

Murda Day

BIG30

Dum, dum, dum, dum
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm
(Red Dead, I'm so fuckin' bumpin', bro)
Blrrd
Blrrd

Really don't give no fuck if I go platinum or go gold (Give a fuck 'bout going gold)
Just don't take me from my family, take my freedom, or my stove (Please don't take me from my stove)
Ain't no nigga gave me shit, I took something from him, yeah, if I owed (If I woofed him, then he gone)
I had faith in my lil' nigga, he was woofing, but he froze (Take his Glock, he's dead and gone)
Got a bitch from Walker Homes, gon' suck you dry to slime you out
We need every key to every whip and the key to his house (Skrtrt, skrtrt)
Talk too much around BIG30, you get hit up in your mouth (Pew)
Got no love for no rats, it's strictly murder for the mouse (Murder)
Blrrd (Blrrd), blrrd (Blrrd, blrrd, blrrd), that's all I got to say (Blrrd)
Thirty shots in this Glock, twenty-six get hit up in the face
Lil One, he got locked in, he and Lil Goonie staying out the way (He tryna make them come outside)
'Cause they know where it's safe and they know BIG30 ain't come to play (Play with 30, he gon' die)
Pull up with them Dracs and hit up every house that's on your block (We gon' hit your block)
They know that it's smoke, so when he leave, they walk him to the car (Bet his ass is gon' get shot)
Bitch, I'm Murda 8, I keep 'em with me, Glock up in the box (Blrrd)
She know I'm a gangster, off the Henny, we fuck 'til tomorrow
She know I'm a killer, off the Perky, killed her from the back
Beast up in these streets, I'm on the block, stand up like I'm Shaq
I'm on all ten, I'm shooting first, it ain't no dumping back
We gon' get 'em gone, get 'em whacked, it ain't no coming back (Migo)

Big old F&N my preferences, smoking gas, that expensive shit (Gas)
Chilling with a basic bitch, hoes'll get you, they play you quick (Damn)
I-I-I can't trust a nigga or a bitch 'cause they'll slime you out (Slime)
Hit the club 'bout forty deep, the glizzy tucked, I'm firing rounds (Blrrd)
Chopper hanging 'round my neck, I tote that Drac' just like a purse (What?)
Fuck the doctor, red dot him, look at him now, he in a hearse
If you ain't never sold a pound, no, you cannot get you a verse (Nah)
If you ain't never sold a pound, no, you cannot get you a verse (Pound, ayy, yeah)
Money over bitches, you know that bag come before a ho (Cash, cash, cash)
I might just pull up, sell you a pound, and hit the studio (Skrtrt)
One foot in the game and one foot out, gon' rap or sell these bowls? (Phew)
That's a hard decision, chasing millions in my shell toes (Yoom)
Caught a flight to Cali' (Phew), Asian plug up in the valley (Valley)
Now I step in Bally, having money keep me balanced (Damn)
Used to sleep on pallets, now I'm getting paid for my talents (Racks)
Bitches love my diamonds, say I'm flashy and I'm stylish (Bling)
Popping my shit, popping your bitch (Popping, popping)
Say the word, they gon' blitz, know you get killed (Blrrd, blrrd)
Ain't no love in this shit, love for the kick (Huh? What?)
Got a Glock with a dick, know that's a stick (Damn, ayy)

Migo
Ayy
CMG shit, Heavy Camp shit, Bread Gang shit
BIG30, what's popping?
Lil Migo in this bitch shining like a motherfucking lamp
Can't DM me, nigga
Too much money
Popping my shit
Pop your bitch
I'ma ice out the clique
And you can't get a verse if you ain't never sold a pound, nigga
No cap
Real street nigga
Blrrd, blrrd (Blrrd)