

Murder Dance

Big Scarr

Heard they pulled up shootin', you had a gun and you still ran (Boy, you still ran)

Sweep a nigga block with the broom, get the dustpan (Get the dustpan)

Cuz got the BOAs, feelin' like he Money Man (Feelin' like he Money Man)

I was just on lower level tryna get some contraband (Get some contraband)

Had a freak cross your mans out for a couple grand (For a couple grand)

'Nother opp dead, celebrate, do the murder dance (Do my murder dance)

If he in the trap without a sack, he the door man (Got syrup comin' in)

Folks talkin' 'bout I need to switch it up (Ayy, Gbox, keep fuckin' that beat up)

You rap about too much street shit, too much gangster shit

Talkin' 'bout I need to get on some industry shit (Jugg on the beat, so you know that ho slamming)

Can't do even do that, the only thing I know is trap

Show a nigga how I'm comin', off the top

Uh, bitch, I'm straight from the bottom (The bottom)

Section 8 partners, came up out of poverty (Up out of poverty)

Now I'm gettin' head from an Instagram model (I'm runnin' through models)

I know they envy me, these niggas frenemies

Threw crosses on me when the road, it got darker (The road, it got darker)

Now I got racks in my pocket (Woah, woah)

Nigga make the wrong move, then them bodies start droppin' (Them bodies start droppin')

Back to back, hope you don't think I'm just talkin' (Woah, woah)

Double back, hop out on feet with the Diamondback

Pretty lil' bitch got her stomach snatched (Stomach snatched)

Can't rap 'bout the streets, boy, you know you ain't come from that (You ain't come from that)

Double-R Gang, but I never met Rodman (Never met Rodman)

Kept me a sack, never thought about robbery (Nope)

Now look at me now, well, I'm way from the ground

At the top, yeah, you know that I'm poppin' it (I'm poppin' shit)

Yeah, I got 'em mad, see the hate on they face

Know they pissed off, these niggas ain't stoppin' me (Nah)

No Kodak, bitch, I'm a young prodigy (Prodigy)

I know my mama and grandma, they proud of me

I leave the bitch 'fore she get an apology (On God)

I set the trend and these lil' niggas follow me (Yep)

I be outside, I think niggas be dodgin' me (Stop hidin')

She want relations, can't give her a part of me (Can't give her my time)

I'ma shoot first, no, I'm not with the arguing

(Fuck you think I got it for?)

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