

# Murder on My Mind

YNW Melly

Ain't get to roll no weed, ain't get to roll no swishers  
I was locked up on Christmas, ain't get to see my niggas  
Ain't get to hug my mama, couldn't even give her no kisses  
Can't even post on my Instagram 'cause these pussy niggas be snitching  
Everybody acting suspicious, my proolly say that I'm tripping  
When I'm all alone in my jail cell I tend to get in my feelings  
And all I smoke is that loud, don't pass me no midget  
I'ma smoke all of my pain away 'cause that the only thing gone heal it  
And I don't understand these woman who go around pretending as  
if they really fuck with me, so I love 'em all with a distance  
'Cause the same bitch say she down  
to ride be the main one who tricking  
Got Molly mixed with Pomethazine cause every time I  
Wake up in the morning I got murder on my mind  
AK47, MAC-11, Glocks, and 9s  
And all these pussy niggas hating tryna  
knock me off my grind, but I can't let 'em do it  
I got murder on my mind  
Bitch I got murder on my mind (I got murder on my  
mind), I got murder on my mind (murder on my mind)  
I got murder on my mind (i got murder  
on my mind), I got murder on my mind  
I got murder on my mind Yellow tape around his body, it's a fucking homicide  
His face is on a T-Shirt and his family traumatized  
I didn't even mean to shoot 'em, he just caught me by surprise  
I reloaded my pistol, cocked it back, and shot it twice  
His body dropped down to the floor and he had teardrops in his eyes  
He grabbed me by my hands and said he was afraid to die  
I told 'em it's to late my friend, its time to say "Goodbye"  
And he died inside my arms, blood all on my shirt  
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knock me off my grind, but I can't let 'em do it  
I got murder on my mind  
Bitch I got murder on my mind (I got murder on my  
mind), I got murder on my mind (murder on my mind)  
I got murder on my mind (i got murder  
on my mind), I got murder on my mind  
I got murder on my mind Bible tarantula, bitch I'ma animal  
Melly a savage, no he not no amateur  
Baby name Angela, fucked her on camera

Bitch I'ma murderer  
I might just kill the boy  
Don't wanna kill the boy  
Bake 'em up, say he want beef, we gone grill the boy  
Grill the boy (grill the boy)  
I'm looking so good I'ma kill his ass, hand me the stidable  
Murder on my mind  
I got murder on my mind, murder on my mind  
I got murder on my mind, I got murder on my mind  
I got murder on my mind, I got murder on my mind  
Wake up in the morning I got murder on my  
mind  
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on my mind), I got murder on my mind  
I got murder on my mind

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