Memphis Bleek, Murda Murda

(feat. Beanie Sigel, Jay-Z)

[Jay-Z]

[Scratchin] (Chi-chi, chi, chilly chill)

It's gangsta, turn the music up, uh, ch'eah

Yea, we back on that gangsta, gangsta shit

Shit, they just wanna play the motherfuckin game

We don't give a fuck but Swizz'll lit up somethin on you niggas

(Chi-chi, chi, chilly chill) let's go

[Chorus (Jay-Z)]

I'm from murder, murder Marcyville

My nigga you heard I clap you, I certainly will

With my South Philly motherfucka kill at will

Bet the nine milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

Yea, murder murder, Marcyville

My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will

With my South Philly motherfucka kill at will

Bet the nine milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

[Jay-Z]

I feel like a felon with two strikes, mad bullshit in this life

I done seen everythin but Christ

Luckily I'm just off the basement

You niggas just bullshittin with bars, the boys you got just tryin my patience

Like, I don't carry around banana clips like groceries

With a presence that make em don't wanna get em close to me

Talk about we suppose to be brothers

Don't make me laugh, motherfucka you chose to be

On the side opposin me, no matter what culture you be

From, Young Hova light your ass up exposively

A lil' use K for ya, pour out the P-A for ya

Had to bring y'all like back in the day for ya

They don't respect nothin else, they somethin else

Two guns with sons will get inside yourself

Loose two lungs, bullets'll get inside your health

Will take the wind outta yourself, like so

Niggas for truely in a war with yours truly

While they emulating shit they saw in the Art Of War movie

But I'm the writer of Sun Tzu, so whatever son do

I do better, more lyrics, way more cheddar

Catch me if you can, I'm the gingerbread man

Keep pumpin em up make me injure bre-thren

Niggas is tryna capitalize of Hov

Like I don't realize, I see the demons inside of they souls

Niggas is dreamin to sell what I sold

Fuckers is fiendin to held what I hold

I just know what I know, they respect me all across the globe

Although, I'm from

[Chorus (Jay-Z)]

I'm from murder, murder Marcyville

My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will

South Philly motherfucka kill at will

Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

Murder murder, Marcyville

My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will

My nigga South Philly motherfucka kill at will

Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

[Memphis Bleek]

Uh, uh huh, yea, yo, yo

It ain't nothin to double clips, trust the fifth could be toss

Niggas poppin their shit, they startin ta piss me off

Bitches and bitch niggas tryna ride against homie
So fuck them and the Originator of Sophie
The gat spit rapid, duel actions
Look I'm nice with the fifth the moments when you bastard get sick
I'm from the ghetto is turf where the metal do work
My ER eight grade, they had the errors since birth
Me and the God spittin, you know police come chalk ya
It's like you peep this and I'm the young A. Walker
Fuck it, I'm ridin with Sig, you niggas is sweet
Collidin with Cam and I'm throwin with Free
Geda K's the co-d, young boss
Until we State Property, we spit in the Taurus
Fuck it, H in the pen, huh
You know we bang where we from nigga, H to the pen
It's nothin

[Chorus (Jay-Z)]

I'm from murder, murder Marcyville
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will
South Philly motherfucka kill at will
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)
Yea, murder murder, Marcyville
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My nigga South Philly motherfucka kill at will
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

[Beanie Sigel]

Aiyyo the South Philly motherfucka kill at will I keep my Mack Milly chilly chill You niggas' gay like that for real I move yay all day for real Boss's plaque, check the status for real Balls splat, you will lay in the ground for real All day I'ma ammo for real Clip shape like bananas for real Guerilla warfare hittin the field Six saw head splittin your grill New issue, or I might grip the Uz pistol Do more than bruise tissues Crack bone marrow, lose grisel□ Sit you down in a chair for real Forever you'll wheel around for real Listen boy, I get it down for real I clutch pound for real When I ball you touch down for real Correct tar, Brett Farve, hecklaw Cops send shots down your field Tell [Muah] leave the town for real

[Chorus (Jay-Z)]

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