

Dr. Dre F/ Knoc-turn'al, Hittman

"Call Me A Murdera"

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Call me a murderer
Motherfucking killa
High off that bong
Kill Cali thrilla
Though you can't kill a g
Let alone see a g
Killin' motherfuckers in the first degree
Always down to jack cause I'm down for mine
Tryin' to make my bail
Cause I'm Hard On Da Grind
Fool it's that shit that's on hit
Makin' suckas sick
Playa hata wanna trip
Then I gotta get my glock
Watch these suckas flocke
Watch these suckas flocke
Stay off my jock
If I catch a fool who's out to get me
Off with the head
Like a chicken with no wings
Cook his ass up
Feed him to my kid
Cause I'm sick
With the shit I spit bitch man
I can't fade silly bustas I hate
Take him to my dungeon
Decide their fate
Wait 24, the next night I go
Back to the place
Where the lost souls come
Get up real close
Look at our eyes
See fear of another
Waiting to die
I still don't give a fuck about death
Killin' fools just for fun
Until I breathe my last breath

Darkness lurks through my mind
It's hard to find a light
I'm a killa so I can't be kind

Frite night every night
For a sucka punk motherfucker
Kill him slow
Like a rock to a clucker
Bustas recognize look me in the eye
And see death
Step into my game without a ref
I bless you with the dose to your tongue
Make you see visions of death
People hung
I come from the dungeons of doja
Put a stick of dinamite in your mouth
And explode ya
I should be dead
Talkin' is crazy
But there hasn't been a sucka yet to fade me
Maybe I'll return
Resurrect myself
Come back and take away his health and his wealth
Causes found they drama
Give his ass trama
Let them playa hatas know that I'm a
Crazy lunatic that's back from the grave
Take him to my dungeons
Make em all my slaves
I don't have no love
My mind is full of hate
When I know I'm goin
Murder damn I can't wait
But I keep calm to do my job right
I know in my mind some suckers die tonight
I might let me live
Let him live in fear
But I never let it go pass the fucking year

People come to me, ask me if I'm sick
Yes I'm crazier than (??)
Bustas don't you trip
Bustas I know you hear me so eat dicks up
If I catch you slippin' fools I'm choppin' your fuckin' (??)
up
Then I rat-tat-tat-tat on that ass
Will I have to blast, If I got you bare handed
Breakin' aint thinkin' it hard test
And if you get away, that doesn't mean shit
Cause I'll catch ya, stick my hand in your (?)
And laugh at cha

(??) with the shit man
I kinda hate myself, cause I'm a crazy lunatic
Rippin' up bodies (yeah)

Kill them like molly
Down to get naughty when I'm drinkin' a (?)
It's gonna be a murder at midnight
Plus I got mint, tow up, go on the act right
Motherfucker....gone

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