

# Fed-X, Murder

(feat. Yukmouth & Dru Down)

[HOOK: Fed-X & Dru Down]

Ok It's, Murder!

Wid three holes in a beanie hat pulled down over my face  
and I got some guns on my waist

It's, Murder!

I come wid a goon squad mob that'll hit and pop  
knock you off ya feet and outta ya socks

Ok It's, Murder!

Now tell me have you ever heard or seen  
a nigga that get his back split and do some back flips

It's, Murder!

I come wid them two-two twenty-fives them thiry-two thirty eights  
forty-four forty-fives and then them nines

[Verse 1: Yukmouth]

I'm a motherfuckin' mobsta, nigga I don't pop my collar

I'm in fatigues jumpin' outta trees like wild koalas

In a choppah, poppin' the pasta, movin' that rocka

Choppin' the block up in a topless Boxer boy

Heavy drama I'll machete ya momma

And when it's beef the K eat niggas like Jeffrey Dahmer

Hannibal Lector animal dismantle ya sector

After all hoe protectors pipes bust under pressure BITCH!

I'm on the block wid my CB scanner

If ya snitch ya get a one way trip to see D Banner

See me deep in Atlanta wid a sleazy bammer

Where Lil Flip and Banner still squeeze the hammer

When I air out the space it's hard to breathe like asthma

Head in the backseat DVDs and plasma

Man I ride spinners y'all ride on adapters

Man you know it's murder when I ride on a rapper

[HOOK]

[Verse 2: Fed-X]

Okay it's murder haven't you ever heard of the emperor

The beast the man in black is looking for the chief

If I'm a monster call NASA eat guns wid plasma

Tryna knock off the space dude turn me into space food

I pack a space guage that send you to the space age

Murder death kill a serial racker and steel

Black van no license plate,

Homicide on a white man God writes the fate

I pause and hit the gate I'm the guy to let him die

The knife to his throat it's called Colombian neck tie

We hold him hostage no wheelchairs baby

The Don the kidnapper and I make ya family pay me

[HOOK]