

# 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 ridin' 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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