

# Murder Ink (feat. Hittman & Ms. Roq)

Dr. Dre

When darkness be closin' in  
I'm motivated, with the howlin' wind  
With a list of chosen men, frozen in sin  
Knowin' that your end is beginnin' Swift silent and deadly, there's no defendin' my plots  
I know your every movement, for six months I watch  
Coulda gotchu at your baby's mother's house  
Even at your down-low weed spot But the backdrop, wasn't flattering enough  
I didn't want people gathering the stuff  
Snapshots of blood splattering from the snuff  
Here, puff this here, while I figure which way, to split yo' wig  
Right now you as nervous, as a farmer John Pig  
As I dig into my tragic bag, take out the HK  
Twist on the silencer, insert the thirty-shot mag  
Bullet stuck to his brain like a Mack  
Skull in fragments, I leave the cleanup to Dragnet This is anybody murderahh  
To fuckin' everybody murderahh  
Nigga all y'all murderahh  
Uh, uh, for real  
You'll fuck around and get killed  
This is anybody murderahh  
Motherfuckin' everybody murderahh  
Yeah, nigga all y'all murderahh  
Uh, uh, for real  
You'll fuck around and get killed  
Peeped all the stash drop in exchange of the dough  
Lurkin' through the turf, thinkin' how I'ma just work  
Give 'em chase to the crib and, yo, he properly laced  
Stepped out the car, put my steel to the side of his face Murder, this the fuckin' case, rob this  
nigga and shake  
The fuckin' spot 'cause in a few it's gon' be crawlin' with cops  
Who's the bad bitch now? You crept on, paid the piper  
Who'da thought a sexy bitch could be a murderous sniper? Detrimental to your health, shoulda  
learned yo' lesson  
But it's too late nigga, bye-bye, better count yo' blessings  
I been watchin' you watchin' me, yeah, you ballin'  
Was, nigga now you finger fucked and steady fallin' A thug wit no love, but bitch niggaz die fast  
Thug niggaz die young, oh, what you thought you would last?  
Blast two shots to the dome, slide back to the pad  
And jack my nigga off, 'til his dick get soft  
Resume the wifey boo shit, 'cause, yo, my man don't know  
That his bitch is straight ill, servin' ass with fo'fo I'm a motherfuckin murderahh  
Bitch disses anybody murderahh

Yeah, nigga all y'all murderahh  
Uh, uh, for real  
You'll fuck around and get killed  
I'm a motherfuckin murderahh  
Uhh bitch disses anybody murderahh  
Yeah, nigga all y'all murderahh  
Uh, uh, for real  
You'll fuck around and get killed

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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