

Murder Man

Pastor Troy

[Verse]

Iiiiiii'm comin, two .50 cal's in hand
Long goat-tee nigga the Taliban
I'm Murda Man, I'm tryna murk somethin
This ain't for? cheese I'm tryna hurt somethin
These niggaz claimin g'z, claimin they run the South East
How you run the shit in that buck buck Caprice?
Atleast, you oughta know bout my flow
The P the T the R the O
The Y nigga, I'm so fly call me jet
Jump off in the ocean still ain't wet
I flex, I motherfuckin ball better ask em
Catch a nigga talkin shit n motherfuckin blast em
Murda, m-u-r-d-a
Im pumpin gats at whoever in the way
Im back wit gun play, don't think they undastand
But I don't think they wanna fuck wit the Murda Man, Murda Man

[Hook]

I don't think they wanna fuck with the Murda Man
Fuck wit the Murda Man, fuck wit the Murda Man, Well Uh-Huh

(4x)[Verse]

Yaaaaa'll trippin, now everybody crunk
Yall niggaz gon make me pop the trunk
Cuz I remember way back in the day
When the ATL wasnt gettin no play
Then I came out, dropped We Ready
Niggaz went to bouncin, ridin them box Chevy's
But I guess that was then, this is now
When I catch ya ass in the street the gun blow, blow
I represent the hard, I represent the angle
I represent the real, I represent the danger
I represent the cars, I represent the dream
I represent respect, I'm representin my team
It's Mister PT aka Murda Man
Ya pistol in ya car, my pistol in my hand
And you can ask Chan, I shot a nigga van
Dont think you understand, I'm the fuckin Murda Man, Murda Man and

[Hook][Verse]

Stiiiiiiiill spinnin, empty my magazine
I jump off in my limousine and flee the scene
This ain't the SWAT team, this ain't Lil Scrap n them
I rep that hard shit and fuck a platinum

And Little Jon, used to be homey, used to be my Ace
Now I wanna slap the the taste out ya mouth
Nigga down south I'm a legend
When ya see me keep motherfuckin steppin
And flexin, so what you gotta A at nigga
That don't mean shit to a south side killa
Wussup Shay? wussup Tod?
On that ass, Shady Park
Murda, M-U-R-D-A
Im bustin shots at whoever in my way
Cockin my A-K, don't think they understand
But I don't think they wanna fuck wit the Murda Man, Murda Man, and[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>