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I'm still Pimp C bitch so what the fuck is up?
I'm puttin' powder on the streets cause I got
Big fuckin' nut's comin' back from Louisiana
In a Fleetwood Lac ronted forty two, he gonna pop to seven hundred
Times sixty two, twenty four eight is what I do
So nigga fuck what 'cha do
If I told ya cocaine number's you think I was lyin'
Young ass nigga's twenty two talkin' bout they retirin'
In the game ain't a thang comin' forgien in benz
Rick ass home two apartment's where I entertain
Friends mo bounce to the ounce
Cause the bomb the shit, I done got me
Fifty ounces out of a bird in dis bitch
Tightin' up no slackin bitches checkin' my stock
Got some Birds I sell to niggas some I go rock for rock
Just got back from California kicked it with B-Legit
Put me down with purple chronic and that hurricane shit
At the studio with Tone, man I wish I could stay
I got to holla at Master P, cause we got money to make
Were big playa'z from the South stack gee'z man
Like Ball I got to stack big cheeze man
Bitch say he wanna show ya
You got nine grand I ain't rappin' shit
Till my money in my hand
South Texas mutherfucka that's where I stay
Gettin' money from yo bitches every
Got damn day
Big paper I'm foldin'
Hoes is on my mutherfuckin' jock
For all this dick I be holdin'
I hate clone man show it
Especially if a fool take our style and
Act like my nigga's don't know it
I kick it with the trill nigga's so you best's
Not trip if ya keep on talkin' shit
My nigga empty clips
Hoe azz nigga
Murder, Mur, Murder
Murder, Mur, Murder
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder
Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder
Well this Bun-B bitch and I'm the king
I'm movin' chickens got 'em finger lickin'
Stickin' nigga's dat be trippin'
You need a swift kickin' yo azz is right for the pickin'
Now as my pocket's thicken
I be thinkin' nigga's slippin' you sick
When I be clickin' now take a look at the
Bigger nigga Malt liquor swigger
Playa hata ditch digger figure
My hair trigger give a hot one in yo liver
You shiver shake and quiver
I'm frivoulous of a nigga you wetter den a river
For what it's worth it's the purpose some nigga's doin' dirt
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Fuck her first now take off her skirt Make the pussy hurt Mister Master Hit the Swisha faster then fever bilstar Blister bastard fuck her sister faster Peep the Elbows for sale yo Brother better have my mail hoe Before I catch a murder case and go to jail oh Hell no, time to bail hit the trail so We can sell mo fuckin' yayo get the scale No other bullet duckers can sove up Out of this game they better buck us Cause the clucker's they love us Make them class dick suckers Shake they jelly like smucker's I hit like nun-chuckers Cause Short Texas bring the ruckus This for my mufuckas Cookin' cheese to crooked geez Rockin' up quarter key's Just to get the hook with ease Wanna bee's get on yo knee's Feel the squeeze from them HK one three's From here to over sea's We do what we please Don't trip cause we flip Light up a dip I'm breakin' 'em off from they hip to yo lip Go ask that boy Skip That nigga Bun rip With one clip, soon as the gun slip Now I done ripped out my barrette Flyin' through yo pelle pelle and Some smelly red jelly is drippin' out of ya belly Servin' 'em up like a Deli jumped on my cellular telly Hoe sell it like it's goin' out of style You can't see me Marcus so have a Motherfuckin' Sweet and smile.

Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder Murder, Mur, Mur, Murder