

# Exodus (Outro)

## DJ Butcher

In case you don't know the call me Loc, short for L O K I  
I'm speck for rule saying his last goodbye  
This is Exodus, this been a hell of a ride  
From Vinni Venni Vicci to Blood In His Eye  
In the next plan in time I've seen the rock split  
In the ride it's as rough as the ride gets  
And you know that they all want to murder The Inc  
But they can't kill us and now we got to finish these niggaz  
And if finish it means murder  
(Murder, murder, murder)  
([Unverified])  
So be it

Last that I recall, they tried to murder the God mimic my style  
Then leave them in memory of  
But smile, some memories lost, the new identity was born  
And no, this ain't a movie, dog  
This is murder  
(Murder, murder, murder)  
And you need a second for me

Yo Gotti, I make the hits, you just give me the nod  
But the air play the gun, play from New York to L.A.  
The S.K's will make these niggaz spin like Pirelli's  
We had some good years but I'm tired and ya niggaz despierin'  
And trying to put the dalce to the fire, it's like an episode of the wire  
The only difference is the vengeance is taking us in real life  
Now, everybody wanna look at us and think twice  
And point there fucking fingers like damn the bad guys  
Y'all nigga's don't know, we them niggaz, man  
Murder INC we done bin through it all done n seen it all  
There ain't nothin' you can tell me, nigga

I just wanna let y'all know man I've been through so many things  
N if it wasn't for the way I live life  
Would a nigga pray every night to Christ?  
Jesus I'm just asking

'Coz my prayers never seem to get answered  
Ma mama didn't raise no bastard  
I was born with the talent you can't touch  
I call magic, you call it music once it get remastered  
I got with Gotti started makin' classics

It's murder, it's the courses of traffic  
Trust was my only niggaz force of habit  
At the time in the game everything was average  
Pac catches die, big catches die  
And my nigga had a plan to keep Def Jam alive  
First he sign D then he sign me  
Then he introduced Jay and the rest is history  
Thanks for the memories, thanks for the misery  
Reminiscin' the Spike Lee them was the school days  
We graduated with A's  
But these niggaz make you wanna bring out the AR's and AK's  
And till they back up 'coz that what they gave us  
When they read the vendikas and various papers  
But no heart, no foul y'all, niggaz is funny style anyway  
Now, we go hard shit till the edge  
That's a good question though, see I don't understand  
Why they would think what they thinking about  
It's just not the case though I love my niggaz that's all I'm guilty of  
And that all that I ever was guilty of is the love for my niggaz  
It's all good though I ain't stressing that shit man  
Sometimes God has to put you through things  
That bring out the best, very in who you are nigga  
Sam said it to me, he said, "Sometimes greatness  
Is not what you accomplish, it's what you overcome"  
Still breathin', feel me?

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