

Da Brat F/ Ja Rule

"Murder, Murder, Kill, Kill"

Visit "[Murder, Murder, Kill, Kill](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

4x: Mmm Mmmmmmm

[Mac]

Soldier rag on my eye, soldier fit on my frame
I scream, "Whoa" when I come through makin that
MAC-11 sang
If I'm dyin bad, don't tell my folks, I wasn't no joke
when I blasted
Wrap me up in camoflaug, and put that tank on my
casket
That nigga was hip hop, that nigga was gangsta
That nigga was tall, that nigga was slim
That nigga was shell shocked, you wouldn't want fuck
with him
I hung with killas, I hung with soldiers, I hung with Gs
I hung with thugs, I hung with them niggas who
probably wanted to murder
me
Fuckas, I cross my heart and pull the trigger
Dear God if I die, let me see the eyes of my killa, so I
can haunt that
nigga
Poppa shot me through the rubber
He knew that I would be a young bad muthafucka
When I

Chorus (2x): Murder, murder (murder, murder)
Kill, kill (kill, kill)
Shit's real (shit's real)
On the battlefield (on the battlefield)

[Mystikal]

I said I'm sick and tired of tellin you niggas I'm not that
nigga to
play with
They thinkin that they can tell me whatever they want
and I ain't gon
say shit
I guess I'm supposed to be lettin you call me bitches
and hoes to my
face

Just look at ya, let ya fuck over me, ignore ya, then go
by my way
Cut it out, stop that, unless ya got that feelin
However, wherever, whenever ya ready, I'm that nigga
You said, "Fuck No Limit" then the next thing you heard
was (*@\$#%)
"Ow!"
That was me whippin the fuck out that bitch in the ?
Waffle House?
Look at you now, I'm warnin you nigga wherever you
fuck up right there
I'm shuttin you down, I'm tellin you if we don't know you
don't come
round that Tank
Or No Limit gon clown, I fuck over yo ass balls as big as
Godzilla
Here lizard, lizard, lizard, I'm comin to get ya
When I catch ya, you can betcha, blood gon spill
Murder, murder, murder, kill, kill, kill

Chorus 2x

[Mac]

I was born a soldier, mama will tell ya I never was fake,
I was real
I'm camouflaged and never die, it been that way since I
was I'il
Murder, murder, murder, murder, kill, kill, it's real
You cross me wrong, don't think I forgot ya, just waitin
on you to chill
You started beef with the Assassin, when you see me
you gotta be blastin
Ain't no love for the other side, cause I get all up in the
ass and
Operation uptown, ghetto niggas shell shocked
Camouflaged down, soldier rebound, straight off the
block
What?

Visit [Da Brat F/ Ja Rule](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.