

Straight Murder

Prodigy

"Yeah... Uhu uhu..."

"That's right"

"Yeah" [echo]

"Show y'all niggas what time it is..."

"Eyo!"

"Yo dunny little bitch ass nigga shot up my car
Y'all little dirty motherfuckas know who you are
Little snitch ass bastards, bitch ass bastards
I still be in your hood comin' through for mad years
Out in Brooklyn I see your punk ass again, yeah
It'll be murder I don't care who's looking, that's right
Catch right up in Sunda Ville, red hook pink houses & Queensbridge, still
Can't nobody run me up out the hood, I'm like the IKEA store see me up in yo
ur hood
Whether I'm there for business, or no business, ya'll idiots best mind your
business
When my shots go off they find their victim, then I scratch names of the shi
t-list"
When my shots go off they find their victim, then I scratch names of the shi
t-list"

"Straight murder, it be straight murder
Shoot me & I still live & that's your ass (Fuck the story man)
We make homicide look like suicide
But that's murder, it be straight murder
The bullets you hit me with'll be your last
Straight murder, it be straight murder" (yeah)

"I can't keep count of how many niggas I cut with my blade
Kilo across your face stick & then braise
Nigga it's hot in the hood, you can't walk with a gage
Come outside with that punk, you get stuck in a cage
I took the hit & got up quick, stuck in the rage and
My pain just pour it through a pen & a page
The wrong shit out your mouth, you get a hole in your face
Then it's back before the court, fighting the case
I got extra money, my spots is pumping the base
So if you can't rap it's good I hit you with a eighth
They call me hustle man fam cause I switch up my hustle
Get to sticking niggas up when that coke don't bubble
Since a lil' nigga, I ain't been nothing but a trouble
It's easy to fuck up when you feel like nobody love you
I keep telling y'all niggas that I came up hard
And I think like a nigga in Sing-Sing on the yard"

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"When it's on I beat the shit out of dead horses, keep killing 'em
Mercedes & them Porsches, we killing 'em
Rap music's got problems, cause I'm starting shit
Anybody got problems with P can come get it

I'm not scared of you I'm very available
You acting like its so hard I'm right here dude
No guard, no bulletproof vest, them shits is too bogey & they make me sweat
Fuck it, if it's time to go it's time to go
Plus what's it gonna help when they shooting for your head yo
Ain't no mission impossible & ain't no man alive got that much strength
That he can't get touch huh, you that sick ain't you
And that quick, you turn into a thug ain't you
Huh, you that sick ain't you, and that quick, you turn into a thug ain't you
"

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