

# Murda

## Quality Control

Ay, Duke Deuce  
What the fuck these niggas talkin' 'bout man?  
Ay, they got us fucked up  
Y-R-N

Money, paper, racks, cash, blue hunnids, guapa-nese  
Foreign bitches, suckin', fuckin', got 'em all, on they knees  
All my niggas totin' pistols, even with felonies  
And they shoot 'em like a camera, nigga, say cheese  
I know niggas bangin', Bloods, Crips, and some G's  
And I got them shooters 'cross the country, overseas  
These Percocet 10's got me geekin', feel like Hercules  
It's murda, murda, murda, murda, murda season (What!)  
It's murda, murda, murda, murda, murda season (Murda)

Them young niggas killin', hurtin' niggas for no reason (Brrah)  
Free my brothers down the road, locked up but still eatin'  
And they'll still never, ever fold  
When they see the judge, ain't no pleadin'

It's just me and Duke Deuce (Duke Deuce)  
We gon' beat a nigga ass 'til he turn black & blue (Boom boom)  
See the opps, we gon' shoot (Brrah)  
All these dead bodies, nigga, recognize who was who (Who-who)  
Way I ran got 'em spooked (What)  
I came in with the gang, so I'ma pull up with the troops (Gang)  
And I ain't ever gon' switch (Nah)  
And my nigga wiped your nose, there's no one you can use (Bitch!)  
Murda, murda, murda, murda, murda (Murda)  
These niggas gangsta, poppin' shit 'til we turn 'em (What?)  
Into bitches, yes we keep that fire, we gon' burn 'em (Brrah)  
No, you can't buy them stripes, nigga, gotta earn 'em

Money, paper, racks, cash, blue hunnids, guapa-nese  
Foreign bitches, suckin', fuckin', got 'em all, on they knees  
All my niggas totin' pistols, even with felonies  
And they shoot 'em like a camera, nigga, say cheese  
I know niggas bangin', Bloods, Crips, and some G's  
And I got them shooters 'cross the country, overseas  
These Percocet 10's got me geekin', feel like Hercules  
It's murda, murda, murda, murda, murda season (What!)  
It's murda, murda, murda, murda, murda season (Murda)

1-2-3-4 trappers up in my bando (Up in my bando)  
5-6-7-8 sticks so the bitch better get low (Bitch better get low)  
You think of Duke Deuces, Memphis (Memphis)  
Makin' easy money and pimpin' (Pimpin')  
Whole 'lotta robbin and dealin' (And dealin')  
Man, everybody here killin' (Man, everybody killin')

I heat up and beat up the block  
I G up to keep up, to re-up the stock (Re-up the stock)  
Look what I am, what you're not  
The people, they eat up, 'cause all my shit hot (My shit hot)  
I'm out with no fours, my ice is cold  
His ice cream rocky road (Rocky road)  
Stick to the code, I never fold

I put that on the fours (Diddy)  
You can see in a nigga eyes, some hunger (Don't bother me)  
Nigga fuck with me they gon' hide lil' homie  
Yeah, my nuts hangin', ain't no gangbangin'  
Why the fuck you shootin' if you ain't aimin'?  
Goin' one-fifty, end up half-capped  
With the red seats like a dark angel

Money, paper, racks, cash, blue hunnids, guapa-nese  
Foreign bitches, suckin', fuckin', got 'em all, on they knees  
All my niggas totin' pistols, even with felonies  
And they shoot 'em like a camera, nigga, say cheese  
I know niggas bangin', Bloods, Crips, and some G's  
And I got them shooters 'cross the country, overseas  
These Percocet 10's got me geekin', feel like Hercules  
It's murda, murda, murda, murda, murda season