

# Willie D, Recipe 4 A Murder

Verse 1: (Willie D)

Motherfuckers are dying  
And getting buried in the cemetery  
Cause they ass couldn't pass the preliminaries  
That's when you mind your own  
Stay in line and keep the fuck out of mine  
Cause goddamn I ain't got it all  
This year I'm a fuck off a whole lot of y'all  
There was a body found in a lake  
Butt naked, wrapped in duct tape  
And the #1 suspect came from a broken home  
That ain't been fixed yet  
You got family, ah that's beautiful  
I want to see them at your goddamn funeral  
Along with your bitch and your friends  
Cause I'm a view the body, and pop your ass again  
No I'm not dick riding the chronic like the others  
I'm just the wrong motherfucker  
For a nigga to play with or say shit  
Behind my back, cause nigga that's gay shit  
I'll make a nigga drop his pants then buck him  
Throw him in the ditch and let the dope fiends fuck him  
I can't charge it to the game  
Cause the game never paid Willie D a goddamn thing  
I'm talking about a cold-blooded murder  
You never heard of a recipe for a murder

Chorus:

Lay your guns down  
You don't want to see me clown  
One shot to your dome  
Two shots, now you're gone  
(2x)

Verse 2: (Sho)

Niggas I'm smooth  
But watch me move on this groove  
About niggas getting they ass misused  
I'm a soldier, I don't start trouble see  
But somehow man the shit just find me  
Now take a nigga talking shit  
Better yet he talking shit to me  
Trying to impress one of his homies  
A front for a bitch that I done already fucked  
And to this day I can still get my dick sucked  
Mix that together with a hot ass club  
And that's a little dish called a nigga getting his ass drugged  
But my hands ain't enough  
I gotta schedule you a wait  
Give you two to the head for old times' sake  
So don't fuck with me and don't fuck with this clique  
Unless you ready to lay in front of a pulpit  
With your mama crying listening to some verses being read  
For you trying to catch lead with your head  
Did you hear what I said?  
I want to see some red, pronounce your punk ass dead  
Now you can beg, give me your dope and your bitch  
Suck my dick but it still won't change shit  
Because I hate motherfuckers who talk trash  
So don't let your mouth overload your ass  
But some still gonna flex  
And I'm a swing and connect  
And it's gonna feel like a train wreck  
I'm putting in work

Fucking with Sho you'll be the quietest nigga in the church  
And if a bitch is in my mix then a nigga gotta hurt her  
Bitches die too my recipe for a murder

(Willie D)

My recipe for a murder is simple  
Fuck with Will and get one to your temple  
So pull your motherfucking guns  
And I'm a show you I'm the clean-up man in more ways than one  
You got a posse, a thick clique  
Cool, it makes it easier to hit me a bitch  
I want to see you piss on yourself  
And your eyes buck, for fucking with Wize Up  
Cause there's too many studio gangsters making noise  
Knowing that they're motherfucking choir boys  
I'm coming from the south  
I talk that talk, I walk that walk that fucks your ass off  
Niggas try to deal with it  
But got the fuck out of Dodge when they saw I was real with it  
So if you're talking shit about the Gulf Coast  
Suck a dead man's dick until you're comatose  
And if a cop want to blast, we can blast  
I'm a Tupac Shakur his ass  
I'm talking about a cold blooded murder  
You never heard of a recipe for a murder

Chorus (2x)

Verse 3: (Willie D)

Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge  
I'm trying not to lose my head, but dig this  
One nigga got got in the parking lot  
Cause his punk ass ran me hot  
Talking about he coming back  
With his boys and his gat  
But he ain't never coming back  
See when a motherfucker threaten Willie D  
I gotta fuck him off before he fuck off me  
The trigger finger ain't never nervous  
So unless you're sucking my dick, save the lip service  
I know a gang of motherfuckers who done passed  
For letting that mouth overload that ass  
It's a wreath from the goddamn forest  
Check out the motherfucking chorus

Chorus (2x)

Yeah, it's time for all you motherfuckers out there to wise up  
Cause we handle our business on the records and the streets  
Punk motherfuckers