

Murder Man

Pastor Troy

Ooh, ooh, ooh
Yeah, this for da clones in the ATL,
With them fake a** chains,
For all the flexy a** ni**az comin' outta Atlanta,

Iiiii'm comin, 2 50 cal's in hand,
Long goatee's ni**a da taliban,
I'll murda man, I'm tryin to murk somethin,
This ain't no chuck e cheese,
I'm tryin to hurt somethin',
These ni**az claimin G's, claimin' they run the south, please..
How you run this sh** in them butt fu** caprice,
Atleast you outta know bout' my thrown,
The P the T the are the O the why,
Ni**a I'm so fly call me jet,
Jump off in the ocean still ain't wet,
I flex I mothafu**in ball betta ax em,
Catch a ni**a talkin sh**,
Motherfu**in blast em,
Murda, M - you - are - D - A,
I'm pumpin gats at whoever in the way,
I got the gunplay, don't think they understand,
Don't think they wanna fu** with the Murda Man.

Chorus

I don't think they wanna fu** with the murda man, fu** with the murda man
Fu** with the murda man
(well ah haaaa) (4x)

Yaaaaa'll trippin',
Not everybody crunk,
Y'all' ni**az gonna make me pop tha trunk,
Cause I remember way back in the day, when the ATL was'nt gettin no play,
Then I came out, drop, we ready,
Ni**az went to bouncin',
Ridin' dem box chevys,
But I guess that was then,
This is now.... when I catch ya a** in the street, the guns plow,
I represent the heart,
I represent the Anger,
I represent the real,
I represent the danger,
I represent the cars,
I represent the dream,
I represent repect,
I'm representin my team,
It's Pistol PT, aka the Murda Man,
Ya pistol's in ya car,
My pistol's in my hand,
And you can ask Jan,
I shot a ni**a ran,
Don't think you understand, I'm the fu**in' Murda Man(haaaa)

Stiiiiiill spinnin',
Empty my magazine,
I jump off in my limozine, and fleet the scene,
This ain't the swat team,
This ain't' lil scrappy and them,

I love that hard sh**,
And fu** a platinum,
And lil jon', used to be my homie, used to be my ace,
Now I wanna slap tha taste, out yo mouth,
Ni**a down south I'm a legend,
When you see me, keep mothafu**in' steppin,
They flexin... so what you got a A(ATL) Hat ni**a?
That don't mean sh**,
To a southside killa,
What's up Shay, what's up toadd,
On that air, shady park,
Murda, M - you - are - D - A,
I'm bustin' shots at whoever in my way,
Cockin' my a.k.,
Don't think they understand.. But I don't think they wanna fu** with the Mur
da Man(haaaa)