

Murder Rate

Lil Double 0

(He hasn't slept in, uh, probably seven days)
I make the murder rate go increase
Ain't no peace, uh, uh, ain't no peace
I make the murder rate go and increase, uh

I make the murder rate go increase
Protected like Allstate, not cheap
Your jewelry look all fake, can get a dog straight 'fore we whack you and kill you for cheap (Woah-woah, woah-woah)
Uh, tryna be paid in full, heard he got Ricoed then left on the back of the seat
Never been talkin' layin' wood
Score hole in one with the chop' when we creep
Get lattered on fee

Get money like Makin' Mitch (But I ain't no lick 'cause I'ma tweak)
Get money like a nigga hustle from New York
While my uncle still count all the racks, JAY-Z (Uh, uh)
Bought the trick old SRT
Beat the road like the streets owe me
All five-hundred bowls flipped on one street
Lil' bih for L, put a ho to the beat
Try roll and pull up, roller skate
We got trap bags full of money without no safe
We burnin' money, we still gon' count it
Can't spend a hundred thou' on your goddamn grave
Take her to my palace, goin' through choppers
Flippin', choppin', chainin' pape'
Boy, I got rich then life wasn't shit
But bullies gettin' flipped and choppers gettin' sprayed
Uh, no bap
We're richer than all the opps
Fuck the cops, we smoke dead opps, we smoke dead opps
Walk down, walk down, ain't no leg shots, lil' bruh give head shots, uh, uh

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