Crime Scene

The Murderers

The fuck is wrong with y'all niggaz
You think this shit is a game nigga
Like it ain't about murder and cocaine nigga
The fuck is wrong wit y'allIt's Murder Inc nigga
With some Dave Bing shit
Stop gettin' it fucked up
YeahYo the first dollar for me, I admit it the block did it
Murder came with it, nice cars and dime bitches
Hangin' out late, nicknamed the milk-crate
But on a bad note came jail time and jam ninesCan you feel the rhyme, feel a thug trying to shine?
On the grind, you better keep your ass in line
'Cuz from the get-get-go nigga, say it ain't so nigga
You was watchin' me through your window niggaDoing crimes, selling twenties for dimes
Middle finger in the air screamin', fuck one time
As you peep out, don't got the balls to speak out
Scary reach out, scream murder and pull the glock outCock it back, then tell your crew to relax
Take a deep breathe, now take six to the chest
Ten to the neck, just in case you wearin' a vest
And that's the whole sixteen coppin' in safeenMotherfucker when you see Tah
Bet I'm holdin' a fifth and a full clip
At any given moment to flip on some bullshit
Spit it sick, flowin' like alien and I'm way beyond flashin'So if you see crumbs nigga, get to dashin'
I mastered the game, accurate aim put two in you
Slappin' your dame, jump back in the range
For this hover doughRapidly gunnin' the floor like a calico
Let it rip, reload and spit a hundred more
Give you a reason to run, oh, you gung-ho
I hope y'all niggaz really ready 'cuz my steel is heavy
And feel no petty for those stuffed in a box
Nigga peep it and watch, how the sun glisten on rocksI pissed on the blocks and hustle for scraps
But now I'm on some click-clack
Keep your eyes on the cash, gimme that
Where they at, y'all niggaz want it
We right here, let me make myself clear
Nigga we can't be touched, the fuck y'all wantFrom rob men that rob grown men
And be the one hustlin' 'til the one come in
The worst niggaz cock back and spit for gin
'Til the day we win niggaz is gonna fall from Wood Hall
Thugs who seen it all, this is war

The streets ain't the same no moreNiggaz came to keep the roar but [unverified] on the floor
Let's explore, whoever's quick on the draw is the law
The fuck you set these rules for it's the streets
My code is the heat plus we all gotta eat
Take a seat and watch the streets get runned by thugs
Now stand up and watch my hustlin' niggaz rush the clubAutomatic love, fingerprints, clubs b, 38 snubb
Motherfucker, do you know me?
Ronnie Bump with a four-five that won't leave you lonely
My slugs will be your homeys
Pop the glock and make you know meI was only fourteen, doin' my thing
Gettin' cream in Jamaica Queens
Niggaz scheme for they dreams
Come clean, if not, you gots to get shotGive me the ooh-op, and let me hold down the block
Fuck cops, I pump crack rocks on back blocks
Lace shots, at them snitch niggaz, snap box
Black Child couldn't go play with the children'Cuz I was too busy pumpin' up them jums in the buildin'
While most kids went to school to maintain
I was in the spot cookin' up cocaine
The game got me, at eighteen I got sloppyCaught a body and shot up his house party
Time to relocate, I better transport my weight
Pick up all my papes and bounce out of state
Catch me in Virginia, I ain't gonna never surrender
Unless I'm dead or injured
And that's somethin' to remember niggaYo, it ain't nothin' but murder one
Niggaz holdin' they guns and bustin' 'em
My niggaz foul son, we spray up the block
And leave bystanders numb and brain dumbNiggaz heard the shots but where they comin' from
I squeezed off and hit his bitch up, my aim's off
But fuck it, nigga rob the block for twelve hundred
So I came off, if it's murder you want, it's murder I giveMakin' it harder for niggaz to live for you and your kids
No question, murder perfection dog
I'm runnin' through you and into the Lord I never prayed for
God knows I'm layin' for him, bustin' at the skyMy aim's on him, my man Kurt died the blames on him
You better believe him, killin' niggaz dead for this dream
By any means I'm deadin' your team, destroyin' your dreams
Now hows 'bout this nigga, oh, goin' all out for the doughYo, I show out, fuck around and get blowed out
Ugh

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