

Murder Inc, Shit Gets Ugly

(Tah Murdah)

Perminently dedicated to the street shit
Creep the gat that spit quick
And fuck with
Killers who keep clips to heat shit
When there's murder involved
There's a lot of niggaz bluffin
Holdin an arsenal of guns and never bustin
Screamin at the top of they lungs but sayin nuthin
But I styrofoam lies with quiet and blaze nuthin
What the fuck y'all want
Cowards we ain't cut from the same cloth
You a 5M6 nigga, I ride your bitch nigga
You fuck with the wrong one this time
And I promise you
You be the next nigga they pay homage to
And they gonna find you somewhere in a vacant lot
With the garbage, I'm a murderer so I'm heartless
I drop the top on the CL420 as I
Swallow henny gettin, head from your hunnie
And before I let you hit me, I hit you
And split you, leavin you for the paramedics to get you

(Black Child)

When shit gets ugly
It's back to the block fuckin with them custies
We gonna lock shit down
I'm a nigga so you know you can't trust me
When shit gets ugly
We got bitches that transport pounds
We gonna lock shit down
Murder them niggaz, murder them now

(Black Child)

I spit venomous murderous shit with the inosence
Of a child, in the penal, foul and official
Futuristic, chick shit, black big dick
From mistresses we roll triple sixes
Thats back-to-back Benzes, my friends is my enemies
They feel the energy like it's tenely
Murder's the remedy when the hennessy is in me
I'm unfriendly in the club where the women be
Sippin Italy, feelin me, killin me, for the benji's
Not the broads in my bed
I can't front, I love them whores that give me head
I like my presidents dead, and I can't stand the feds
I got mansions with saunas, while niggaz on the corner
And laughin at the police when they can't find my burner
I like cars with a stash box, cash, and drop-top
I smash the block, nigga smash the cops

(Black Child)

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(Vita)

When shit gets ugly, in the purse with a snub b
Murderous bitch, don't give a fuck you haters love me

Feel you above me, bitch but down inside
What chick you know hit strips and broke down fives
Cut family ties, so deep into my slug's eyes
Analyze my crimes as I rise, and I
Solely swear never to turn state
You right bitch
I'm a murder mommy for life

(Ja Rule)

Yeah, Yeah

May the law be with niggaz who shout my name in vain
I'm a Murderer motherfucker, you loose change
I get head in the whip, probably from your bitch
Cuz she's a hoe like yourself, and it's makin me sick
From the pimps, to the bulls like Don Bishop
I pimp on hoes, shorty you hearin me
Good sense to keep a nigga in dark tints
But it won't stop the hollows comin throught the fence
Forget about it, gangsta shit gets tense
You sounding like a homo nigga who ride dicks
Every joint you make got a name in your mouth
What you gobblin? nuts nigga?, with my posters out
Nigga read about it
The Murderous I-N-C, courtesy of the nigga I. Gotti
Nigga hear about it
From your hood to my hood, from my block to your block
Fuck around and get shot nigga

(Black Child)

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