

# Murder She Wrote

EBK Jaaybo

Aye, 2 1  
Hey hey hey

First off baby let me start this shit off like this  
Real drills this ain't no murder that she wrote type of shit  
Face shots and walk downs I was there when he got hit  
Head tap they left em' gasping on the curb by his whip  
Real shooter when it's time who the fuck you think they call  
I asked that rap nigga from gang cause when it's funk he ain't involved  
Ask all My pops I can't be satisfied until I kill em' all  
And for the opps that's sendin' pictures wit' my opps we killin' y'all  
Ah ha, get em' gone

I shot the bitch don't ask who dent em'  
My lo hot as we speak I had to utilize the rental  
Cuz was dead he ain't even get a chance to make the statement  
Been through some real thug shit so I pop percs like they skittles  
Who tryna' dribble come pick me up I always volunteer  
Think you gon' turn this bitch up well nigga not in here  
Somebody turn the AC on I heard it's hots in there  
And I ain't boxin' fear  
Feet kicked up at the market cuz was not aware  
Huh, aye  
But that's on him tho'  
Got rap pape but if yo' house a lick it's a kick door  
Last game I probably was that youngin' through yo' window  
12 said we was them hot boys that robbed Christmas  
Won't never see me exercising I just pop niggas  
Thought he fuck wit' us it hurt me when I seen the opps wit' em'  
You niggas still ain't spinned yet there was a drop given  
Aye, look, I would've been through there  
That tough guy shit cool but I know you scared  
It's only 304's in my load I damn near shoot squares  
Ain't tryna' post up on that block I only hoop there  
Hella different pistols when we slide we don't shoot fair  
Huh, aye, that I don't either  
Ain't got a check when I pull up then I won't meet her  
Still screamin' free the 2 4 I miss my bro tweeters  
Took that big bitch off his hands cause he don't need her  
I will pop out and act up and that's on C  
His lil brother white flagged the funk he don't want smoke either  
I hand out shootin' lessons to the dead I think yo' bro need it  
Aye  
I forgot he was gone  
Step through they block they fuck wit' niggas we be steppin' on  
Anonymous is my tatic if I did it you would never know  
Aye  
Free the bitch take them cuffs off and let her go  
Huh

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