

Eric Benet F/ Faith Evans

"Murder Onze"

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Intro: Cheek Del Vec

Uhh (what?)

Trife & Larceny in the fuckin house (uhh)

My nigga Klep in the fuckin house (Kleptomaniac)

and me (uhh, uhh), Cheek Del Vec (Del Vec, aight)

Aight!

(One love) Uhh, check it

(Snake-killin ass niggas, JM one love)

Verse 1: Del Vec, Kleptomaniac

Del Vec, little niggas pushing Landcruiser jeeps

gettin blunted all day, every day of the week

Nights in Maxima's and Acura's

Got bitches drivin 929 Mazda's, Tammy and Rhonda

Drivin rope down south in the Honda

I'm behind her in the Pathfinder

gettin blunted, my nigga need all, the XL 600

ridin smoothly playin low-key, watch my bitch

with the brick in the Civic sellin mad weight

Outta state and shit, I can't wait til this record shit is
straight

So we can recuperate, get the dough and I'm gone

Motherfuckers fear me, I blow up spots like Ed Leary

Violent pro's even with guns like Sharon Stone

Mack ass nigga strikes again, chalk my win

Kleptomaniac attracts CREAM stacks from eight pens

And sticky hands wit crazy glue like finger tips shoplift

Or pass crews on mountain bikes bustin four-fifths

Diamond Vagettes, Rolex for the bitch, flex

and maxin de Moet, signin my signature on cheques

Crime motherfuckin pays when you know what you're
doin

and gettin loops since niggas was rockin Hawaiian
suits

What? Don't shoot *gun shot* leave ya family upset

Tight the trip DT's, chasin down robbery suspect

Chorus: Larceny

Murder Onez to get the Fonz and fast to die young
JM motherfucker, go get your guns
Murder Onez to get the Fonz and fast to die young
JM motherfucker, go get your guns
repeat

Verse 2: Trife, Larceny

Gettin richer cos I move coke and bust quicker
Bitches get richer, jealous niggas wanna hit'cha
Stashin my guns to protect my ones
I see the cash flow, torch it I blast, you know how it go
In the 5-double 0 SL
puffin L's lit while Larce loadin shells in the clip

Snakes-murder men formin plots
Lickin shots outta drop tops and it don't stop
us from gettin the Luchicreno
My clique tight like gambino's stickin casinos
Bussin down kilos, me and Trife for life
JM shorty's on the run
Cocksucker go get your guns

Chorus x 1/2

Verse 3: Klep, Del Vec, Trife

I smoke so much weed, I know my lungs is fucked up
Stick guns I get'cha, spit sperm when I cum
Party done, use to hustle bubble
with concealed capsules under my tongue til my mouth
got numb
Now I watch my back like spighty sense was tinglin
Minglin in clubs with Jm puffin on mo' teams
Don't oppose me, shit ain't rosy
Murderin-lyrical gangsta like Ini Kamoze

Del Vec project was set down south with two Tek
I murdered that, we got mad respect
Sheisty niggas and vicars puffin 20's and 50's on the
block
I got shit on lock in Little Rock
My bitch got knocked, she sold to a undercover cop
went to jail, put the Benz up for bail
Now I'm fucked up in the cut
I got to move to a diff'rent state to make some quick
bucks

As I look around me, dead bodies surround me
Part of drug dealin-killin millions to make millions
Sittin on top, tote Glock

smokin pounds and phillies by the box, gettin head on
the yacht
Presidential rollin, watch hos clock me wit tha 420
Bodyin motherfuckers for this money

Chorus x2

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