

MURDER-1

Robb Bank\$

Back at it
(I'm working on dying)

Yeah, show me what you working with
Stop playing games, like you never heard of me
All up on your fake page, steady lurking me
Murder one up on that pussy, commit first degree, yeah, perjury
Perjuring myself, when it comes to anything, my love (Love)
Breaking up to make up, so I'm learning that I'm salty (Salt)
Hit you on your lunch break, baby, look out for my call (Call)
I'm selling snail salts, I'm the king of the mouthpiece (Mwah)

I'm so toxic, I might call up ... (Cryin)
I'm so not shit, I might fuck on Sophie (I swear)
I can turn you into my little tenderoni (yeah)
Cut my hair like Ginuwine, and buy a pony
She act like a thot, but that face of Aaliyah haunting
For real though, boo, you giving Sade, I [?] our love
Need some status in your life, baby, fuck 'round with the bosses
Play your cards right, you fuck around with my offspring
Tie my shoes up in Atlanta, riding 'round with 20 rugers, bitch
I had learned the rules, when I was junior, I know when to hit
Had to bust my tool and stick and move, before I bust a lick
I'm suited up and booted up, it don't get much flyer than this
TTG, we trained to go, my nigga, fuck the other side
Sucked her titties for so long, that I left her implants lopsided
Church of Femto, pour the Wock in the pool and got baptized
Just fucked a broke nigga, then fucked me, that pussy gentrified

Yeah, show me what you working with (yeah)
Stop playing games, like you never heard of me (I sw-)
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Teach me back, I'm tryna take you back to places you never gone
Teach me back, I'm tryna take you to dinner at the top
Teach me back, Imma fuck around and tryna meet your mom
If this was back in high school, I'd take you to the prom
[?] ridin in a Monte Carlo, and I can't stop
Doing 80 on the freeway, hit the gas, then take off
She get beat, then put that Coca in her, like Scott Storch
She stuck me when I was broke, she got the keys to my heart
I'm in the big Bentley B, tryna fuck on a treesh, grab the condoms out the store (Yeah)
What she hittin on? Boy, take her phone, she tryna drop it low
I got niggas thats dead and gone, and bonds to pay, I can't go ghost
I'm on the lean, [?], just count these hundreds on a lighter note
If you thuggin', if you in them streets, then you can find me
If she for the sheets, she'd get a ring and get off IG
They say she a sex worker, but the sex work for me
That lil' AMG look better with a carseat
(I think I might be happy) Yeah, that's good

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