

# Twista & The Speedknot Mobstaz "Motive 4 Murder"

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[Incomprehensible]

The stress of everyday living is slowly corrupting my  
soul

I'm two months out the joint on papers walking with  
three years parole

I did 4 and a half a slab and shit a nigga was dying  
I'm finally back in the world and it's hard but I'm still  
trying

Not to fall and risk my freedom again trying to ball  
While waiting for this pussy ass job to call and it ain't  
hopping

Got me tipping to hear them things popping, cash bags  
dropping

With plenty of cane for recapping opportunity knocking

It's what I'm on, I cry when I'm at home 'cause I'm alone  
Twenty-four years and grown with a future unknown  
My heart was torn from the pain of being back in the  
game

But I'd rather die getting my hustle on and live like a  
lane

So it's back to pistols and cane, plotting on licks hitting  
stains

The mob life runs through my veins, it's too late for me  
to change

These streets got me deranged, strapped up and  
paranoid

Ready to add on situations I can and can't avoid

Plus big voices getting hot, they constantly sneaking on  
blocks

They trying to bring me in unconscious but them pins  
got popped

Now they got me on the run cherishing every last  
breath

But I ain't going back its freedom or death that be my  
motive for murder

Now I know you the judge of life and death, I ain't evil

or nothing  
But somebody done brought me pain and sorrow  
So I'ma have to kill something  
Let me count the ways that I can repent trying to stay  
holy and focused  
But that evil in his eyes let me know that nigga too  
bogus  
That be my motive for murder

I'ma survive these streets another day  
I know the pain in my heart won't go away  
These mother fuckers try to murder me  
And won't nobody hurt my family, that's what he gotta  
die

Nine times out of ten you can find Mays trying to hit a  
better lick  
If it ain't coming up with the dopest shit  
Then I'm trying to cop the thickest brick  
'Cause life in the belly of the best is equal to poverty's  
bottomless pit  
Where bitch niggas trick  
And thirsty mother fuckers beat you out of everything  
you get

But it seems like everybody's trying  
To make some type of come up quick  
Before it's too late to get straight and the most I make  
is final pick  
Anywhere they shit like riding slick with a thick chick  
slobbering your dick  
Even if it means fighting these niggas in cases  
As long as neither ones thick

'Cause I swear when I get hit I go in a crucial rage like a  
flick  
Turn straight lunatic making all these bitches niggas  
hear their final tick  
But that don't mean my minds sick  
Just 'cause I'm motivated by a lot of cheese  
When trees by the P's and fuckin' fine fee's and three's  
with ease

For sho' the skilled poets within in the mask up kill for it  
I'll whoop a fiend with a crushed grill, I'll bet his dumb  
ass'll still blow it  
Bullshit ain't nothing I'm trying to get this first mil in the  
bank  
And drive a bullet-proof hummer tank  
So the next haters who try to air me out come up blank

And I'ma have to sacrifice your life with a wrath  
That's stronger than Christ  
And forces of life that's know to do damage to human  
eyesight  
I guess it's true moneys the route of all evil 'cause  
crooked or legal  
It's all manipulated by the eagle and be my motive for  
murder

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Lord knows I was hurt from a judge from the start  
How I'ma hide love from this mark  
This nigga made my homie die in my arms had to put a  
slug in his heart  
Mother fuck that stuff it was just a grudge on his part  
My boy was young and ambitious took his dreams and  
wishes  
Try to do right but my attitude like blast them bitches

Drowning all my sorrows in bottles of yack and a  
quarter ounce  
Of dro want a rap I'm 'bout to snap here come the big  
pay back  
Looking up on the dresser for the black and gray strap  
I'm crying and shit, I was hurt so bad I felt I had to go  
kill him  
Even if a slug hit him  
I was still hurt enough to aim at myself and die with him

Can't control them pains now it's time to throw them  
thangs  
Visions of the stud don't stay  
Empty the clip of am out right ambulance come around  
By the time the hypes taking of his Nikes  
I know it sound cold but this bullet put a hole in my soul  
Never shorties years stole he was only 17 years old

And at the funeral I got to watch his mama's tears roll

And I know he used to wild sometimes  
Carry a nine but you took away your sunshine  
No more reminiscing on the fun times  
Ballin' and coming at bitches with blunt lines

But this nigga ain't going to want mine  
For the pain I'ma handle this funk and dismantle this  
junk  
Fuck all that in all black and then pumped  
To run up on this nigga tip up on him then jump

Mission to kill armed with a fist full of steel eyes gleam  
with the fury  
Never thought I'd be facing to two mothers  
In front of a prosecuting team and a jury, how did one  
murder turn into two  
Revenge had me shooting through hate, I couldn't stop  
In the mist of the action is when that little girl got shot  
All because of my motive for murder

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