

Murda

Felly

(Nah, nah)

Ay murda, uh uh, ain't nobody safe round here round here
Word up, uh uh, holla if you ain't got fear got fear
Like murda, murda, ain't nobody safe round here round here
Like murda, murda

She don't buss down she a uptown ho
If my cup down fill it up now, whoa
We don't turn down 'til that gun sound [*gunshot*]
When I touch down we gon' puff loud woah
Keep my guard up and my paws tucked (Ay)
They never called up now it's all love (Ay)
Throw my mom funds fucking y'all up (Ugh)
Believe a different cloth what I'm cut from ay

Murda, uh uh, ain't nobody safe round here, round here
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Like murda, murda ain't nobody safe round here
Like murda, murda

Had this little ting named Maxine
Could never love 'em, I fuck 'em and say I love 'em
That sound like trouble 'lil boy, where you come from? (Ay)
Northeast in my blood but I ain't stuck up (Ay)
One of one, fingers up, point 'em to the sun (Ay)
When I'm drunk, spill my blood, got 'em going nuts (Ay)
You's a rat, you's a pig, get yo doughnuts (Ay)
Bitches flop on the ting cause the flow tough (Ay)
Throw a little grabba in my EZ-wider
Illadelph me ganja, split it with me partner
Fel be off this rocker Chaka Demus sample
Hit like Mickey Mantle, nothin' I can't handle
Half a mil plus in the same Chucks
Sticky fingers fronto keep my thang tucked
She be searchin' for the right angles, yellin' "Fame sucks"
Labels preyin' on me, prayin' on me, all they getting is the hang up

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