

Icewater f/ Hands

"Murda"

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[Intro: P.C.]

Ah shit...

Yo these niggaz done fucked up now, man

Icewater, Staten Island stand the fuck up!

Yo get on my back, I got y'all niggaz

Yo it's like... (let's get these niggaz, man)

Yo... I'ma explain one time for y'all niggaz, man

Y'all betta listen up closely, man (I'm tellin' y'all niggaz)

I ain't talkin' no more after this

I'm hittin' niggaz, man

Yo, it's like... it's like...

[P.C.]

Damn near everybody thuggin' now

I don't care who he is, I feel like he a threat then I'ma
gun him down

Guns make a thunder sound

And when I'm spittin' it off, homey it's over it ain't no
time for duckin' down

We could shoot a couple rounds, niggaz is soft

All these faggot-ass rap niggaz pissin' me off

On the road tongue-kissin' these whores

Probably one of the same groupies I had tongue-kissin'
my balls

And when shit start I'm usually the reason it started

Bring ya whole team, I give it to each of ya artists

Ask niggaz, P.C. is the hardest

I ain't livin' off of rap, you can catch P.C. on the corner

Late night, like three in the mornin'

Tryin' to get this cake right cuz I gotta feed me and my
daughter

I couldn't teach you about ballin'

but I could teach you how to chop it and bag it just put
in ya order!

[Polite]

Yo, what's beef? When real niggaz comin' for yo' ass

But you hidin' on the low, you owe them niggaz cash

Quick-fast, click click bloaw with ya bitch-ass

Niggaz start runnin', do the hundred yard didash

Beef, when you niggaz violate the code

And I must start to annihilate foes
Spic ass had fired then the wire may explode
You ain't live, you a fuckin' liar everybody knows
You ain't nothin' but a bird nigga flyin' with some crows
Beef when them shots start flyin' through ya clothes
Blood start leakin' out ya nose
Caught yo' ass sleepin' I suppose, got beef? Shouldn't
dose
Listen, don't bother kid
Flows is Henny, yours is like Arbor Mist
Nigga trust me, you don't want spar with this
Ice dot H2O, the hardest click

[Hook 2X: Polite (P.C.)]

I will murda (Don't make me murder you niggaz)
Any champion in here (I body any one of you niggaz)
Icewater don't come fi play (We ain't playin' with you)
Icewater gon' kill them right away (We'll kill you right
away)

[Hands]

All Hands on deck, nigga...
Big Hands, nigga... I got the mic...
Yo, comin' with that full court pressure on his crib
Fourty-five to his ribs
Hammers burst, straight feed him his jibs
Got machines dissectin' ya lids
Comin' through with them rigs with big spinners on 'em
spinnin' ya wigs
Aiyo, it's Hands, nigga, I am the truth
Designated batter, leave ya brain matter in the back of
the Coupe
Brute force war, show 'em the loot
Blood saturated suit when them things splurge all in ya
roof
Smash fixtures, cold-blooded killas paint them pictures
Inflictors, murder all them shooters off the rictors
Cast iron cannon shit is sickenin'
I even got them big Mausbergs cocked pointed at ya
vixens
And once again, I am the truth
Y'all niggaz wanna go to war? Then it's murder when I
step in the booth
Straight defecatin' on ya recruits
Then I come at ya boss and have ya source tossed out
of ya boots

[Stumik]

Who want it with Stumik? I put one in ya nugget
Y'all done fucked up and gave the wrong niggaz a
budget

The Water rules, you stunt and get caught for ya jewels
I'm that thief in ya kitchen takin' all of ya food
I've been nice with rhymes, got goons that'll slice ya
spine
And I leave niggaz toothless for bitin' mines
Yell out the stakes dog just for hidin' the cake
For my dogs firin' at jake on fire escapes
The best to spit, get vexed, hit ya chest with the fifth
You'll get found dead on the news left in the whip
And I ain't playin' with dudes, filetin' ya bitch
Cuz I was taught to squeeze 'til there's nothin' left in
the clip

[Hook 2X]

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