

# Murder Inc, Black Or White

Black Child

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

You know me, y'all dont know me?

Let me tell you a lil' something about me

How I came up

Where I came from

Ahhight?

This is how it all set it off...like this

I was the black baby that got opened off a black three-eighty

This black lady, in a black Mercedes

Pulled out on this black man, in the black land

He used to sell white rocks, and black cops used to riff

White cops ain't say shit, on the day shift they sniffed

I was a little nigga, with little niggas that like to steal

Then blew up to bigger niggas, that love to kill

Rock Hilfiger sheilds and vests laced in our 'getts

A bounce in the bubble bullet proof G.S.

Of the Ac' NSX with a mack ten express

Or my Q-4-5 with two new four-fifths

I'm into cars and guns I keep a gun in my whip

Nigga, me without my gat is like being in a blue Benz

Infront'a thousand bloods with mac tens

Or a red rose infront'a thousand crips with Calico's

And lord knows, we lust hoes

I dont give a fuck if you white of black

If you bust your gat, I can relate to that

If you sell coke or crack I relate to that

If you do sticks and stacks I can relate to that

I dont give a fuck if you white of black

If you bust your gat, I can relate to that

If you sell coke or crack I relate to that

When its yo' turn to blow there ain't no turning back

It seem like in anotha lifetime I used to sniff white lines

Commit white collar crimes, and hit white dollar dimes

This one white bitch in the white Benz used to fuck white men

And like to sniff white heroin, I sold china white crack back then

As I was writin this rhyme on white paper with a black pen

I started wonderin how life woulda been

If a nigga like me was born with white skin

I wouldn't have got knocked by the white cops with the white rocks

Coming through in the new blue drop

I be able to floss white gold, and toss white hoes

Shittin in the white Rolls Royce

Hittin a caucasian chickens that sing with a black girls voice

But I love being black, a thug bustin my mack

I know if I was white I wouldnt like that

Or love my gat, or play the clubs where the dubs at

But truthfully you could be blue to me

As long as your cream is green that beautifully

Exclusively, its me and Irv Gotti

And Murder I-N-C here to body everybody

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(a murder'er) always got a plan  
(a bitch nigga) is a poor excuse for a man  
Playas play to win and learn to listen, and listen to learn  
(a lame nigga) await his turn to talk  
And won't catch ?near jewels? that need to be caught  
Niggas know shit thats difficult is possible  
A playa pull out and put ya ass in the hospital  
For thinkin the possible is impossible  
This is ghetto gospel, we gotta politic  
Riot quick, pull out the guns and body shit  
I don't give a fuck who you go and get  
Its Black Child motherfucka, who you fuckin with?  
It's Murdaaa...

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