

Murder on My Mind - YNW Melly

Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

"Murder on My Mind"

Get to roll no...

Ayy, I'm in the studio, bro

Oh, nah, yeah, call me, ball me

Yeah, I'll... bet

Yeah, I'm at the studio, hold up though

I ain't get to roll no weed, I 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, might probably 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

And I'ma smoke all of my pain away, 'cause that's the only thing that gon'
heal it

I don't understand these women who go around pretending
As if they really fuck with me, so I love 'em all from a distance
'Cause the same bitch say she down to ride be the main one who tricking
Got Molly mixed with promethazine 'cause every time

I wake up in the morning, I got murder on my mind
AK-47's, 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 (bitch, I got murder on my mind)
I got murder on my mind (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 him, he just caught me by surprise
I reloaded my pistol, cocked it back, and shot him twice
His body dropped down to the floor, and he got teardrops in his eyes
He grabbed me by my hands and said he was afraid to die
I told him, "It's too late, my friend, it's time to say goodbye"
And he died inside my arms, blood all on my shirt

Wake up in the morning, I got murder on my mind

AK-47's, 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 (bitch, I got murder on my mind)

I got murder on my mind (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)

Bite like tarantula, bitch, I'm an animal

Melly's a savage, no he not no amateur

Bad bitch named Angela, fucked her on camera

Bitch I'm a murderer (yeah, yeah)

I might just kill the boy, don't wanna kill the boy

Bake him up, say he want beef, we gon' grill the boy

(Grill the boy, we gonna grill the boy)

I'm bleeding so good, I might dip his ass in it and spill the boy

Haha, murder on my mind, whoa, whoa

I got murder on my mind (on my mind)

I got murder on my mind, I got murder on my mind, huh

Wake up in the morning, I got murder on my mind

AK-47's, 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

I got murder on my mind, I got murder on my mind

(Murder on my mind)

Whoa-oh-oh-oh

Young Nigga World, bitch

Whoa-oh-oh-oh

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
