

# Murder Follows Me

Psychopathic Rydas

When I sit back  
Thank to myself  
How mutha fuckin fucked up  
The World has become  
It seem like violence, is the only things us mutha fuckas know nowadays  
Every time I turn around  
Everywhere I look  
It's anotha mutha fucka killin' anotha mutha fucka  
And that's some mutha fuckin' fucked up shit, mutha fucka (Fuck right)  
Murder follows me wherever I go

Just the other day  
Somebody shot they school up  
At least that's what I been hearing everytime I turn the news up  
My momma said that there'd be shit like this  
I never seen it  
C'mon and hit on my blunt and reminice  
Now I ask myself  
Is there a way to make it stop  
A way to make the gats not pop  
And is it possible  
For me to live the way I need to live  
For me to get what I need to get  
And give all that I need to give  
My situations getting major by the second  
That fool that shot his whole school up  
Just turned eleven (Whaaa?)  
And ain't no body even thinkin' bout it  
And for that I hope that every time you sleep you have a dream about it  
Up in my hood it's like a warzone  
If somebody got a problem with somebody  
They don't last long  
I seem 'em dyin' every god damn day  
And the worst thing about it  
I don't think it's shit  
I just say it  
So a...

The way of my love  
Is like ultra man meets the sun  
I need to be killin' someone  
I won't go 2 days without fillin' some graves  
Drag 'em in the sewers  
My underground caves  
I kill a bitch and then hide in my trunk  
Except if they come and find me  
I will cry like a punk  
I just look into the camera  
And say mamma I'm sorry  
But it's all your fault  
You never bought me atari  
Murder follows me  
Everywhere that I turn  
Psychopathic Rydas  
But we never seem to learn  
I just attract mad love  
Wit my black trucks and black chucks

And what's up  
Since I'm strictly givin' no fucks  
Murder's on my tail  
I don't think I'm gonna last  
I'ma leave my lip fatter  
Than Rikishi ass  
If I get chance  
I can't resist that dance  
With the devil  
I'm on another level  
Underneath the gravel  
I'm just a thang that go bump in the night  
And that bump be the back of your head off a lead pipe (a lead pipe)  
I'm relaxed feelin good  
Knowin' I'ma mutha fuckin' menace to my neighborhood

Murder

I take it, break it down, and analyze it  
Manslaughter, murder one, murder two, can't hide it  
Everywhere I go vSomebody try and take me  
Pistol out my pocket, and I cock it and make 'em history  
And there I go  
Wizzle, third body today  
This how I killin' mutha fuckas  
Won't go away  
I leave trails every time I walk down the street  
Bystanders hoes and dealers stretched out bloody  
Leave no traces  
And even the cops is paid off  
Ain't tryin to see incarceration  
Makes ya soft  
16 in the clip  
Runnin' the chamber jello  
Maybe it's all in my brain  
But it seems like murder follows

Shit's crazy in the ghetto  
Every motha fuckin' day  
A nigga on parol  
Now I gotta find a way  
Ta get back on my feet  
Gotta call Lil Shank up  
Walkin' to the crib  
Saw nigga get throat cut  
Blood rushed out  
As the nigga started coughin'  
Ain't shit a nigga could do  
I kept walkin'  
Got to the crib  
Then I put the call in  
The homie told me meet me at 9  
We get to ballin'  
Get my chucks on  
Headed back on the block  
Got to tha corner  
See anotha sucka get shot  
Look like he caught heat from an AK  
Semi-auto aint no escape when bullets spray  
The young brotha took like six in the chest  
One str8 shot lay the little kid to rest  
And the little girl looks to be about ten  
Somebody got to tell her ma that she'll never see her again  
Everywhere we go from the suburbs to the hoods of the ghetto

Where the little niggas grow  
I used to be a little nigga myself  
And learn quick  
Momma insisted that they focus on my mutha fuckin' wealth  
All I had was my dogs  
And my ma's kept it tight  
Tell me, "Shank do momma proud and do somthin' with ya life"  
Don't waste your time tryin' to be anotha useless thug  
Locked up like your cuzin tryin' to sell some drugs  
Your the only one left in this family tree  
Anotha year past  
Now my momma 53  
And ain't a damn thing changed in my life at all  
Stickin' niggas for they paper  
Make my bank a cap tall  
And perhaps a mutha fucka catch a slug in the chest  
He not a trooper  
If he was, he woulda had a fuckin' vest  
I ain't got time to consider  
The right thing to do  
Besides the right thing to do don't always pay for bills and food