

## Free Murda

### "Yeah!!!"

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[Intro: Free Murda]

Check, one-two, ya'll  
Yeah, Fort Green, uh-huh, check  
RZA Rah, beat, uh-huh  
Rest In Peace Dirt McGirt, yea  
Uh-huh, Wu... yeah... turn my mic up  
Brooklyn, stand up, yeah, check

[Free Murda]

Nigga apoligizing when I creep through lanes  
Paralyzing, have 'em numbing in some lethal 'caine  
Leave holes the size of P clothes, man, in your pete  
coat lane  
In the streets, they call me 'free cocaine'  
Niggas say he got the magnum, never see those things  
Niggas say he got platinum, only see gold chains  
Clapping in between those frames, nerve ass nigga  
Throw 'em right under the wing, bird ass nigga  
Only time you get dap, is when you mob deep  
Only time ya'll niggas is strapped, is to the car seat  
Pap-pap, through the back, go through ya heart beat  
Now you niggas gettin' toe-tagged, chalk on the  
concrete

[Chorus 2X: Free Murda]

Yeah, make you sit there, in that wheelchair  
My niggas don't care, please don't stare  
I know you won't dare, to do a thing like that  
Get that shit clear; yeah, nigga, yeah

[Free Murda]

Disrespect a stick-up, I melt they hair  
Have they head lit-up like the bottom of L.A. Gears  
You shouldn't get that Pele hair, your heart racing  
I could look at them, and tell they scared, they start  
shaking  
I could smell they fear, they arms stinking  
When they put they hand in the air, they palms facing  
Right towards me, with my heat like this  
Sideways to his head, make him leak like a piss  
Coming sideways, you dead, on your cheek you'll get

kissed

And that's cold, you can even bet ya heat on this  
Mami told me not to beat on chicks, now it's hard to  
touch these hoe ass niggas  
Without police in my biz

[Chorus 2X]

[Free Murda]

Niggas need to knock it off, 'fore I let the object off  
Right on the project courts, glock in a Roc valor  
Like a cork I pop it off, judge wanna see us in jail  
So they knocked Cochran off, point a finger, chop it off  
Even though I'm hot and all, still let the rocket off  
Whole team is soft, like a big bag of cotton balls  
I shoot accurate, shells speed racing for these faggots  
That's backwards, and don't know who they facing  
Keep getting slitted, make that hard face better  
When I give you more stitches than that Scarface  
leather  
My dick get kisses, cuz the God make cheddar  
Blow my shit like wishes, I want long face Heather

[Chorus 2X]

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