

# Murda

Roy Woods

I got Xans in my Xans and Clonazepam  
What you need nigga, I be whippin' up them grams  
Hear that door knock, gotta keep that gun in hand  
I be lookin' through that peep hole, wait! I don't know that man

Hol' up... wait... Who that? Bap bap bap bap!  
It's murda, it's murda  
Hol' up... Who that? Bap bap bap bap!  
It's murda, it's murda  
Wait... Who that? Bap bap bap bap!  
Hol' up... Who that? Bap bap bap bap!

I ain't got time here to waste  
I ain't got time here to waste  
One bitches pussy, it ain't worth nothin'  
So I fuck these hoes in the face  
Heard these niggas got problems  
Tell 'em pick a time and a place  
You know here's where I stay  
OVO reps up, and yeah I'm from the way  
Hangin' with trappers and killas  
Don't touch me, my partner will kill ya  
I keep it concealed  
Bad bitches fuck me cause I'm a drug dealer  
And I fuck with the realest  
Stop lyin', you ain't ridin' for your man  
You ain't squeezin' shit like you got Arthritis here in your hand  
Sittin' at the table makin' million dollar plans  
Stackin', I'll be stackin' til I bust rubber bands

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Murda she wrote, that's murda you quote  
Shot to the head, give me Henny to go  
I got some shooters that's ready to scope  
So if a nigga try me, then y'all gotta go  
Sit down, I can't stand you  
In the water, but my niggas off xan juice  
This that shit that make the fans move  
When you gettin' money, hell yeah they gonna fan you  
Yeah they gonna spam you, I don't give a fuck though  
All my niggas cutthroat, knockin' at your front door  
Get a nigga goin' in that all white wardrobe  
We don't mob in black shit, nigga get his cap peeled, yeah  
Uh huh, that's how I roll  
Act up, we gon' take your role  
We all gettin' money, all throw up four's

We all in these coupes, no four-by-four's

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Shots in the South  
You need to get out of this place, girl  
You know what they bout  
Ooh, we don't give a fuck, shakiness they face  
Run up on a nigga, take it all  
If he gun 'em down, send them shots right back  
Ooh, let your pockets explode, out the bands I'll be right back  
Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all  
You been fuckin' with them niggas while you gone  
Yeah, oh you fuckin' with a nigga like that  
You fuckin' with a nigga like that