

# 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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Jigga, Dame, chopper rock a- (Who, who, who)

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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