

# Az, Mo Money Mo Murder (Homicide)

(feat. Nas)

We bigger than the Jews..  
bigger than the Irish..  
you can run the whole fuckin country!  
YOU could be the next John D. Rockefeller

"Nobody noticed us, nobody gave a shit..  
but the bigger we get,  
the more we're TAKING from other people.."

[Nas]

Yo, in a mahogany, black scenery  
that was lightning and rain drops  
I'm tied up in the basement cocaine spot like Bangkok  
I'm blindfold, Vietnam type mind control this torture  
His accent sounds like the rarest culture  
Askin me, my atrophy stabbin me gradually  
Says his attribute, was satanic, masonic, ironic  
I felt reminded of my fast life ventures  
and winters, blinded til the flashlight enters

[AZ]

Yo Dunm, before the sun set  
Call connect get all the tech's  
I'm vexed, this nigga stall for sex  
Lost respect, let's off his neck  
My calibre, got me thinkin on a higher algebra  
See me I'm just as foul as ya  
but you ain't got no style in ya  
I'm into bigger cheddar, G's and better, Armarett-ah's  
Armani sweaters, plus these crabs could never dead us

[Chorus: AZ x2]

Mo money, mo murder, mo homicide  
You catch that body nigga, better have that alibi  
You never know it might just be yo' time you take yo' ride  
to them pearly white gates, (now) watch that suicide

[AZ]

Now government official  
Got you sippin Cristal in crystal  
You fish you foul so you fell and took your fam witchu  
I'm out to get you, guaranteed every shell'll hit you  
Plus I'm on some shit too  
Layin down whose-ever witchu  
Mafioso, the New York City 90's era Sosa  
AZ, you know my culture  
Now my wolves is out to ghost ya

[Nas]

Scent of a rose on the graveyard for real now  
The stakes is up a half a mil now  
I tried to grab him with his shield down  
Four walked in, they're crazy paid up  
Sharp but straight up  
Gators from Barbados, never seen nobody play those  
Lay-Low's what they called him, his head baldin  
Sippin cappucino, spilled on his silk suits, was scaldin  
Laugh was vulgar, canvas paintings of the Isatollah  
And on his arm he wore a priceless vulture  
Tobacco pipe smoker, Escobar your life is over  
Justify the righteous nova

Bullets flew out his right shoulder  
Corpse leavin a foul odor, The Firm Volume 1 adjourned  
Bring it to a closure

[Chorus]

[Nas]

So now you're rollin wit us,  
like co-defendents, no phony business  
So know the difference - from supreme solo  
it's the styles ancient as Moses scriptures  
It's Latin Kings, Black Kufis, and White Jesters  
amongst us  
Crime invades the minds of youngsters  
Where it's pitch black they can't see you  
Godfather 3, fallin for dead, in a cathedral

[AZ]

Now you're forced to listen  
I got the mind of a grad from Princeton  
Play your position, or soon you'll be lost and missin  
It's far from fiction  
My presence is like that of a christian  
With ammunition puttin states under submission  
Street addiction, got me tied in thorough with buroughs  
Still in the ghetto, but in the cut where it's mellow  
Incognito, on the lee-low, like Carlito  
Cause we know, niggaz don't really want us to see doe  
You never know it might just be yo' time you take yo' ride  
to them pearly white gates, watch that suicide

[Chorus x2]

[Nas]

Homicide, mo homicide  
Mo suicide, mo homicide..

[music fades]

[untitled 1:18 length song starts]

Born alone, die alone.. [x4]

[AZ]

All alone in this wilderness  
Who can figure life as ill as this?  
My vision's blurred from guerilla's mist  
Gun sprays, trey's left a portion of my crew in graves  
Niggaz that would screw in ways unknown to these dudes today  
Intelligence, kept us all away from state evidence  
cause it's evident, this world is controlled on dead presidents  
Never hesitant, I'm soulless, filled with coldness  
Born to uphold this til I'm left dead from oldness

Born alone, die alone.. [x6 to fade]