

Murder Game

Statik Selektah

Get him boy
Get him boy
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I ain't having it don't try to give me dap
I don't fuck with rats if you take the pack
Better bring that money back
It's a simple fact, that the bill is scrapped
With the milli mac, hit you with a rack
It's a mummy wrap
Haters jumping out got you frozen like a snapshot
Drumroll your whole team the mascot
Pure killa, no filter hoover gang
Real niggas never speak about our murder game

Crooklyn bullies, black hoodies
Get fully loaded nigga, I smack pussy
Pussy pussy cat, come here pussy cat
Pull that hoodie back
We shooting first ain't no shooting back
I like my bitches from the hood
Head tied with the doobie wrap
She told me bring that big dog
I told her bring that cootie cat
6 inch Ruger, 9 milli in that Louis bag
Down that shit I be quick to cop the tooly back

Bedford Stuyvesant, the livest one
My barrel is thorough fill a cold burrow
Niggas on me, I'mma RIP 'em
Put him on display let his homies see him
This young boy think the game is soft
Till they get they whole head knocked off
My nigga shell shocked from the crack era
20 years later coming home together

This style is that really good shit
This that wish a nigga would shit
2pac and Suge shit
Got a lot of niggas mad because the money's steady coming in
When I pull my phone out them bitches put they number in
Automatic guns you can call my niggas drummer men
And when they go burrrrahh, you see a bunch of running men
If you ain't fucking with M.A aye well fuck 'em then
The mixtape is coming that's a way to bring the summer in

25 years with an L on it
Put a closed eye no scale on it
Fuck paid a quarter hope it come back
If not guns out and we come back
Still from day one all about the money
Paranoid niggas so they move funny
Taught a boy learn from the hand to hand
Death is life, you can die where you stand

I don't give a fuck, not a motherfuck
Not a single solitary fuck

Pussy cream when the pistol buck
Keep a pistol tucked
Come up missing when you riff with us
Fuck the game, bitch I run the team the commissioner
I'mma freak, I'mma vicious one
Got some bitches tougher than you niggas that will hit you up
Tell the coroner, zip you up
Pop a zip, tell a sensai roll a cinci up

Brooklyn, home of the official
Motherfuckers comeing with a shock for your body tissue
Probably miss you if you was somebody important
Relevant rappers getting clapped in that black coffin
That's often seen when I'm on the scene nah-mean?
M.A said get him Buck, I get him with the team nah-mean?
When I'm on the scene nah-mean?
M.A said get him Buck, I get him with the team
Get him boy feel what I'm spitting boy
When the clip deploy niggas get destroyed
RIP, now all I need is a clip of blow it in the crowd
Fuck loud that ain't shit to me
Nigga try it, you a joke no laughing
But I'mma grab 'e see heads dying
Feds eying shots firing
BK the liars men bitch where I just went

Yea yea
I buck 'em down, I buck em down
I buck 'em down, I buck em down
I buck 'em down