

# Murda Murda (Welcome To My Damn Block ft Cam'ron)

Juelz Santana

[Intro]

[sample]

Out in the street

They call it murder[Juelz Santana + (sample)]

Up (in the street)

Gun tucked (in the street)

Niggaz front (in the street)

Get bucked and (they call it murder)

Up (in the street)

Gun tucked (in the street)

Buck buck and (they call it murder)[Chorus: Juelz Santana]

Murder, murder, mu-murder, murder, mu-murder these streets (I'm 'bout to)

Murder, murder, mu-murder, murder, mu-murder these streets (I'm 'bout to)

Murder, murder, mu-murder, murder, mu-murder these streets (I'm 'bout to)

Murder, murder, mu-murder, murder, mu-murder these streets[Verse 1: Juelz Santana]

I stay up

My gun tucked

I gives a fuck

So, welcome to jamrock

No, welcome to my damn block

Where the slugs and cans pop

For the ones and tan rocks

Kids play in the sandbox

Other kids

Lay in boxes with sandtops

You can't stop this

Murder, murder, mu-murder, murder, mu-murder shit, this

Servin', servin', se-servin', servin', se-servin' bricks, we

Purchase, purchase, pu-purchase, and purchase, purchase whips, we

Swervin', swervin', sw-swervin', swervin', on purpose, bitch

Try to stop me, you ain't, kid

Try to pop me, you can't live

If so, you'll need an oxygen tank, shit

And for those bucks

I'm no punk

I'm Scarface, coked up, you know what

[sniff] I think I need another hit

[sniff] You know who you fuckin' with [Chorus - 2X] [Verse 2: Juelz Santana]

I bang

I slang

My nuts hang, yup

So don't get it confused or fucked up

My dudes will jump up

The ruger, dump dump, bup bup

And (they call it murder)

Act stupid, the gat's shootin [gunshot]

We'll leave you there, leave you square

Box style, box style, he who dares (dares)

Don't play

Be calm now, calm down 'cause

We all know you're not a killa killa gorilla, man

Y'all know I get that scrilla scrilla f'reala, fam

Catch me in the chinchilla all through the winter, man

Never catch me trippin', slippin', and kill me, damn

I show the hood love

They show me love back

And the hood is where my heart is, so I love that

Nah, you can't keep a black man down

I'm worldwide, Harlem's own, Manhattan bound

AY [Chorus - 2X] [Verse 3: Cam'Ron]

Killa, killa, more killin' killin' for killa killa

Feel the deal, the chinchillas, they can fit on gorillas

Santana, bananas, clip bananas, wrapped in bandannas

Hammers, hammers, no cameras, you'll be runnin to nana (nana nana)

Nana nana Santana, he be holding berettas

Killa killa kills civilians, you know I'm no better

Mo' betta' betta', cheddar cheddar, you'll be dead on your lever

For cheddar cheddar, heads we sever, go get it together

Get it together, now now get my pape's right

Come through late night

I know what it tastes like (what's that?)

Some good coke, dawg, go get your face pipe

Put on my Laker jersey, then I go rape white (number 8)

You got G ma, I got G too, shit

She wanna fly G-4, won't fly G-2 (nope)

Need ten thousand, you won't get a G, boo

Only G you gettin' is me, O.G., trueness [OUTRO: Juelz Santana + (Cam'Ron)]

(Murder, murder)

Haha, haha

I told you

I told you you niggaz was in trouble man

DipSet (murda)

The new season has officially begun (murda)

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay

Songwriters

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