

Murder 4 Hire (D Roc The Executioner)

Body Count

Murder, murder, murder murder
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Kill Kill Kill Kill
Jacker of life, the last thing you'll see is the flash
The last image my mask, the last breath is your gasp.
The roar of my machine, the smell of burnt flesh,
hot brass ejects, slugs rip through your weak vest.
Feel your bones shatter as my bullets ricochet,
this game is gun play, kill with skill.
I get the contract, make your will,
Cause I never miss, I'm the best at this!
Murder 4 Hire!
Murder 4 Hire!
Don't give a fuck who your are cash moves me,
M-O-B, C-I-A, F-B-I, use me, money for blood.
Take you out in a club, your car explodes in a lot,
Bodyguard wrong move your shot.
I'm a get you when you least expect it right in the head,
You can't get got, no way?
I'll hit you from a block away.
It's my decision, I got you in my night vision,
Snipe, I'm the type that'll kill you with a butter knife.
Murder 4 Hire!
Murder 4 Hire Baby!