

# Murder

Craig Xen

Woke up like whose face am I gon' fuck up today  
Anybody wanna get into it with me, I'ma get into it with 'em  
I'ma leave 'em to lay  
Ayy, yeah that shit's smackin', nigga  
Ayy, yeah, ayy, ayy, ayy, yeah  
We can clip all that shit  
Look, ayy, ayy, ayy, yuh, ayy, yuh, yuh

Bitch, I woke up like whose face am I gon' fuck up today  
Anybody wanna get into it with me, I'ma get into it with 'em, I'ma leave 'em to lay  
Ok, I woke up like this morning who I'm fin' kill today  
Break bread on the face, smoke a blunt full of blood and then I paint me a way  
Yeah it's that murder, murder, leave 'em hurtin'  
Pull up on 'em whippin' in a black Suburban  
Ayo for certain, fuck nigga lurkin'  
Spit like a hundred round drum now he squirmin'  
Glock .45 when I move on the low  
Ok I think it's safe to say the devil's got my soul  
Ok now move out with that work, I got the work on the low  
Diamonds white like Mike Tyson got the "K" and the "O."  
Got that AK, gotta let it spray  
Gotta let the choppa chop up his face  
Man down, hundred round  
Drummin' like a motherfuckin' high school band  
I be like "Hey say, bitch, come my way  
Finna knock your ass back to yesterday"  
Way hate? I'm pumping brakes  
They say I'm too psycho in my brain  
Psycho in the brain, woke up entertained  
Like who the fuck strap this straight jacket?  
When I find buddy I'ma let 'em have it  
Woke up this morning and prayed to my ratchet  
Fuck on a bad bitch right deep on my attic (Ayy)  
Damn, it's affect to the bands in my attic (Yeah, ayy)  
Momma ain't know she was raising a savage (Bitch, ayy)  
Band outta can, gotta get another band  
And indeed another grand, hunnid grand what I master  
To the afterlife I be a demonize goddamn shady bastard  
Scratch on the palm of my hand  
Breakin' laws of the land, committed to die living insane  
With a blade six inches, influencen  
Death to any and everybody against us

(Ooh) yeah  
Sample that bitch, yeah  
Diablo on the beat, bitch  
Ayy