

Memphis Murder

Unaverage Gang

Going in for the kill, UNAVERAGE GANG until
I rest in piece, with that ink all over my body
I'm stuck in hell with my demons, boutta have a party
But I'm hardly fuckin' conscience of my surroundings, let's get
it started
Aye, BLACK SMURF
We boutta fuckin' murk, I got the work up in the trunk, so pop
it, then we go bezerk
Then I'm slashin' with the blade, show you the HU\$TLE ways, you
mothafuckas acting gay
'Cause you riding rappers dicks for the fame

Chillin' back with that one cup
Or that 2 cups of that drank
Finding out what you never knew, but I knew enough to find what
's true
Who you foolin' now, you a bitch without the crowd
Take your fuckin' body to SMURF in Memphis, then smoke a pound
But I never listen, I never break, but I go insane
Even take the blame, still I don't give a fuck if go in vain
In the lost and found, UAV stays underground
Not to mention all these bitches want us when they hear the hou
nds

I gotta get it, I had to take a L just to win it
I got ya bitch on me I ain't kiddin', he don't want it
He ain't with it, paper chasing, I ain't hurting
Play with me, it ain't worth it
Swear ta gawd, I ain't perfect
Hustlin' hard, make a purchase, Mpd still lurking

But sometimes
I wanna get some money then I don't
I wanna way this pack up then I don't
But I can't give up on myself like the old me
This just what I be thinking bout sometimes
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