

# Murder

## Eban Schletter

[Royce Da 5'9"] I got a phone call  
Six in the morning, anonymous, that said  
"Yeah nigga, we got him" and then they hung up  
Then I looked down at my iPhone  
At the private number saying "Who the fuck is this" to the dial tone  
I said fuck it, the next second my phone buzzes  
My nigga's wife said niggas just ran up on cousin  
What niggas? She said it was some rappers from Ohio  
That been out here north of Atlanta bone thugging  
Ran up on him and did what then?  
She said they stomped him at the club then pandemonium erupted  
[Woman singing]Murder  
[Royce Da 5'9"] Going through my mind, is she telling me shots was fired  
Them Ohio niggas is rock supplying  
Heated, stop answering, start spending them niggas calls  
Every time he went to see him he went in them rented cars  
So it was even harder to find him so they figured  
They'd go to the D tomorrow and surprise him  
Did they kill him? "Nah, they only shot a couple times  
Heard they was hitting walls." The nerve of these niggas' balls  
Who was he with? "He was with Tre"  
He in the hospital too? "Nah." Needless to say, call you back  
I called up Tre, Tre answered, I said  
Hey man, keep it real fam, why the fuck you still standing?  
He said, "Nickel I'm a killer, not a fighter  
So I got up out the way because my weight's a lot lighter  
Them niggas was big so I slid but I promise on my kids  
We can get them, I know where them niggas is"  
Where them niggas at then? I heard what their crew do  
Real niggas, if y'all was in my shoes what would you do?  
[Woman singing]You going murder  
[Royce Da 5'9"] Jumped up, pumped up, feeling like Manson Malvo Groucho  
My bitch staring out me, I'm out though  
I ain't visting cuz in the hospital  
Till I got at least one of them nigga's chain in my hand like Alpo  
Car headed to where Tre at  
Eject the BI to put in T.I., skip to (ASAP)  
He off of the freeway in the projects  
I hit the exit without blinking to thinking in the process

Tre come running out with a fully on some hot shit  
I'm like weapons ain't a thing, killing is the object  
What was you doing when they was kicking all on my fam?  
He said, "Nickel, we about to get them niggas, goddamn  
Why you got to be so obnoxious?"

What? Just tell me where them niggas at before I take your ass hostage

He said "Alright. Around six around five  
Of them niggas was riding around here in a maroon Crown Vic"  
I said alright, pulled out of the lot and made right  
You in the car that fit the description, say goodnight  
You got to pay the price  
Tre said, "There they go in the alley  
Sitting in the car they probably blazing right  
And they can't see us cause we behind them"  
This ain't the time

"But what if this our only opportunity to find them"

I said you right, pulled into the alley and seen two people in front of them niggas' car taking out garbage

I said wait till these people finish, they innocent

Soon as they go back in their cribs we going to finish it

No sooner than a second after

Tre jumps out of the passenger side blasting

Past them niggas we here to kill, hitting them innocent bystanders

Tearing their trash up

Our enemies jumped out of their car waving badges

They all shooting at me, nobody blazing at him

This ain't adding up

Car in reverse, now I'm mashing, leaving Tre behind

Even though it's some questions that I got to ask him

[Woman singing]Murder

[Royce Da 5'9"]Burning rubber away from there in a bullet riddled car

Trying to piece this shit together, hitting the boulevard

If them niggas is the police, what the fuck is Tre?

He ain't dead or in jail by now then he the other way

Snitch or pig, I got to talk to my cousin

That nigga setting me up then I'm a lift his lid

That nigga know how hostile my reactions

I call and try to find out what hospital he at then

Every nigga pickup just laugh when I ask

Have you heard about cuz getting smashed maybe I'm the ass then

Head hurting like a motherfucker, looking for a gas station

Now a nigga need a fucking aspirin

I hear a familiar ringtone from my phone

It's my bitch texting me telling me don't come home

I'm thinking damn should I text back, why me

My phone starts ringing it's Tre on the ID  
He said, "Them niggas tried to get me but I slid"  
He want to tell me in person, meet me at my crib  
I said nigga please

I threw the phone out the window rolled over it crushed it into a million pieces

I hit the blinker quick then hit the highway  
If I'm a be a target y'all know I'm a do it my way  
After I rolled for a few hours I'd say  
I was tired after I got out of the tri state  
Can't help but feel like another lame exposed  
Pulling up to an old telly in the rain and cold

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