

Murder

Trippie Redd

(Jack with the mac)

Pop out with my K, that's a murder
Pop out with my K, that's a murder
Pop out with my K, and Imma murk you
1400 bitch

What's a peasant to a king?
I can see your reflection through my rings
Your bitch all up on my dick, she want my thing
Pop that pussy like a mother fucking bean
I bought this Activis lil nigga need some lean
Your bitch giving me head while I'm rolling tree
I [?], life a breeze
Yeah fucking on that bitch, I hit the beach
She ocean ocean water splash all in her jeans
I beat that pussy, now she walking crippling
She can't understand why she wobbling her knees
It's big 14 and I can't give a bitch a thing
She get to asking for cash I turn Japanese
Uh oh I don't know what your saying
Uh, uh oh got a whole lot of bacon
Uh oh pockets on extra caking
Talking fuck shit, out your face you get a face lift
Yeah, yeah

Pull up with my choppa, catch a murder (aye)
Pop out with my K, and Imma murk you (aye)
Pop out with my choppa, it's a murder (aye)
Pop out with my K, and Imma murk you
Murk you
Aye, yeah, yeah, yeah