

# Murda Murda

## DJ U-Neek

Out in the street  
They call it murder  
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)  
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  
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 sand tops, you can't stop this  
Murder, 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  
I think I need another hit  
You know who you fuckin' with?  
Murder, murder, mu-murder  
Murder, mu-murder these streets  
(I'm 'bout to)  
Murder, murder, mu-murder  
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(I'm 'bout to)  
Murder, murder, mu-murder  
Murder, mu-murder these streets  
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'  
We'll leave you there, leave you square  
Box style, box style, he who dares  
(Dares)  
Don't play, be calm now, calm down 'cuz  
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

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

Lyrics provided by

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