

## **DJ Clue F/ Murda Inc. % MurdaChild**

### **"Let the Hammer Go"**

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#### [Verse 1]

Energized and crunk for those who testing my path of  
destruction  
Gas will be rubbing haters die from spontaneous  
combustion  
Conceive a procedure for niggaz to bleed from the  
busting  
Putting heads on platters slip the heat wit 3 G's and we  
bushing  
Triple X-rated tramps I gotta show reefer for fucking  
lead them to sucking with my intimate ego seduction  
my habitat Atlanta tracks, the seed of corruption  
constantly playing and engaging in meaningless  
fucking  
fatal intentions breaking niggaz jaws and facial  
tendons  
ballistic verbal and controversial like racial lengents  
scandalous traders get erased by a vandalis playa  
trample a fakeuh with more game then Los Angeles  
Raiders  
I puff an L and get high as hell from the cannabis  
vapors  
you can try your crime a million times it wont manage  
to fade us  
a drout is coming so I'm hustling frantic for paper  
superior dope and caliber smoke is what vanish  
invaders

#### [Chorus]

For you faggots in the place we gonna bring it to your  
door  
when the match is in your face you be clinging to your  
ho  
but if the gat is on my waste I'm gonna peel your  
fucking fro  
tell me how the barrel taste when I let the hammer go

#### [Verse 2]

See the game is cold the strangers bold to make my  
temperature frigidier  
Ain't no hide away you can die today my torture

distributors  
and I might resort to violence if my money is miniature  
cause of after integers over took by a sinister  
attitude smooth but my thoughts are actually brutal  
ass kicking for cash missions yo status be crucial  
fast thinking on 20's they glisten the matic is useful  
when the war is in session its doing bastard removal  
You claim you ironman ryu starter.. punk I know some  
worlds harder  
hot as fire and gas leave more casualties than Pearl  
Harbor  
can resort to that everyday I burn a quarter sack when I  
scorch a track  
backs I shatter like a torture rack  
mommies cry for what's dramatized and get  
murderous  
mummified after homicide he's preservative  
why I live according to the God because I'm merciless  
walk up to Miami case you bytches wanna burn with us

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Ever since eleven I pursue it researching for knowledge  
when I'm clueless  
Innervision my flicker my shit will blow up like lighter  
fluid  
Pussies getting battered morning after my presence  
scattered  
Got no time for slitting climbing up the entire ladder  
My telekinesis crumble compared to this to pieces  
Haters turn to pieces deleted when called by my Jesus  
Satan got defeated when hell get it  
I believe that soldiers who retreated got beheaded not  
quadriplegic  
Devouring souls in blunts we keep the booter roll  
Doing shows selling out coliseums like super bowls  
My click smoking on toxins and die bitch  
Forced to kill a doc keep my holiness that's my sidekick  
Shit get very hot my scary plot to bury cops  
Pigs go to smoking big reefer while in the Mariot  
Since I'm rock solid my glock cock it the blocks logic  
Feds infiltrate it watch I cream their ass like hot  
chocolate

[Chorus]

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