

# Motive 4 Murder

## Twista & The Speedknot Mobstaz

[Incomprehensible]The stress of everyday living is slowly corrupting my soul  
I'm two months out the joint on papers walking with three years parole  
I did 4 and a half a slab and shit a nigga was dying  
I'm finally back in the world and it's hard but I'm still tryingNot to fall and risk my freedom  
again trying to ball  
While waiting for this pussy ass job to call and it ain't hopping  
Got me tipping to hear them things popping, cash bags dropping  
With plenty of cane for recapping opportunity knockingIt's what I'm on, I cry when I'm at home  
'cause I'm alone  
Twenty-four years and grown with a future unknown  
My heart was torn from the pain of being back in the game  
But I'd rather die getting my hustle on and live like a lane  
So it's back to pistols and cane, plotting on licks hitting stains  
The mob life runs through my veins, it's too late for me to change  
These streets got me deranged, strapped up and paranoid  
Ready to add on situations I can and can't avoidPlus big voices getting hot, they constantly  
sneaking on blocks  
They trying to bring me in unconscious but them pins got popped  
Now they got me on the run cherishing every last breath  
But I ain't going back its freedom or death that be my motive for murderNow I know you the  
judge of life and death, I ain't evil or nothing  
But somebody done brought me pain and sorrow  
So I'ma have to kill something  
Let me count the ways that I can repent trying to stay holy and focused  
But that evil in his eyes let me know that nigga too bogus  
That be my motive for murderI'ma survive these streets another day  
I know the pain in my heart won't go away  
These mother fuckers try to murder me  
And won't nobody hurt my family, that's what he gotta die  
Nine times out of ten you can find Mays trying to hit a better lick  
If it ain't coming up with the dopiest shit  
Then I'm trying to cop the thickest brick  
'Cause life in the belly of the best is equal to poverty's bottomless pit  
Where bitch niggas trick  
And thirsty mother fuckers beat you out of everything you getBut it seems like everybody's  
trying  
To make some type of come up quick  
Before it's too late to get straight and the most I make is final pick  
Anywhere they shit like riding slick with a thick chick slobbering your dick  
Even if it means fighting these niggas in cases  
As long as neither ones thick'Cause I swear when I get hit I go in a crucial rage like a flick  
Turn straight lunatic making all these bitches niggas hear their final tick

But that don't mean my minds sick  
Just 'cause I'm motivated by a lot of cheese  
When trees by the P's and fuckin' fine fee's and three's with ease  
For sho' the skilled poets within  
in the mask up kill for it  
I'll whoop a fiend with a crushed grill, I'll bet his dumb ass'll still blow it  
Bullshit ain't nothing I'm trying to get this first mil in the bank  
And drive a bullet-proof hummer tank  
So the next haters who try to air me out come up blank  
And I'ma have to sacrifice your life with  
a wrath  
That's stronger than Christ  
And forces of life that's know to do damage to human eyesight  
I guess it's true moneys the route of all evil 'cause crooked or legal  
It's all manipulated by the eagle and be my motive for murder  
Now I know you the judge of life  
and death, I ain't evil or nothing  
But somebody done brought me pain and sorrow  
So I'ma have to kill something  
Let me count the ways that I can repent trying to stay holy and focused  
But that evil in his eyes let me know that nigga too bogus  
That be my motive for murder I'ma survive these streets another day  
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These mother fuckers try to murder me  
And won't nobody hurt my family, that's what he gotta die  
Lord knows I was hurt from a judge  
from the start  
How I'ma hide love from this mark  
This nigga made my homie die in my arms had to put a slug in his heart  
Mother fuck that stuff it was just a grudge on his part  
My boy was young and ambitious took his dreams and wishes  
Try to do right but my attitude like blast them bitches  
Drowning all my sorrows in bottles of  
yack and a quarter ounce  
Of dro want a rap I'm 'bout to snap here come the big pay back  
Looking up on the dresser for the black and gray strap  
I'm crying and shit, I was hurt so bad I felt I had to go kill him  
Even if a slug hit him  
I was still hurt enough to aim at myself and die with him  
Can't control them pains now it's time  
to throw them thangs  
Visions of the stud don't stay  
Empty the clip of am out right ambulance come around  
By the time the hypes taking of his Nikes  
I know it sound cold but this bullet put a hole in my soul  
Never shorties years stole he was only 17 years old  
And at the funeral I got to watch his mama's tears roll  
And I know he used to wild sometimes  
Carry a nine but you took away your sunshine  
No more reminiscing on the fun times  
Ballin' and coming at bitches with blunt lines  
But this nigga ain't going to want mine  
For the pain I'ma handle this funk and dismantle this junk  
Fuck all that in all black and then pumped  
To run up on this nigga tip up on him then jump  
Mission to kill armed with a fist full of steel  
eyes gleam with the fury  
Never thought I'd be facing to two mothers

In front of a prosecuting team and a jury, how did one murder turn into two  
Revenge had me shooting through hate, I couldn't stop  
In the mist of the action is when that little girl got shot  
All because of my motive for murder Now I know you the judge of life and death, I ain't evil or  
nothing  
But somebody done brought me pain and sorrow  
So I'ma have to kill something  
Let me count the ways that I can repent trying to stay holy and focused  
But that evil in his eyes let me know that nigga too bogus  
That be my motive for murder I'ma survive these streets another day  
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