

MURDAMURDAMURDA

Nitro

Problem
Tell 'em
Machete gang
Ask no question
Suicidal to the death
No fuck around with bombs of [?]
We don't walk 'round with no vest
No fuck around with bombs of [?]

Non frega un cazzo a me se questa merda non va in radio
Se non va in Top 10, scemo, parlo un altro slang
Giriamo incappucciati come gli Anunnaki
Gli appuntati urlano: "Fermi" con i ferri già puntati e bang
Credevo alla giustizia, ho visto un socio mio pestato
Lì ho pensato: "Sono un bastardo senza Dio né Stato"
Nelle piazze, nelle case, come al bar nei weekend
Se ti beccano farai au revoir al tuo Audemars Piguet
Ok, wait, wait, brotha
Com'è che se va magra vai di spada tipo JJ Abrams?
Terroro ad ogni play se c'è il mio tape in sala
Voglio l'hall of fame, ascolto Tame Impala
Se vuoi faccio il translate, fake, impara
Più infami e lolite che squali a Recife
Più leche de tigre nel mio ceviche, fai il capo quando sei il vice
Non vali neanche due lire, la fine del mio regime
Da fasci contro compagni a gattini contro sardine, eh-eh
Quando il dubbio mi possiede, il trucco si intravede
Ma finché puzzo di potere, ho il lusso di godere
Dammi il mic, homicide, così vedi che combino
Dove stai, fuori o dentro? Sei peggio di un secondino

Murda, murda, murda (Murda)
Say we not afraid of people fuck what you heard of
We bust open the gates I enter where we murda (Murda)
So, please, don't test me faith and stir up me hunger (Brah)

Yuh, di-di-di-di-di-did it off mystic
MAC one shot, might let it off
Script this, all this scribble, they ain't never lost
Ain't no games, my grind they never soft
Big man like me ain't never gonna let 'em off
Realest nigga that ever, ever was, ever, ever was
Shut it, set it off, litty buzzin' off cocaine
And I made the record, the brethren can never phantom of the level that my b
rothers couldn't live it to ahead of us
Eminem and any American that is leveling, I'm pretty but had to put an end o
f it
I've never been a brother they could sit on, and sitting was like a sussing
And I've been to the point that they tapping on a McGregor tee
You know my style, and you gotta hold my style
They ain't bled enough for it, anything
Wait, wait, brotha (Hold up)
I just looked across my bench-
press and saw eight plates, brotha (Eight plates)
You ain't liftin' more than eighty off the eight states cut-
up (Remember that?)
I was rippin' eighty ten times in the eighth grade, wallah

Played Beyblade, but
You made no bad boy, really
After this one drops, I'm confident whether Milan gon' feel me
After this one drops, I'm givin' you suttin' a tad more drilly
After that one's dropped, I'm giving up, my dad gon' kill me
Like "Wizzy, you mad boy, silly"
Nah, Dad, I'ma bust quick, maybe in profit
You finna lock in or lock off, amigo
If I'm chillin' with Bob in Milan with the squad, and you really gon' bop to
Nitro
If you're chillin' with her and he a double agent, you think he's a boss or
a pedo
I can't believe they're mad, got dem men all walking around with a Robert De
Niro
Them man are weirdos, I forget

Murda, murda, murda (Murda)
Seh we nuh afraid of people fuck what you heard of
Me bust open the gates I enter where we murda (Murda)
So, please, don't test me faith and stir up me hunger (Brah, brah, brah)
Murda, murda, murda (Eh)
Seh we nuh afraid of people fuck what you heard of (Brah)
Me bust open the gates I enter where we murda (Eh)
Me buddie are the ruffest that you ever heard of (Brah)

E se non so chi sei
Bussi nella notte e puoi
E quando ti incontro sai
Cristo, vedo solo guai
Ahi, ahi