

MurdererxLanlawd

Z-Ro

Do we make ourselves accessible to the hood because we want— we want to show the hood, you know, how much that we care, and want to be there for our community?

And it's like— it's topsy-turvy, because, like, we wanna love our hood, because that's where we come from

But, do we wanna keep it that real to that point where we so accessible that the danger for us is just— is just— it could happen, you know?

And it's— it's just— it's just scary, man, it ain't good on no level

Murderer, gun de pon wa shoulder

Extra clip in all the holster

Murderer, put you pon a poster

'Cause the streets is gettin' colder

Murderer, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh

Murderer

Yeah, I don't wanna be a soldier

But I keep sniper rifle under the sofa

Back the fuck up, why are you tryna get closer?

I'm paranoid, if I decide you gotta go, bro, it's over

I trust no nigga, I trust no bitch, my nigga, I don't even trust me sometimes

And now they be so fucked up, I wonder if tomorrow is what I'm gon' see some times

Why should I pass up a chance to make my enemies D-E-A-D? One time

I'm ridin' with the Draco, ridin' with the AR pistol, I'm ridin' with the ch oppa

Better take cover when I come around the corner, I fuck shit up, better be ridin' with the doctor

I'm talkin' 'bout really in the car with ya, yeah, you got the right one bitch, I'ma go to war with ya

I don't wanna blow your motherfuckin' head off your shoulders, I'd rather get you in the ring and spar with ya

'Cause if it's beef, it's on sight, and I ain't gon' stop it if you got your lil' girl or lil' boy with ya

'Cause I'm a murderer

Murderer, gun de pon wa shoulder

Extra clip in all the holster

Murderer, put you pon a poster

'Cause the streets is gettin' colder

Murderer, gun de pon wa shoulder

Extra clip in all the holster

Murderer, put you pon a poster

'Cause the streets is gettin' colder

Murderer, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh (Yeah)

Murderer (Yeah)

I promise I don't wanna be a killer, I just wanna be regular

When I see one of my people, just wanna see my people, not a competitor

We are addicted to violence, overdosin' on the shit like we can't get enough

Soon as a real nigga say, "Put that gun down," fuck nigga, like, fuck that, pick it up

It's yellow tape everywhere now

It ain't safe out here, gotta keep the thang on me everywhere now

Just wanna see the kids make it back home from school, so fuck the honor role, we don't even care now

Can't even look at a bad bitch, might get your head blown off for it, so you
really can't stare now
It really fucked me up 'cause ain't nobody buildin' out here, all these moth-
erfuckers wanna do is tear down
And I gotta be with it if I don't wanna get caught up in it, 'cause they'll
do me too
If I gotta do a meet-and-greet, you gotta get a full-
body search before I meet you (Real, though)
These niggas will shoot ya for nothin', these young niggas don't feel nothin'
, like touchin' [?] (Ayy)
So I don't feel a thing, either, I stay ready to give somebody a new hat sto-
p
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' murderer

Murderer, gun de pon wa shoulder
(Keep that thing on me, nigga)
Extra clip in all the holster
Murderer, put you pon a poster
(Hell nah, I mean, I ain't tryna hurt nobody, though)
'Cause the streets is gettin' colder
(I ain't finna let nobody come take me out, though)
Murderer, gun de pon wa shoulder (Shit)
Extra clip in all the holster
(Love my people, they love me a lil' bit more, though, you dig?)
Murderer, put you pon a poster
'Cause the streets is gettin' colder
(Fuck that shit, man, it's comin' together like a bra strap in the back)
Murderer, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh
(They ain't killin' us all the motherfuckin' time, we gon' smarten up)
Murderer

And stop killin' us all the motherfuckin' time
Stop aimin' your motherfuckin' gun at me, nigga, and I'll stop aimin' mine at
you, you dig?