

Murda

Ryan Caraveo

If I mark off every box, on your precious checklist, why
Am I still a stranger that your friends do not recognize
Who's the human punching bag
When you feel the pressure rise?
Who's the one that calms you down
When you need to rest your eyes?

I feel like an officer, just tryna get you to cough it up
I'm sick of running these investigations on you
Cause your friends like the a mafia
They cover up and they lie for ya
But they don't even put in half the work that I do

Like a murda murda
A murda murda
You try to cover me up
No one has ever heard of
Ever heard of, me 'cause you keep it all hush
But if you love me, love me
Love me, love me
Why doesn't anyone know
Whenever you close to getting caught up
You get away like a pro

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You don't smoke no weed
But you're gas-lighting
Last night, when you were talking to him, I asked nicely
Who was that and fast as lightning you question my sanity
Making me feel crazy just for noticing what's happening
If it's real, then please commit
If it's not, at least admit
Hurting a little is better than killing my time
You stay doing secret shit
When confronted, you plead the fifth
Like keeping it real with the way that you feel is a crime

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A murder
A murder
Let me
Whenever you close to getting caught up
You get away like a pro