

Tony Yayo

"Murder"

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You ready cause I'm in the zone man
Gpg
H boy shit
2010

Yea
Drive by with heckler jump out, dump 3
I get a bloodrush adrenaline junkie
The sour hands got more color than punkie
Brooster my 2 bitch nigga eat a seed and oover
Canuver watch how you manuever
Anybody in the streets I'll try to shoot ya
I said I'm layin in your house in all black behind tints
Tryin to stretch you out on your lawn ornaments
Till dusk till dawn, when beef is on
No rules white sheets your moms

Nigga
What is it
Nothing but
Yea gpg nigga
Ha ha ha ha

King of new york, nah I'm the sidekick
Jimmy jumped with that fucking fat head on the hydrant
Now take these fucking flowers for you witnesses
Mo money, mo power, more priveleges
Baby moms cryin, singing trey songz shit
Black roses we strap boulders
And why you even tryna scrap when the gats on us
I'm watching every nigga round my paramater
I got the shotgun shells in the dillinger
I put 1 to your eye I'll finish ya

You know what it is nigga
You been warned
Kick the door in
Lay you on the floor you know the routine
Murder

