# Murder

## Leukemia

[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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