

Murder

OMB Peezy

I keep mine
Keep my iron
Look
Ayy

Talkin' 'bout pistols, I keep iron (Iron)
Say you wan' take somethin', but not mine (Mine)
I'm throwin' bullets if we beefin', I ain't throwin' peace signs
Been first off the porch, say he in the streets now
Loadin' up them K rounds, it's that time (Time)
If you know me, you know what's goin' through my mind
(Murda, murda)
If you know me, you know what's goin' through my mind

Ridin' through them pussy nigga block, I'm tryna straighten somethin'
Wet somethin', when I see them fakes I'm gonna left 'em somethin'
Flex up, that's a mess up, get ya bust up
Ya ever seen the set up niggas climbin' out of dump trucks?
Murda, murda, this that same shit, I can never change
Thuggin' with the bros on my soil, then we'll celebrate
I'm on the freeway in a foreign usin' every lane
My potna caught a charge, gotta kill 'em if he say my name
I can't never let a nigga take from me (Never)
Bust 'em, blood cover his body like a onesie (Hah)
Tryna take my food, I'ma shoot you in your stomach
He ain't got nothin' to lose, he feel like jail ain't nothin' (Nothin')
Overkill, I'm at the scene and we don't need no paramedic
Got some shooters that gon' squeeze, they gon' beat 'em if he tells
Talkin' 'bout heat, I keep weapons
You alkin' 'bout beef? Well, let's get it (Hah)

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You try to play with the K, I'm slidin' every day
"Peezy, where you been at?" A stakeout where the enemy stay
Can't do the minimum wage, I'd rather roll and get paid
I'd rather roll and get money, can't get a job with my face
Lookin' for his daddy, crackas got him on lockdown
Can't beat us from the J, he thinkin' outside the box
Once a young nigga on the block with no socks
Got a Glock, no, ho, you try, get popped
Let it pop, bust ya head, I'ma stand over you
Bitch, I'm thuggin' until I die, I'm a damn soldier
Oh yeah, you thuggin'? That's a damn poser
So we talkin' 'bout iron? Bet we got toast
Talkin' 'bout iron, we got sticks (We got sticks)
Let a nigga try, we pop shit
Wanna talk about dyin'? We drop shit
Niggas came back outside when I got on my shit
Stay and count it if it's go and I hit the wrong nigga

Any type of disrespect, I gotta get you gone, nigga
Remember way back then I couldn't get along from ya
You ain't talkin' 'bout the money, won't pick up the phone for ya
Talkin' 'bout pistols, we keep them (Keep them)
We gon' kill 'em we see him (See him)
Big four-five, walk with a limp (For real)
They gave him ninety-nine, yellin', "Free Tim", yeah, yeah

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