

# DMX, It's Murda

[DMX:]

URRRRRRR

Uh huh

Y'all motherfuckers ready or what?

Is y'all motherfuckers ready or what?

I don't think you are

I don't think so!

They got my back against the building

I'm the villian that's creeping around corners

Like shorty you see them niggas reaping around, warn us

Unless he coming through, gunning through, running through

So be careful what you do

See them slugs might come to you

As long as I can remeber, the streets have kept me safe

And ever since that time in December, the heat's been in my waist

I need an extra set of eyes so I keep my dogs with me

Doctor says let them die till this fucking dog bit me

I don't know whats wrong with me

But it seems like since you heard of us

Y'all niggas been wanting to murder us

(?) the third of us

Still against me

And wanting to see me in the box

Grilling me all crazy when you see me in the locks

Leave you dead (red?) like fox

Ain't nothing funny about that

I see you in a coma, ain't coming up out that

You hold on for too long and they ain't pulling the plug for you

I'll run up in the joint myself and bust another slug for you

It's murda

It's murda motherfuckers

[Jay-Z:]

I take a squat then post up with the toast up

I bring beef to a closure

Know somethin'?

(?)

I'm loathesome

I scream out fuck the world then I throw something

Niggas scheming hard but fuck it, it's the god

I leave bullets lodged leave you leaning on your broad

And our punks leave you gagged up in your car

Slumping Kennedy-style with your memory out

What the fuck y'all want?

Daddio with the calico

Let the gaty blow leave you bleeding on your patio

I leave rivals on their backs looking up at the sky blue

Not only do I leave you I hide you

I before you

X and Ja-Rule

Death before the (sauna??) now and prior to

Boss man spy on you

Conspire you

Me die before you?

You liar, you

Niggas is dead off the hits I improve

Fuck it, I got the feds who ain't buy it to

Y'all niggas don't listen

When the streets are in prison

When we find them we twist them

They fucking up missing

Y'all don't understand we want y'all all to hate it

It's murda

Murder incorporated  
It's murda  
In crime we all related  
It's murda  
See if y'all can fake it

[Ja-Rule:]  
I'ma murderer and murdering anything that moves  
Through ya nine niggas  
Straight do or die niggas  
Caught up and fall victim to the worst shit  
X, Jigga, and Ja as expected  
Shot on the world and reflect it  
Niggas don't respect it  
So get it the worst way  
Fuck with the wolves you get hunted like prey  
Shot up in broad day  
Now everybody want you  
I'm feeling like: stupid didn't the inc. warn you the first time  
It's murda  
Whenever you see blood  
It's murda  
Lay you down for the love  
That's us  
Leave the lights on  
Knife through your windpipe  
Cause most of your niggas ain't cut right  
You thinking it's alright  
But it ain't  
I'm paralyzing clowns up and down from the waist  
Giving niggas facelifts and taking it  
While making you bleed  
And if I got a taste of the shit I'm taking more than you need  
It's nothing but love between me, you, and these slugs  
Hit him up wrap his body up in (?) rug  
Who holding the heat?  
Who leaving niggas cold in the street?  
Y'all know me, ya (?), Ja-Rule the O.G.  
Niggas better watch me closely  
Get a grip, it's hennessy that fuels all that murderly shit  
When I look in the mirror my reflection is killer  
Jigga, X, Ja niggas  
It's murda