

# Murder Me

Russ

Hello Mom and Dad  
Waddup Frank [laughing]  
You wanted me to do this right? [laughing]  
Yah, do it  
Waddup Gianna

Communicating while anonymous doesn't accomplish too much  
So I'm a get this fucking platform, keep on talkin' my stuff  
Reachin' everybody  
From the South Side of Atlanta  
To the place I'm more familiar with but I paint panoramas  
That'll make you trip like I love Lucy  
By the way I took a trip and I love Lucy  
She introduced me to the truth  
I wrap a noose around your boss real quick  
Kick his stool out, and make his boss' boss feel it  
And nah my balls don't fit  
In the palm of my hands  
So don't ask me to grab 'em, I let 'em hang I'm the man  
Fuck spelling it out  
I'm yelling it out  
Y'all flip then you flip  
You're not hip you're not hop  
I'm just a product of listenin'  
To washed up artists submittin'  
Feeble attempts to stay on, so all that garbage your givin'  
Is getting you thrown out  
I'm thrown, leave me alone I'm in my zone now  
Too many clowns  
Diemon is full of lions it's time to roam now  
And my life, is a good book  
Bugus, rollin' good kush  
Never house a bitch because they bite and bark, woof woof  
Look, look  
The world is pulling me down I'm about to push push  
And let the visions in my head pull my sled, Balto, mush mush  
Y'all lay beneath the tush tush  
And your pockets stay empty  
Because your mouth is full of pussy  
Go dive in ambition  
Swim around in some talent  
Bust a nut full of visions  
Then hit it again with some passion  
And get it crackin' like the sea monster  
I see monsters with all that  
Fee-fi-foh-fum  
But y'all ain't scarin' no one so just fall back  
Because it's D-I-E-M-O-N  
'Till the motherfucking world ends  
And I'm probably where your girl is

Now them same motherfuckers wanna murder me  
And I wonder if the lord ever heard of me  
I need loot  
So I'm doing what I do  
And don't say shit 'till you walk in my shoes

Now them same mothafuckas wanna murder me  
And I wonder If the Lord ever heard of me (uh)  
I need loot so I'm doin' what I do  
And don't say shit until you've walked in my shoes  
There was no other destiny to choose  
I had nothin' left to lose so I'm singin' nigga blues

I'm a, heavy thinker, light smoker, henny drinker  
Gotta gift, for the game, wrapped around my middle finger  
No semi-circles in this DIEMON shit  
Squares don't linger  
I'm your dudes favorite rapper, and your bitches favorite singer  
It's Jerry Springer in this hotel room, minus the violence  
We questioning each other on some who what where and why shit  
But back to the living out the dream or tryna find it  
Fuck it I think I found it  
Fuck that I know I found it  
Y'all old dudes ain't new no more, y'all need a fountain  
Y'all be king of the hill motherfuckers, I got the mountain  
Y'all shoutin' making commotion  
Barely making a wave I'll make the ocean  
And park my yacht on your property with no apology for show boatin'  
And I've met God a lot but I've never met Jesus  
I've even met the Devil and kicked it with her on some G shit  
She showed me how to get to hell  
I showed her how to leave it  
And close that fucking door shut as I walk towards my freedom (yah, do it)

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Don't get it fucked up you can still get dropped  
Employees handing out fades to the boss  
I'm not saying that I'm either one, nah  
I'm just saying that it can be done, oh oh oh oh