

J-Murda

"Make dem birdz say eddie-g featuring killa-kc"

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[Chorus:Eddie-G]

My words are weapons

I use 'em to kill whoever's steppin to me

My words are like weaponry on a record

My words are weapons

I use 'em to crush my opponents

These words are weapons

I never did show no emotion

My words are weapons

I use 'em to kill whoever's steppin to me

My words are like weaponry on a record

[Killa-Kc]

Yo, the rage I release on a page

is like a demon unleashed in a cage

Lunatic, soon as I hit the stage

My mind is like a fuckin stick of dynamite

Once I get behind the mic

it's like the wick is lit - you bitches die tonight

My nine is like a guidin light at night shinin bright

My fuckin grip is tighter than my wife's vagina, psych

These cock-suckin cops got my Smith-N-Wesson

I guess it's time to pick a different weapon, man this
shit's depressin

But Swift is getting me a new one for a Christmas
present

(Swift: "Come on Slim, let's go and teach this fuckin
bitch a lesson")

They managed to confiscate the pistol that I brandish

But my plan is to use this bullshit to my advantage

Shady stay creative baby hold your head up, don't you
let up

one bit on these motherfuckin suckers you're a soldier

+GET UP+

STAND UP FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN, LONG AS YOU
BREATHIN

THEY JEALOUS OF YOU MAN THAT'S THE ONLY REASON
THEY BEEFIN!

[Chorus]

[Eddie-G]

It's that Dirty Dozen renegade
You done pulled the pin out my grenade
.38's'll move your shit up out the way
You niggas wont forget about McVeigh; you got
somethin to say?
Let it out today or watch these bullets spray
from these ten black fingers huggin these deadly
millimeters
that'll make Jeff Dahmer's look like he caught a
misdemeanor
See I'm +Dirty+, so I ain't gotta buy a pistol cleaner
An official beater, don't let me see you with yo' heater
You gets whipped with it, tell them motherfuckers Swift
did it
You packin somethin special in your crib then bitch get
it
I'm physically fitted to run yo' digits, I'm hostile (uh-
huh)
with this Roscoe pointed up your nostrils
You get splitted and guess what, I'm blowin up the
hospital
and wouldn't give a fuck if you a cop or a hoe
I'm Hannibal Lector, the spinal cord disconnecter
Findin whores to lock 'em up in motels to inject 'em

[Chorus]

[Killa-Kc]

I'm eatin crews like I'm Hannibal
There's no way I can be the gay rapper
(Eminem: Why not?) I only fuck animals (Oh! Ha-ha)
Stupid trick got my dick startin to itch
Went to my mother's grave site, called her a stupid
bitch
One on one in this bloodsport
I'm in divorce court, sold my bitch off a pack of
Newports
(Your honor!) Six times I been arrested; how would you
feel
if you was a Jehovah witness that always got molested?
(It happens) I'm smokin dank drinkin drank
I can't have any kids cause I'm fuckin shootin blanks!
Don't you know Bizarre don't give a fuck?!
Nicole's a whore - I'm glad O.J. murdered the slut (uhh!)
Responsibility - I'm negligent
Bill Clinton's a fag, should be stabbed
Let Richard Simmons be the President (ohh HEYY!!)
Call me a weirdo, call me Bi-zirre
while I stick it up yo' ass while you shittin diarrhea

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