

# Murda Kill

Twisted Insane

Murda kill, die now nigga's like murda kill  
Run if your bitch ass-set nigga hold on to this muthafucka  
Put his ass on the murder will (brainsick)  
Did the motherfucker on the murder kill  
Run if your bitch ass want  
If my fists don't get it well the a who  
Then a who then  
The murder will  
Mind full of sick thoughts [x8]

I'm always having visions of my death  
Waiting for the reaper, nigga what up?  
I'm posted in the corner with the tech  
It's the shit to make you little niggas shut up  
I hit the corner store to get some lays  
I tried to grab the wheel but I was faded  
I've been drinking take a where for 30 days  
At the rate that I was going  
Man I barely fucking made it blood  
Run up on em I get it manic  
And I fill em on the ceiling with the sick thoughts  
You being the bitch and I be in the whip lookin for a nigga  
Wrist-watch  
You be talking boutta motherfucka like he really wanna get his bitch shot  
Ass hurt, what you really wanna do  
I got the hoe stroke on this cock  
Amazing  
Everybody want a little for a little tasting  
Go ahead that's more bread  
I got more head than Beijing  
Sick up in the brain  
Maintain no pain  
Give no fucks, mind full of sick thoughts  
Fuck you thought bitch I'm raging  
Blaze it  
Saddles surrounding me now I'm huge  
Faded off into me I can't remember, the weed  
Go to hell of a lamb and where the fuck I begin?  
Sippin with the poor with the pornstars and gin  
I win, I'm on tinman  
Bitch I'm on my head-band  
Bret Hart sharp shooter  
Bitch I'm sure you did that  
Take you in the bathroom  
Eat the pussy like a head cat  
My harpoon, don't tell me that you wig that  
I'm different, times up  
Take your bitch into a mind fuck  
At the hotel door lookin' like my shows they all lined up  
Ain't nobody finna tell you your times up  
Insane so brainsick  
There is no need to remind us  
Filled up with the sickness  
Chained up like a pitbull  
You run away  
Holla mayday everyday just like a bitch do  
You keep making sure my name is all up in your mouth

And ill be making sure your ass is caught up with a clip full nigga

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I tried to tell them all that I was dangerous  
They ain't pay attention to me when I  
Told em all I will deal em on some pancakes  
Save the rest for lunch and some for dinner  
I told em all I will be back in the end  
The bitch, you tried to cover up the peephole  
But I ain't stoppin till you got a shit bag and your pissin blood from out y  
our motherfuckin pee hole  
Bitch you wanna war then you can take these  
Take heat  
Lay him on the floor and watch the brains leak  
May he rest in peace, a beast  
So quick and breezy  
Wait we have to get the fuck up out  
The safe weak  
Ain't we mobile  
Doing funny shit to get me in your photo  
Don't you want to be down with the brainsick? no go  
Walk into my functions you just there in like a pogo  
And I know all my lyrics they put one in my solo  
On a mission when I'm comin through a nigga window  
Back up, masked up, hold up  
Where the fuck a nigga been bro?  
You been undercover like a mothafucka  
Fuck you talkin bout you been broke  
If I knew you was still here your bitch ass would've been smoked  
Bummy  
Layin' down in the dirt with no money  
Niggas talk hella hard till they start to run from me  
Put em in the front seat  
Prepare to crash dummy  
(Doo doo doo doo doo)  
That's what you get for acting hella funny  
Turned into a vegetable  
In a corner screaming bleeding out your testicles  
And ain't no bitch to be wanna be caught sittin' next to you  
He was too busy thinking too much with the rest of you  
I bite like a pitbull  
You run away everyday just like a bitch do  
Nigga makin' sure my name is all up in your mouth  
And ill be makin' sure your ass is caught up with a clip full, nigga

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