

# Recipe For Murder

Prodigy

Yeahhh

When it comes to beef, nigga I'm a five star chef  
Look it's rules to this shit, I wrote me a cookbook  
You can't stand the heat, Hell up out the kitchen for that ass get burned or  
my fire start spitting  
First off, every customer is different. You gotta cated to their knees and g  
ive them what they wishing for  
For example someone act all wild, then you microwave they shit and serve 'em  
right now

No time to think, fuck consequences. Just beef served up with the blood stil  
l drippin

Keep the ingredients secret and kill anybody who peeped it  
Alright now, Then you got custy's who calmly waiting  
You got to marinate their shit and premeditate it  
No need to rush just season them up  
Put the flame on low and let them cimber real slow  
Get them real comfortable, just chil  
Then you serve 'em they last meal  
Fillet Mignon, well done, was it soft motherfucker now you stiffed 'em they  
up

On special occasions I do delivery, but mostly I let them come to me  
Cause I ain't going on my way chasin down nobody, I got a bussines to run  
But if I have to I'll be knocking on your door like the pizzaboy  
Well hot deff on a platter, like seek and destroy  
{Fuck y'all want man, I don't want beef with y'all niggas man} {Stupid ass m  
otherfucker}

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It only take a teaspoon full of heart to squeeze on a burner  
And a cup full of karma sense to get a way with murder

I stuff your chicken while you gagged and tied

Make you watch and cry while I feed her that beef  
Little to your knowledge she set up the whole thing  
That's my baby, my little bit of sugar, I use her to rock on the sleep  
Make them think shit sweet  
Yeah they call me the iron cheff, I put the iron to your head  
Remove all the wrinkles from your screwface betted in  
Botox the bolax, I push in another clip and I keep bustin shots

Try to run get your wings fried, cook your insides with these copper top big  
boys out the .45  
Tell you grace for you dig in your own grave get in  
My customer service number one in the business  
That boy done stick a fork in him  
Corners bring them doggybags too I'm finished  
Bring them scraps to the mall, it's usually none lead  
Every plate is scraped and food get ate

You fealing tired?

Yeah, that's that ice kicking in, when I put them niggas on that lead diet  
This is, food for thought get your fucking jaw wider  
Use a glutine for paint, I feed you to the lions

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