

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

### **"That'll Work"**

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#### [Verse 1]

Your house of representatives, I lay down when  
clashing  
Pulverizing player haters, this is my passion  
Chopping competition like a lawn-mower when  
thrashing  
My weapons laying niggaz flat like OD's of aspirin  
Murder bitches in the bed, strapped up with magnum  
Semen is the weapon and I cock, aim, and blast them  
After pussy pleasure, like a zip-lock, I trash them  
Dispose of my affection when another nigga stab them  
Down for the cause, seeing "Triple Bitches" fall  
Headbussaz getting mauled, who the fuck you gonna  
call  
No apologies, can't demolish me, this atrocity  
Predicted by Nostradamous, and classical astrology  
Devils go to hell, murdered dead in ATL  
I'm the prick you built your church on, no way you will  
prevail  
The beam from the tone, guillotine, niggaz' domes  
Should've calculated game, no running when it's on

#### [Chorus]

You boys wanna get it on, that'll work  
It ain't no love being shown, that'll work  
Cause we'll jack you for your stones that you worth  
And when we get to cracking domes, that'll work  
Lemme hit that weed, that'll work  
Nigga hit that drank, that'll work  
Nigga move them seeds, that'll work  
Take them out that dank, that'll work  
Come ride with me, that'll work  
High-side with me, that'll work  
Get high with me, that'll work  
Smoke tai with me, that'll work

#### [Verse 2]

Another bitch I murder, blow away, Lord Sniff-a-Mous  
That moving script-Montana bitch was never dangerous  
Niggaz get fedi, and I'm ready, with machetes  
Pull a drive-by, and ball off, like Mario Andretti (Brr-uck-

em)

You diss on radio, I come with street polluted tactics  
An automatic, hot as acid, when I pull and blast it  
Your static left you dead, where you stand, fuck a  
casket  
A casualty nigga relaxing on his air-mattress  
You hataz slower, know a Tech war is my profession  
Do quiet niggaz do more damage, when they bring  
aggression  
I stayed in silency and thuggery, and learned a lesson  
My smiff-n-wessen run the show, in streets of  
Armageddon  
Another crazy bitch is braver, dingy shit is smelling  
And Over-6 bitches, I split it over 50 melons  
After the heat, my enemies repeat to be deceased  
How could you bitches be elite, your strip in rip in  
pieces

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

A little static ain't a problem  
Animalistic like a savage, when I rob them  
Wretches get blown out they shoes, and we grown men  
Millimeter chrome is the tool in the lion's den  
I slayed in pieces, check this man, I'm glad as fuck  
I'm gone, whack rappers on Posse songs  
Fucking up my shine, trying to let the truth be known  
Everybody left the 6, and now they sick  
The click that I'm with is the shit, and we gone murder  
you (ha ha)  
I done showed hella love, I done earned a million dubs  
I done blasted at your enemies and left them in the  
mud  
But you tried to cut my throat, pulling out stuff to keep  
from broke  
Bitches tried to keep my royalties, to build and share  
coke  
You the nigga in the thong, that you mentioned in the  
song  
Talking in 3rd person about yourself, you got it wrong  
Ain't no refuge, niggaz cracking up like test-tubes  
For the next move, Juicy J'll get his flesh blew

[Chorus]

[T-Rock]

Huh, you motherfuckers must've not knew who you was  
messing with or something?  
I guess they though T-Rock was gonna fall like a bitch  
But guess what nigga you ain't never fucked with a

nigga like me  
And when you fuck with me, I'm at you

[T-Rock imitating DJ Paul]  
T-Rock man, what the fuck man, uh..  
Damn man, my little bitty arm and shit

[T-Rock]  
Yea I know why that motherfucker so small  
cause you've been sticking that motherfucker up Juicy J  
ass  
You bunch of gay motherfuckers  
Fuck Three Six nigga, you can't fuck with A-Town  
Thoroughbred, College Park, Area 51 Terrorists nigga  
This is TBK on mine, Triple Bitch Killa  
So fuck a small arm ass nigga like you  
And fuck that gay ass nigga Juicy J  
You the bitchiest nigga out the motherfuckers  
You weak ass bastards  
Fuck you nigga, go suck somebody else's dick  
Cause I ain't with that shit

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