Chamillionaire, Hip-Hop Police

Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go Keep runnin' homie Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go They on the trail Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go Keep runnin' homie Go, Go, Go, Go, Go They on the trail

With so much drama in the industry Hip Hop Police are listening Be careful or you'll be history Looks like another unsolved mystery It's murda, murda Ah it's murda, murda Yeah it's murda, murda Somebody tell em it's murda Murder was the case and they blamed me

Officer I didn't do it, you can't blame me for this Could you please loosen up the handcuffs on my wrists? You can call me what you wanna but mayne I ain't a snitch No cooperation is exactly what you will get Til I talk to my lawyer, you get no reply (You've obviously been watching too much CSI I'm not a crash dummy so don't even try To talk your dirty trash to me, no BFI If you are not guilty of anything, then why did you run?) Cause you the police and plus I saw you cocking your gun And the chamber wasn't empty, it was obviously one (If you think I'm believing that one, your obviously dumb) Huh? (I know that you heard the sirens, you dived in To the vehicle you was driving and ridin And you shouldn't be whining about abidin By the law, nah it's obvious your lying)

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Ah it's murda, murda
Yeah it's murda, murda
Somebody tell em it's murda
Murder was the case and they blamed me

(Stop lying to me boy, it'd be best you confess I can smell the BS on the scent of your breath Saw the meth while I was inspecting your deck Saw that you was ridin dirty when I looked at the rest Who is this guy Busta? Who is this guy Snoop? Who is his other friend who's wearing the sky blue?

Look at this pic here, he standing beside you
Tell me his name now, I heard he was piru
Confiscated the CD's at one of your homes
For evidence ever since we heard some of your songs
What about this Pimp guy, he was on one of your songs
I coulda sworn he said he had a pocket full of stones
Am I wrong?) Hell yeah, I don't know who that is

I don't know no Pimp C, all I know is I'm rich
And I'ma bond like James, bet I be out here quick
Man (You ain't getting out of here, you must think that your slick
In the car we confiscated The Chronic and The Clipse
Diary that you had and all your Blueprints
On the Death Row booklet, we found your two prints
Your thumb and your index, the judge will love this)

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Looks like another unsolved mystery
It's murda (It's a bloody murder)
Ah it's murda (It's a bloody murder)
Yeah it's murda (It's a bloody murder)
Somebody tell 'em it's murda
Murder was the case and they blamed me

(And you can see your screwed as the evidence pours in The witness to the crime was at 3 in the morning Gave us a description so we picked up your boy and You'll get a lighter sentence if you put the crime on him A big celebrity, a case we long for You a pirate, Why you got that eyepatch on for? Funny (Puttin people in a hurse what I heard for Where were you the night of April 21st son? Home I think that you got your facts wrong, gats on you Chamillionaire, Rob, Chuck,? Couple cats on Melview What? We gonna have to jail you too In the line-up, don't speak until we tell you to This the person who jimmed your lock, sir? Well he's dark, Kinda looked like him, I'm not sure Fail into nail? cause a cell? it's another? Leave, I see an unmarked tail? in the glover? Hit the Bodega, not no more game This chick used to be all nice, acting all strange Like she was gonna get it, pathetic I sell in court now they all apologetic

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