

Jay-Z, There's Been A Murder

[*BLAM BLAM*]

[*woman screaming in pain*.. cops yelling "Go! Go! Go! Go!"]

[*police sirens*]

[Hook:]□

{sung vocals}

Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh

I ahh, think there's been a..

I.. I think there's been a..

Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh

I ahh, think there's been a..

I.. I think there's been a..

[Jay-Z]

I hustle from, night to morning, dawn to dusk

Kidnap and robberies like, (c'mon nigga) "You goin with us"

I held roundtable meetings so we could go on and discuss

not only money but all the emotions goin through us

Why we don't cry when niggaz die, that's how the street raised him

Look in the air, say a prayer (hail mary) hopin God forgave him

Cop liquor, twist it, tap it twice, pour it to the pavement

We live dangerous, often findin ourself in the eyes of strangers

(Who the fuck is you?) My dream is big and in it my team is rich

as seen through the eyes of a nigga who ain't seen shit

Back to live action, I'm packin, I'm still in the mix

like new hits, I think I'm goin over your head a lil' bit

But I let you know I changed names when I roam through town

Stay free and be who I'm professional known as now

Jay-motherfuckin-Z; and with that said

back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is dead, and uhh

[Hook]

[Jay-Z]

My infatuation with autos led to autos gettin sprayed

Houses gettin broken in, quarters gettin trayed

Bricks gettin chopped, mom's pots gettin used

One thrown in that water, try the soda in there too

Expensive shoes worn, Louis Vuitton seat, roof gone

Coke cheap, my face is like a coupon

I gotta do Shawn, cause even when Jay-Z was lukewarm

I was gettin my loot on, nigga I'm too strong

Eat til the food's gone, they placed me on this earth

The twin brother of rich/poor though, seperated at birth

I got the soul of a hustler, quiet noise like a muffler

Fuck with us, walk through the ghetto, see the place that corrupted us

Learn why we buck at the guys that come up with us

Ain't enough bucks for us to split in this shit

Plus ain't nobody lovin us; and with that said

back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is dead, and uhh

[Hook]

[Jay-Z]

See my life is like a see-saw

And until I move this weight it's gon' keep me to the floor

Travel with me through my deep thoughts

Y'all can't learn Jigga by the shit y'all be readin in The Source;

It's deeper of course

Follow the life of this reckless minor

At sixteen in the 600, unlicensed driver

Playin, cops and robbers, like shots can't stop us

Flippin a bird to the choppers (fuck you coppers)

Buck-thirty on the turns

Reckless abandon, when I'm standin on this pedal
Hand on my metal, minus all this time they tryin to give me
Lord help me, all I ever wanted to be was wealthy or
somebody to tell me that they felt me
I tried to play the hand you dealt me
but you gave me five funnies an' shit
I was hungry I need menage money
Nothin less than a 520; and with that said
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is *BLAM*

{Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh}