love to Gambino, you the chief dawg, it's our town, yo'
town

[Chorus]

[Josiah]

Cock back and blast, knockin sparks up out they ass
Makin marks come off that cast, nigga you know what it
is
Think I'm serious, than a heart attack
Missles aimed straight at where the fuck your heart is
at
Fixin it, or get hit, how hard is that
to comprehend, I'm tryin to be gone before them
soldiers, come marchin in
You blue suit wearin faggets with badges'll get the flux
I don't give a fuck who you are we can send this
motherfucker up
Crucifixion come quickly, come and get me Mister
Reaper
I ain't scared to die, I'm all like more than willin
The more the real the more they feel it, so I'ma stay

real
until my heart stop, my reflection with hoes
The essence of the hard-knock life, I am the light
And if you miss us and misses have never heard of
murder
Then you don't know of pain, my veins bleed the same
blood
of the muh'fuckers who murdered my momma so I'm a
natural born killa
Than I, there was no cap peelers

[Chorus]

[Capo Confucious]
Me and my Compton's monster mashin mobsters
analyzin, we done plottin
Plans in progress, rap game held hostage, ransom
trillion dollars
Low tolerance, suspect armed and dangerous, violent
and deceive
the industry, stick up kingpin, Capo Regime
Bend on yo' knees, duck tape and tied down, follow my
lead
or everyone shot bleed, squeeze round after round
Empty shells hit hostile ground, told you we ain't fuckin
around
Strictly about our business on some gangsta shit, no
bank account
Money talks, greedy hogs walk the plank, negotiatin
our way
or forget the deal, your record label's sorry
Bunch of phony-ass superstars carbon copied,
indistigushed, no identity
Raise up off these N-U-T's, cocksuckin nigga please
We ain't dealin with no Jerry Hellers - hell no
Call us the money makers, pullin capers, baby momma
need that paper
Get up off yo' ass, can't be no couch potato
Only gets greater later, better believe in playa haters,
see

[Chorus]

[Bizzy Bone]
Murder is out of control...

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