

Murder Rate

Lil Keed

Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Slatt slime
R.I.P. Fredo Santana
Fly high

Murder rate, young nigga up that murder rate
Up the murder rate, young nigga up the murder rate
Keed talk to 'em, yeah
Glock on me, boy don't tweak
That Glock on me, boy don't tweak
That slime with me, boy don't tweak
Them slatts on me, boy don't tweak
Up the murder rate

Lil' boy don't tweak that Glock on me
Talkin' 'bout slime you know they eat
Just know they slatt you know they creep
We never hide we right on Bleveland
Yeah we right on Bleveland
Shootin' for no reason
Yeah, shootin' for no reason
Dick on the Glock we squeezin'
Yeah, I stay on they mind so they drop a dime
We hit up they spine we get them in line
We get them in line you know I ain't lying
Yeah we up the murder rate
Ain't worried 'bout no murder case
Catch a nigga walkin' late night and blow his face away
Draco get to poppin' left a nigga in a bloody lake
Draco get to poppin' movin' [?] into another place, another place
Young nigga take yo' life away, life away

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Lil' boy don't move it's a stick up
Lil' boy don't move, get hit up
The shooter gon' shoot like a free throw
The shooter gon' hit at your people
I don't fuck around with them lying hoes
I don't fuck around with them lying folks
I heard you the nigga that blind folks
I heard you the nigga that [?] folks
Yeah yeah stick stick
Window poppin' for them bricks
Got no car door cause his bitch
Now he layin' in a ditch
Yeah you know how we play
Glock on my waist, you know we get paid
Give fuck 'bout no hoe, you know I don't chase

Then why would you say them snakes in a place
Got them snakes in a place
Free smoke ain't talkin' no vape
We pull your card you crack like a vase
Boy you a hoe see it all in your face
Think you can hide but boy you ain't safe
You think you can hide but boy you ain't safe
Slatt

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