

Murda Murda (Welcome To My Damn Block)

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

KAMOZE, INIPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>