

# Murderer

## Mystikal

Chorus (Mystikal & Insane): repeat 2X(Insane) Guns murder niggas at night...

(Mystikal) Man, niggas even kill niggas at night

(Insane) Cops murder niggas at night...

(Mystikal) I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let them bitches murder mine!(Mystikal)

Motherfuckin murderer... shot my fuckin brother

But when I find him, I'm gone GET THAT MOTHERFUCKER!

He playin the role of one them niggas that's always talkin noise

Runnin INSIDE, talkin that shit, front of his fuckin boys

Fuck that, I'm lockin that bolt back

Loadin that gat, here that glock come, (gunshot)

Out'cha fuckin' head... standin on the corner

I'm peepin on ya, so I CAN CREEP UP ON YA!

Calmin my nerves, get rid of these punks and stick em in my mind

You want it? Fine, I DONE REACHED FOR THAT NINE

I'm gone do you in

I'm tellin ya bitch you gone have to get up quick

And hit the bricks before I do you in

Two of your boys spied me comin

Them coward-hearted niggas started runnin

But not you though, you gots to play the hard role

Stop playin it up like a bone, BITCH I KNOW YOU ARE

Talkin head gonna put you on your deathbed

Just cuz you got a gat, that's just why you actin brave

Got a gat I got a GLOCK, what'cha gone do?

Handle your business, DON'T LET YOUR BUSINESS HANDLE YOU!

Chorus(Mystikal)

Pull your shirt down bitch

I know you got a gat, but I ain't scared bout that bullshit

It don't matter how many fuckin guns you got

The only thing that MATTER, is a nigga, to get the first shot

Cuz if I peep, that ass is fallin to the street

Bitch retreat or that ass is deeeeeead meat

Smack your teeth, but I'ma knock you off your fuckin feet

They gone pick you up, piece-by-piece off that concrete street

When N.O. meet, who gives a fuck about a poor neat scene?

We got beef, so I'ma shoot'cha like a FAKE BITCH

Let you know just who you fuckin' with

But I ain't that type of nigga

that's liable to shoot you over no DUMB SHIT!

If I'ma pop ya, I'ma pop ya for just cause

you talk too much shit PLUS, you popped one of my boys

Gankin niggas I'm gettin downright SCANDOLOUS!

(gunfire) YOU CAN'T HANDLE THIS!  
So when you're out bitch, move or I won't step  
Cuz if I catch'cha I'ma drill ya in your fuckin chest  
I ain't gone gone ride by and pop, cause I might miss  
I'ma walk up to your FACE, Pop POINT BLANK BITCH!  
That's what you get, from out there tryin to go act bad  
Not even BRUCE LEE, could whoop a bullet ass  
Got'cha, come, get this ass whoopin  
If you bringing them niggas with ya, that's nothin  
I'm poppin' the clip in  
Nigga fetcher, satisfied when you're on the stretcher  
You might run but I'ma CATCH 'EM!  
Chorus(Mystikal)  
(Yo nigga you caught that bitch yet?)  
FUCK NO! I ain't caught that bitch yet  
I done been through every scandalous sight, and every project  
But I bet'cha, when I stop, runnin behind em  
Get up, pack my shit and I'll STOP, and then I'll fuckin find him  
Yo dumb ass in the street  
Fuck that shit, cuz I'ma catch your ass this week  
Monday, a one day when you go play (alot of gunfire), goes the A.K.  
Sprayin on his ass like a roach, and if I approach, too late to duck hoe  
Drop, run, fall, kick, scream, now curse  
How in the fuck you gone duck a twelve round burst?  
Hammin at that ass on Tuesday, put up the nine  
Go get the A.K.  
Bitch if I catch you in the mall Wednesday  
That's the day that ass fall  
Then it might be Thursday, three round burst day  
The day I'm blood thirsty  
Fuck that, wait til FRIDAY, PAYDAY!  
Shoot'cha in your face and take your money, J  
Now wait til the weekend, heh, yeah  
Saturday, that's the day you go CREEPIN  
But you better be watchin your back cuz I'm sneakin (door noise)  
Waitin for my chance to do your ass in  
I don't give a fuck if it's on Sunday  
God gone have to forgive me, cuz I'ma shoot'cha in your head niggaChorus

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