

Mo Murda

Maxo Kream

When you get money like I do, then they gon' think you luminati
Lost Money Du now I'm back sipping juice, I ain't been linking with nobody
Screaming
Murda
Murda
Mo murda
Mo murda, murda
Mo murda
Mo murda, murda
Mo murda

Dumping ashes at your grave, I rolled this blunt up on the Bible
Wish I was with you every day, my little bro think I'm suicidal
Since the day you left, shit never been right
They blame me for your death, say I sacrificed your life
I should've been the one that's dead instead, with a bullet in my head
Starting to think they right

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Mo murda
Berettas, dracos, and burners

Mo murda, murda
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Mo murda, murda
Mo murda
Gone sure raise hell for my brother

Dumping ashes at your grave, I rolled this blunt up on the Bible
Wish I was with you every day, my little bro think I'm suicidal
Loading switches, toting rifles, like how you let them take my brother
Malicious thoughts we kill for hire, we scream more money and mo murda

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They blame me for your death, say I sacrificed your life
I should've been the one that's dead instead, with a bullet in my head
Starting to think they right

When you get money like I do then they gon' think you luminati
Lost Money Du now, back sipping jui-
I'm 'a let your daughter live but your son gotta die

Murda
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Mo murda
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Mo murda, murda
Mo murda
Berettas, dracos, and burners

Fuck karma
I'm 'a take it up with God
I'm not an angel or a saint, if I can't get through heaven gates
You can send me down to hell with the guys
Fucking bitches, smoking weed, toting fye

Look
It's hard to tell a youngin' slow down, stop killing
I lost my brother and my friend, I understand and I feel 'em
You got a choice to take the stand and raise your hand and be a witness
Or you could be a suspect and turn this killer to a victim

I know sometimes I rap on tracks and I can contradict
Gun, smoke, murder, drugs like a hypocrite
I never tell you what to do, I only tell you what I does
Big Loc-ing with the cuz, I'm a hypo-crip

You will never know the pain of a murder victim mama
Sudden death hook your brain, suicidal, causing trauma
F&N, Beretta, sigs, you put one up in his wig
What about the nigga kids growing up without a father?

Let go and let Christ, like it's supposed to make it right
Yeah, motherfucking right. How the fuck is that gonna solve it
Don't give a fuck about a pastor, God forgive, and I don't
They say black lives matter, well my black ops don't

Say you your brothers keeper, is you down to do the time?
You get caught up by them people, you gonna snitch and drop a dime?
You got the drop it, time to slide, are you gonna hop up in that ride?
I know some niggas saying chill, let it ride, let it slide

Same niggas never kill, never ride, never slide
Better do it for your sister, for your brother, for your mother
You don't do it for your loved ones, better do it for your pride
I'm 'a let your daughter live, but your son gotta die

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I lost my brother and my friends, I understand and I feel 'em
I know sometimes I rap on tracks and I can contradict
Gun, smoke, murder, drugs like a hypocrite
You gotta get back for your folks, I respect that shit the most
Big cripin' with the locs, I'm a hypo-crip