

Bad Azz, Murderous MCz

Set some fire to this
Then puff, puff, and hold it in
Take a head spin, life's a high and then you die
You might die peaceful, you might die tragic
My life's like magic, rock Bentleys through traffic
Before I see a casket I got to see some section on my weight
That there'd probably stress myself to death
With all the attempts to stay sane and get rich
It all depends on maintain and get chips
Like in Casinos in Vegas, I only interact with playas who ride major
I only move for the paper
It ain't hard, but it sure ain't easy
Gotta touch what ya see if ya like what ya lookin at
You can die askin other people 'what you lookin at?'
Touchin that make us get to bustin at ya
Now you where nothin's at, ain't no discussin that
Keep it on the quiet, all that jaw-jackin cause riots
More life loss, how much do a life cost?
You ain't got the dough for that, we ain't finna go for that
We livin too low for that, with nothin to lose
I ain't got nothin to lose, everything I touch'll come up
I'm waitin 'round now for little mama with her pistols for sell
Her baby daddy in jail
And these his gun sheets sell to me upstate
Right now doin eight for a federal
That's what they tellin me in the hood the other day
You find who's doin what, in the strangest way

[Chorus]

What, what is it, nigga, you ain't heard of us?
You ain't never ever heard the word murderer?
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We heard that the word done got around pretty quick
'Cause on the eastside, man, it's been poppin and shit
I caught ya mouth runnin, that's black ??? on the beatin
That's Bad Azz rappin, that's the truth, yes on that one
But sometimes the word on the street can get you beat
And other times it get so deep the way a nigga need some heat
So outta yo' mouth please keep my name
So we can keep this on a level where the seat don't flame
To think and say to thought, is a blessing itself
And if you get begged to talk, that's a blessing for wealth
But your best bet is to know when to say what, why's that? 'Cause you can get
your people ???, aiiiight
When that happen people die unhappy
And what could be said and who can hear you when your dead
They talkin 'bout the words was once thoughts in ya head
You told 'em when you really should've sold 'em, now that's a fact
So quote the words if you caught it
And it's out my mouth, and you done heard you done bought it
Game, paid

[Chorus]

Money that keep us livin, the hungry people is dyin
This crooked road we walkin, the devil he keep us lyin
We fightin amongst each other, the sistas they turn on brothas
The kids could barely live without they fathers and they mothers

The hate, they keep us losin, no fate, it's so confusin
You wait, you be the victim of the pickin and the choosin
The cops, they wanna kill us, it's nobody there to help us
So please somebody get on the phone and call Jesus
We dyin out here for no reason, death's every season
Life's like an asthma attack
Barely breathin, you on point and get smoked like a joint
Please belive it, the devil's so deceivin
He'll have you at his magic show with all the tricks up his sleeve
And you believe him, he gone take your ass with him to a bad place
You gon' wanna be with us, cryin with a sad face

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