

Free Murda

"F.R.E.E. Murda"

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[Intro: Free Murda]

Yeah, yeah, uh-huh
Fort Greene, Brooklyn, Bedstuy
F.R. Double E, Murda
Yeah.. Murda, check it...

[Free Murda]

Check it, as I, step in the club
Coming to the stage like little Jay Jay
All my broads is nuts, like Payday
And when the song's up, they gots to pay me
The God's up, if you try to play me
You tighter than Von Dutch, now it's up to the AK
Shorty your God, in ya lap, you can go with him
Get 45 in ya Ac', like a cold Philly
Money, don't get it, honeys gold digging
Ain't try'nna look funny, pushing an old Civic
Bummy with no kid-icks, rather rob something
Then to be up early, going job hunting
Niggas act girly, want us be they broads fucking
Hair all curly, like the star functions
Is that yours? For surely, watch her start sucking
Drunk off them Bailey's, ready to start something

[Chrous: Free Murda]

F.R. Double E, Murda
F.R.E, Murda
Yea, that's me, word up
I know you hear that beat in the club
That R, Double E, Murda
F.R.E., Murda
Yea, that's me, word up
I know you hear that heat in the club

[Free Murda]

Niggas need to cut it out, like Peter try to diesel
Same niggas down town tryin' on diesel
Head nodding to my beat, like he high off diesel
Slobbering down freaks, that combine when they need to
Tied the bitch, and put that in diesel
That be ruder, little make-up, don't make you no cuter

When I move, you move, like Luda
Try'nna get bruised up, in the club, off my buddha
So get out your way, shit, I don't pay
Feel the cushion, especially around the way
No cake mix, balling and no palm
Forming like Voltron, you know that's so wrong
See them tattoo's on my forearm, see, ya'll gon' do
what?
Put ya all in white sheets like the Ku Klux
Ya'll ain't even see how I grouped up
With ShaCriszy, Terra Tory, E-Money, ride with me

[Chorus]

[Free Murda]

Soon as, I, step up out this spizzle
Hand on my nickel, raise a hand and I hit you
F.R.E., damn he the issue
Why he gon' die from the pistol tonight?
Cuz you know, niggas always try to give you a fight
And nobody's Lennox Lewis
My man's is shooters, ride around, shot ya Benz with
Rubix
Ready to clap ya friend in his medula
Don't give the 411, like Grand Puba
Give it right there to you, loud as a band with a tuba
I'm tryin' to see, half a man in Aruba
Laid back, catching sun tans by the coolers
And get back rubs, but I ain't fucking with white chicks
Like the Wayan, all day with the black gloves
Roll me a fat dub, of that kush
While ya'll bitches bush bush

[Chorus]

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