

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

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