

Rick Grimes Is Dead

Murs

So I used to be a security, right, at this Travel America
We found a dead body in the, in the truck
It was a prostitute in the back
I had to get her out right?
But when I was trying to get her out
She telling me she was gonna' spit on me
I'm like 'Why is she telling me this shit?'
People are telling me she got HIV
I'm like 'She trying to get me HIV?'
I'm like 'Why, why she trying to give me HIV?
Don't spit on me'

Brains on the sidewalk homicide
Nothing but that yellow tape, white chalk
It's my fault, I'm a motherfucking psychopath
In my defense though, I never really liked his ass
He tried to smash on me, touching on my chain bro
Put his hands on me so I handed him his halo
Halo, ayo, halo, he thought it was a game bro
Midtown, Master Chief, city of the angels

I shot the sheriff, I shot the, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff, I shot the, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff, I shot the, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff and the motherfucking deputy
I shot the sheriff, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff, sheriff, sheriff, sheriff, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff, I shot the, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff and the motherfucking deputy
Body rock, body rock, I can make your body rock
Ain't nobody ever killed a zombie with a body shot
Body rock, body rock, I can make your body rock
Ain't nobody ever killed a zombie with a body shot
Body rock, body rock, I can make your body rock
Ain't nobody ever killed a zombie with a body shot
Body rock, body rock, I can make your body rock
Ain't nobody ever killed a zombie with a body shot

I brought pay dues back bitch
They never thought they see an indie nigga that rich
So they hated on me, but now I'm back again
I swear to God, let's pray they never be that whack again
We 'bout to pack it in, we might could sell it
Budweiser let the city kick the Devil out
What they was yellin' out, that ain't no pay dues
The city love me 'cause they know that I'm a stay true
You niggas bit my shit, they tried to copy on me
Seen the headliner and the fly shit, it's sloppy homie
Got the little homies actin' like they don't know me
I put em on but they still ain't paid me what they owe me
It's time to collect, the time for conversation passed
I pulled up and pulled out and started talkin' fast
Thought he was bulletproof just because he got some cash
It was either shoot em or salute em so I shot his ass

I shot the sheriff, I shot the, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff, I shot the, I shot the sheriff

I shot the sheriff, I shot the, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff and the motherfucking deputy
I shot the sheriff, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff, sheriff, sheriff, sheriff, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff, I shot the, I shot the sheriff
I shot the sheriff and the motherfucking deputy
Body rock, body rock, I can make your body rock
Ain't nobody ever killed a zombie with a body shot
Body rock, body rock, I can make your body rock
Ain't nobody ever killed a zombie with a body shot
Body rock, body rock, I can make your body rock
Ain't nobody ever killed a zombie with a body shot
Body rock, body rock, I can make your body rock
Ain't nobody ever killed a zombie with a body shot