

Bizzy Bone, Murdah

[Bizzy Bone-Chorus]

Murdah is out of control/ Murdah just let it blow (It blow)/ Word up if you bucked a mothafucka down

[Bizzy Bone]

Know this liquor prolly killin my liver/ The villian is still in effect/ And I buck this motherfucker down, momma? Demand the respect, get up and strategize bitches cryin like they never wept/ Slept in the never left, pass that sticky icky ganja/ Creep on ah come up, I crept and I came/ Respect the dead fact I'ma do mine all day/ I don't sniff coke, I like to make money/ Put the fiends in the room, who's weed/ Cherokee Indians based in Cleveland, thuggin and thievin till I'm the last one breathin/ Only remodeled, plush like Ramada now, holy like Ramadan, a momma's smile/ Capo, my nigga what/ M roll with Rasu, Nina Ross, and Skails, Rhythm and Ghetto, Rosiah, 7th Sign murda em all, yep... And like little Capo-Confuscious say "Nigga I'll kill for you."

[Chorus]

-Prince Rasu-

Be careful as fuck, baby, take precaution fo' sho'/ They say that nigga Gotti quiet , better fire off a C avenues/ My Lord be my shepherd, but my swarms for collatoral/ Who can I trust? Where can I turn Regime marchin' God damnit I'm a grown man, its time to take my own stand/ Fuck the federations built up from years of stress, killers and haters surround me daily, no fears of death/ I hear the bread Lord, just give me the path through this bloodbath and it's on, Lord/ Roll all haters, out my zone wh we gone clown/ Four pounds be safe in the streets of the showdown/ Love to Gambino, you the ch

[Chorus]

[Josiah Rasu]

Cock back and blast, knockin sparks up out they ass/ Makin marks come off that cast, nigga you kr missiles aimed straight at where the fuck your heart is at/ Fix cement or get hit, how hard is that, to souljahs come marchin in/ You blue suit wearin faggets with badges'll get the flux, I don't give a fuck Crucifixion come quickly come and get me Mister Reeper/ I ain't scared to die/ I'm all like more than I'ma stay real until my heart stop/ My reflection with hoes, the essence of the hard-knock life/ I am t heard of murder/ Then you don't know of pain, my veins bleed the same blood of the motherfuckers I, there was no cap peelas

[Chorus]

[H.I.T.L.A.H. Capo-Confuscious]

Me and my Comptons' monster mashin' mobsters/ Analyzin' we done plottin'/ Plans in progress; Ra tolerance/ Suspect; Armed and dangerous, violent tendency's/ The industry stick up, Kingpin Capo follow my lead or everyone shot, bleed/ Squeeze round after round, empty shells hit ots the ground business on some gangsta shit, no bank account/ Money talks, greedy hogs walk the plank/ Negoti sorry but your phony ass superstars carbon copied, indistiguated, no identity/ Raise up off these N with no Jerry Hellers, hell no/ Call us the money makers, pullin' capers/ Baby momma need that pa gets greater later/ Better believe in playa haters, see

[Chorus]