It's murder
Catch this brudda, you know it's murder
Try and run up on me, it's murder
Keep runnin' your mouth, it's murder
You know it's murder
When I run up on your block, it's gon' be murder
Try and run up on a nigga, you know it's murder
Keep runnin' your mouth, it's murder

Where's the burner, the burner, the burner
When I see ya, I will turn up, let's turn up
Got the Tina for Turner, you learnt cause
It's murder, it's murder
Where's the burner, the burner, the burner
When I see ya, I will turn up, let's turn up
Got the Tina for Turner, you learnt cause
It's murder, it's murder

Cruisin' down the street and I know these niggas wan' scheme on me Niggas on the lean and bop, they come and try lean on me She tried set me up, why you gon' set me up? Why you wan' set me up? Know it's gon' be murder 'Kay, let me start my story-time quick Yeah I'm on my Balamory-Time shit Met this lightskin chick on my strip Can't believe I let this bitch in my whip Thinkin' I should call my guy quick Bucked him at the petrol station by Wickes Told him follow me, he said he's ridin' On the motorway but I can't find him So I decided, let me drop her yard Thought it would be cool, thought it would be calm See a couple bruddas comin' to my car Thinkin' "shit, I gotta run 'em all over", I run 'em all over Now they're on the floor, broad-day Pushed her out my car, no way Thought one of them was rollin' up, slowly So I was like "where's my gun?"

So where's the burner, the burner, the burner When I see ya, I will turn up, let's turn up Got the Tina for Turner, you learnt cause It's murder, it's murder Where's the burner, the burner, the burner When I see ya, I will turn up, let's turn up Got the Tina for Turner, you learnt cause It's murder, it's murder

I know these niggas hatin' and wanna try take my flow
If you try cross my path your girl will get RKO'd
I don't wanna talk too much
I think I've said enough
Nigga stop actin' up
Know it's gon' be murder, yo

I'm with dem.32s and.44s, I stay gunnin'

With the one-pop, my nigga, you better just keep runnin' Got the ting cocked, I'm clappin' up Clapham so say suttin' Press a button, y'ain't ready, I'm ready so stop frontin' Got the ting round the corner, you don't want no drama Man will smoke him, I'll bun him just like marijuana First I'll miss, I'll be comin' back just like karma Finger itchin', I'm needin' a larma

So where's the burner, the burner, the burner, yeah And if you're ready, I'm ready, let's turn up, yeah