Murder

NoCap

Y'all niggas done woke me up
Oh, I'm talkin' redrum
Turn me up mic, turn me up
I'm talkin' redrum
Ay, I'm talkin' redrum

Ay, I just flooded my necks on my chain, [?]
Rollie on me but it do not tick
I ain't got time to spend with no bitch
Stay on my grind, I'm tryna get rich
Down for the kill, might catch me a body
My nigga like Marty, he keep him a [?]
Remember them days I was broke, I was bummin'
I got on my ass, I had to get something
I hopped out my Phillies and hopped in my bag
I'm baitin' my gang and I'm throwin' my flag
You diss on my gang and his toe have a tag
I run in your house and I'm hittin' your stash
He say he want smoke, we bringin' that pressure
Them bullets hit, turn his shirt to ketchup
All gas, yeah we can't let 'em
Keep my body on the dressure
Damn son, where'd you find this?

I'm talkin' redrum, I'm talkin' murder
Them bullets hurt ya, flip you like a burger
Or like a mattress, my nigga you can have it
I'm all about the smoke, like a fucking crack addict

Ain't no cappin' me, nigga all I know is murder (Murder)
I come straight off them streets, and I know that gang you heard of (Heard of)
Niggas say they want beef, you know we gon' pull up straight up in they circle (Grr, prr)
Pull up, we lettin' off shots (Yeah)

Got into it on the corner, same night got hit up
Blowin' up Montana phone, he ain't never pick up
Dump passin' by through the north, for the pick-up
Drownin' wit' a Glock, everybody gettin' shook up
In Jail, at the table, I was fixin' me a hook up
Police in my face every time that I look up
Bitch left, I ain't really trippin' on that, fuck her
Nutted in her face last time that I fucked her
Left jail no time, money I done ran up
Every real nigga fuck wit' me gon' stand up
I was on the ground, real quick I done came up
Changed up on me, nigga, I could never blame them
Nigga ever play real quick, I'ma shame him
Say he want fight, Baby Joe gon' zip him
Run up on me try me jack, nigga I'ma flip him
Gotta kill a nigga since that boy play wit' [?] 'nem (Woah)
I put that on my children real quick, I'll take a fuck nigga soul (Soul)
Gone off them pills, Percocet, Molly, X, everyday I roll (Roll)
You know it ain't a joke, if he say he want smoke, I'ma hit him wit' the pole (Boom, pow, pow, boom)
Back then you ain't know wit' them false allegations, now you know

Wet they block, I don't know 'bout you (Know about you)
Three niggas, four straps in the coupe (In the coupe)
Get out the car, walk down when you shoot
Shot one, Q said, "It was two"
Fuck that, hit the other block, too
Told her stop front the house, but they stopped at the corner
E went to hit and when he came out the roof
Another body dropped, 'nother mamma cry
Check this, where I'm from that shit happened everyday
I was fifteen, me and Bun sellin' Yay
Youngest nigga in the trap, so I'm strapped if you play
Won't hesitate, up and aim it at ya face (Face)
I'm out that North, nigga knowin' I'ma spray
Ain't up in my gang, then you knowin' you can't hang
Me and KD in a Benz ridin' down 38
Every time I'm in the city, man I'm runnin' to that thang
Ben strapped wit' a Glizzy and I'm strapped wit' a K
Every nigga wit' me wit' it, I know they gon' bang
But you dyin' on scene if you reach for my chain (Reach for my chain)
Yeah, you know we slangin' nine 'bout that
North side, landlord, I ain't playin' 'bout that ('Bout that)
NBA be my gang, bitch I stand on that (I stand)
Real diamonds on my neck, spent them bands on that
Bitch nigga call my phone, I don't never call back
Call 3Three, he'll tell them niggas I don't want chat
In the studio wit' shade, in the studio wit' strangers
On the grind everyday, I been chasin' that sack
Real 38 Baby, I'm from 'cross the track
You could keep yo' lil money, I don't wanna do no track
One Million views, I'm restarting today
You could think that I'm slippin', I keep me a strap (Bitch)

Ain't no cappin' me, nigga all I know is murder
I come straight off them streets, and I know that gang you heard of (Gang yo u heard of)
Niggas say they want beef, you know we gon' pull up straight up in they circ le (Straight up in they circle)
Pull up, we lettin' off shots, there's gonna be a murder (Ayy)

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