

Free Murda

"Make You Scream"

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[Intro: Free Murda]

Yeah.. Free Murda, Brooklyn
Uh-huh, what, check-two
Uh-huh, mic check, three
Uh-huh, check four, uh-huh

[Free Murda]

Dude like phony in the rear
Dude, put zoconi in his ear, stogey and a beer
Looking all loney on the stairs
How long he said, only for a year, pony for a pair
Of sneakers, millimeter left homey in a stare
Lick forty in the air, for your whoodies in the chair
Blocka, for niggas getting fed all proper
And I got shit locked like dreds on a rasta
Get your shit rocked, like hands on my pasta
Soon, I'm the dude, leave you dead for the doctors
Put them tools in you, in the bed, singing opera
Put the ooze in you, for that bread and your locker

[Chorus: Free Murda]

He don't wanna beef no more
He ain't with his peeps no more
He ain't with his heat no more
Wonder why, he ain't in the street no more
It'll make you scream...
You know that thing, make a nigga scream...
You know that thing, make a nigga scream...
You know them things, make a nigga scream...

[Free Murda]

Free put niggas straight out they misery, ape to your
memory
Behind a yellow tape is where ya'll men'll be
Watch niggas shake like bitches titties be, watch 'em
lose
Weight like Ricki Lake, from like ten of these
You tryin' to rule, you don't wanna do that there
I ain't try'nna lose like Tyson when he chewed that ear
Niggas fighting, but I'm shooting to tears, drip down
Cheeks, get down, beef, see the fifth round, me?

I ain't joking, I'm just hoping, you don't send a threat
Nigga I'm toting, leave ya'll smoking like a cigarette
It ain't a nigga yet, prove that I'm chump
Any nigga bet, I'm hype, when I'm shooting that pump
Get slumped, try'nna get it crunk, like Lil' Jon
You get bucked out the rental car
You can stand and stare like you want beef
We can do this fair and square like front teeth

[Chorus]

[Free Murda]

Son played tough, that's how he had to get sniped
I knew 'son day'll' come like it was Saturday night
What goes around, comes around, so what you do
when you get back
I'mma be around, til I'm suited in jet black
Hit rounds, til the ruger set back
I'm aiming for ya crown, little shooters respect that
Came to get it on, once that four's wrong
Respect when your gun hot, but test it when it's warm
Bang at your bird ass vest, to get it on
Bang til your son at rep, move, then it's on
Guess whose out here supplying the reefer
And the only nine's he got is the size of sneakers
I got cannons, the size of your speakers
Look at shorty show his back, cuz school ties from the
teacher
Stop lying preacher, saying everything gon' be OK,
must be high and lit up

[Chorus]

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