

Murda Blocc

Maxo Kream

It go boom, bitch
Choppa street sweeper like a broomstick
Trigger Maxo, Waka Flocka
Killed your partner, you ain't do shit

Run it 'fore I run out
Sun up 'til the sundown
Run it 'fore I run out
Sun up 'til the sundown

I'm on murda block from the sun up 'til the sundown (Sundown)
Thirty on my Glock, if you run up you get gunned down (Gunned down)
Servin' out my shop, better hurry 'fore I run out (Run out)
Heard you with the opps, catch you with 'em, you get gunned down (Ayy, ayy)

Like, what's crackin', bitch?
Tommy, MACs and TECs, Nick Van Exel clips
Droppin' shit, slide in with the stick like it's hockey, bitch
Microwave, Orville Redenbacher, popcorn, poppin' shit
Jigga, Dame, chopper rock a fella, Houston rock it, bitch

I'm on murda block, with the Forum Park gorillas
We got your homies shot, and you still ain't try to kill us
Overheard the opps, say they Kream Clique killa
What they talkin' 'bout? They ain't kill no Kream Clique nigga
Tote banana clips, catch a monkey slippin', then we kill him
We lurkin' on his block while he lurkin' on my Twitter
Draco baby choppa, pull up to his casa, we can't find him
Tryna hide, no problem, we 'gon pop his mama and his papa
Shoot medulla oblongata, hit your noodles, spill your pasta
They don't really want no problems, ask 'em how we did they partners
Go dig your homeboy up, I bet he can't say shit
And if you lookin' for me, I be with them Forum Park Crips (Ayy, ayy)

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7 AM, I wake up to the green, pick up my phone, hit Maxo Kream
Thirty Crips, pack the heat, sippin' that Promethazine (Woo)
Woof, woof (Yeah), woof, woof (Woo)
Woof, woof (Right), woof, woof (Ah, yeah)
Leave me alone, busta, don't get me fucked up
Better leave me alone, brother, 'fore I get you touched up
We 'gon hit your auntie, uncle and your cousin mother
It's the jungle, keep some killers with us like like no other
What's in the backpack, Max? Hidden that shit
Couple riders with that rat, make 'em backflip
Leave 'em hangin' off a roof with a bad grip
All my niggas is the truth, got a bad clique

Came from the hungry ham, fuck them pigs, got us jammed
Our dirty bastard leave 'em ghost like the clan (Yeah)
Bout thirty ratchets, clear this shit like Pakistan
Kids offer the cheesecake like Making The Band

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