

# Jay-Z, Chill

[Jay-Z talking]

Uh huh

(scratching) &quot;chi chi chi chilly chill&quot;

This gangsta gangsta uh

Uh huh

This gangsta gangsta shit

&quot;chi chi chilly chill&quot;

[CHORUS: Jay-Z]

I'm from murder murder Marcyville

My nigga you heard we clap you we certainly will

South Philly mothrfuckers kill at will

Bet the mack milly make you niggas &quot;chilly chill&quot;

Murder murder Marcyville

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[Jay-Z]

Check the four corners of the earth I'm a man of respect

Marcy projects motherfucker I'm demanding respect

The niggas done fucked up and they called in the cleaners

Jayo you're not a felon you're a misdemeanor

Don't let the Nina hit you and split your beam up

Fuck the punks with you we hit your team up (buck buck)

Y'all niggas hurtin'

That publicity stunt is not workin'

You made a bad situation worsen

Y'all wanna see me out this game like Rider

You fuckers better stop that ?we came from a game wider

How the fuck you gone try us?

You can't deny us

Of a dollar it's the Roc bitch holla!

Beef ain't nothing to a boss nigga

You crossed the line

The orders go out to kick in your doors

Wavin' the 4 4

All I heard was Jigga I don't want it no more

[CHORUS]

[Bleek]

Yo you heard a nigga fronted on Bleek word?

Nigga, never fronted on Bleek word

If it's written I wrote it

You spit it I spoke it

So...Never forget Bleek totin'

I'm from murder murder Marcyville

If y'all look in the mirror do y'all see real?

We see through your visad

Y'all soft like Q-tip cotton

Y'all dudes ain't hardly real

The boss spit off M-po's certainly will

If I smack this kid you'll probably squeal

So open the hydro we firing still

We clear out the building like a fire drill and

Money too long for y'all to fold

You know to catch a case to me is like a common cold

So get your guns out you ain't ready for war

You know the R-O-C too strong for y'all

Motherfucker

[CHORUS]

[Geda K]

Yo, I'm in a zone

You niggas done disturbed the peace

I try to relax

Still got word off the street

Hear you frail bastards tryin' to get your name back

You ain't achieve shit since you got your name in rap

We can't be misjudged you hear the flows and the lyrics and

The fifth slugs'll tear holes in your spirit and

It's like rap turned y'all to kill and hustle

Knowin' y'all gone snitch if I hop one touch you

Talk that gangsta slang be a gangsta slain

These N-Y-M-P gangstas bang

How you talk real but need your click to live?

All I need is the fifth and two clips to give

Geda keep the insane ratchet

For y'all who swear y'all can dodge the rain put on your rain jackets

It's the game y'all ain't fit for drams with us

And we pop the big guns that tear through armored trucks

[CHORUS]