

Murder

Eminem

Detroit, Motown

Hey guess what, they gave us the this year, and you know what happened?

[Chorus]

Robbin', shootin', killin', murder (murdaaaaa, murdaaaaa)

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[Bizarre]

Hennied up, ginnied up, ski mask, black truck

Dickey outfit, passenger side (pistol grip pump)

Fuck it I just did two lines, a chrome tech nine, it'll tear out niggaz spines

It's a party, go on in and have fun, 'cause after it's over

All you gon' hear is *gunshot* run nigga run nigga

Shootin', blastin', hittin' the floor

Ten-thousand in the safe, shit I'm 'bout to score

Cause I'm dangerous, off angel dust, shit I'll bust

Even the nigga that came with us

And this is for my nigga's that be robbin' and stealin'

Carjackin', murder one's, and fuckin' drug dealin'!

[Chorus]

[Kuniva]

I stumble in the club blowed up, nine millimeter cocked

Something's telling me to stop, fuck it I don't see the cops

Nigga's don't believe until they see it's out

Stupid motherfuckers want to take the scenic route, now the heater's out

Bitches scream like I pulled my penis out

Beggin' me to put that big motherfucker away, but the demon's out

Everybody on the floor, come out of that

Come out of them diamonds and you come out of that velor

The party is over, shut the fuck down, cut the music

Matter of fact turn it back up shit I could use it (ohhhhh)

I need the noise in case I have to let a couple off

Saw another icey chain, walked over and tugged it off

Give me that butter soft, and since you buyin' out the bar

You can buy my drinks for today and tomorrow

I'm out for the paper, my homie better hide the jewels

I'm in the game starvin', and I ain't playin' buy the rules nigga

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Sh-sh-sh-shaaaaady!