Hip Hop Police (Matz Remix) (feat. Jay-Z & Tupac)

Chamillionaire

Go, go, go, go, go, go Keep runnin', homey Go, go, go, go, go, go They on the trail Go, go, go, go, go, go Keep runnin', homey

Go, go, go, go, go, go They on the trailWith so much drama in the industry

Hip hop police are listening

Be careful or you'll be history

Looks like another unsolved mystery

It's murda, murda, murda

Ah, it's murda, murda, murda

Yeah, it's murda, murda, murda

Somebody tell 'em it's murda

Murder was the case and they blamed meOfficer, I didn't do it; you can't blame me for this

Could you please loosen up the handcuffs on my wrists?

You can call me what you wanna, man, but I ain't a snitch

No cooperation is exactly what you would get

Till I talk to my lawyer, you get no reply

You've obviously been watching too much CSI

I'm not a crash dummy so don't even try

To talk your dirty trash to me, no BFI

If you are not guilty of anything, then why did you run?

'Cause you the police, and, plus, I saw you cocking your gun

And the chamber wasn't empty it was obviously one

If you think I'm believing that one, you're obviously dumb)

Huh? (I know that you heard the sirens, you dived in

To the vehicle you was driving and ridin' in

Instead you shouldn't be whining, but abidin' by the law

Nah, it's obvious you're lyingWith so much drama in the industry

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Ah, it's murda, murda, murda

Yeah, it's murda, murda, murda

Somebody tell 'em it's murda

Murder was the case and they blamed meStop lying to me, boy it'd be best you confess

I can smell the BS on the scent of your breath Saw the meth while I was inspecting your deck Saw that you was ridin' dirty when I looked at the rest Who is this guy Busta? Who is this guy Snoop? Who is his other friend who's wearing the sky blue?

Look at this pic here, he standing beside you Tell me his name now, I heard he was Piru

Confiscated the CD's at one of your homes

For evidence ever since we heard some of your songs

What about this Pimp guy? He was on one of your songs

I coulda sworn he said he had a pocket full of stones

Am I wrong? hell yeah, I don't know who that is

I don't know no Pimp C, all I know is I'm rich

And I'm a bond like James, bet I be out here quick

Man you ain't getting out of here, you must think that you're slick

In the car we confiscated the chronic and the clips Diary that you had and all your blueprints

On the Death Row booklet, we found your two prints

Your thumb and your index the judge will love this With so much drama in the industry

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It's murda (It's a bloody murder)

Ah, it's murda (It's a bloody murder)

Yeah, it's murda (It's a bloody murder)

Somebody tell 'em it's murda

Murder was the case and they blamed meAnd you can see you're screwed as the evidence pours in

The witness to the crime was at three in the morning

Gave us a description so we picked up your boy and

You'll get a lighter sentence if you put the crime on him

A big celebrity, a case we long for

You a pirate, why you got that eye patch on for?

Funny puttin' people in a hearse what I heard for

Where were you the night of April twenty-first, son?

Home I think that you got your facts wrong, gat's on you

Chamillionaire robbed, shot couple cats on Melview

What? we gonna have to jail you, too

In the line-up, don't speak until we tell you to

This the person who jimmed your lock, sir?

Well, he's dark, kinda looked like him, I'm not sure

Failing to nail 'cause assailant's another

Leave, I see an unmarked tailing a brother

Hit the Bodega, not no more game

This chick used to be all nice, acting all strange

Like she was gonna get it, pathetic

Assailant caught, now they all apologeticWith so much drama in the industry

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Ah, it's murda, murda

Yeah, it's murda, murda

Somebody tell 'em it's murda

Murder was the case and they blamed me

Songwriters

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