

# Murder Inc, Crime Sense

(Dave Bing)

The fuck is wrong with y'all niggaz  
You think this shit is a game nigga  
Like it ain't about murder and cocaine nigga  
The fuck is wrong wit y'all  
It's Murder Inc nigga  
With some Dave Bing shit  
Stop gettin it fucked up  
Yeah

(Dave Bing)

Yo the first dollar for me  
I admit it the block did it  
Murder came with it  
Nice cars and dime bitches  
Hangin out late  
Nicknamed the milk-crate  
But on a bad note came jail time and jam nines  
Can you feel the rhyme, feel a thug trying to shine  
On the grind, you better keep your ass in line  
Cuz from the get-get-go nigga, say it ain't so nigga  
You was watchin me through your window nigga  
Doing crimes, selling twenties for dimes  
Middle finger in the air screamin fuck one time  
As you peep out, don't got the balls to speak out  
Scary reach out, scream murder and pull the glock out  
Cock it back, then tell your crew to relax  
Take a deep breath, now take six to the chest  
Ten to the neck, just incase you wearin a vest  
And thats the whole sixteen coppin in safeen

(Tah Murdah)

Motherfucker when you see Tah  
Bet I'm holdin a fifth and a full clip  
At any given moment to flip on some bullshit  
Spit it sick, flowin like alien  
And I'm way beyond flashin  
So if you see crumbs nigga, get to dashin  
I mastered the game, accurate aim  
Put two in you  
Slappin your dame, jump back in the Range  
For this hover dough  
Rapidly gunnin the floor like a calico  
Let it rip, reload, and spit a hundred more  
Give you a reason to run, oh, you gung-ho  
I hope y'all niggaz really ready cuz my steel is heavy  
And feel no petty for those stuffed in a box  
Nigga peep it and watch, how the sun glisten on rocks  
I pissed on the blocks and hustle for scraps  
But now I'm on some click-clack  
Keep your eyes on the cash, gimme that  
Where they at, y'all niggaz want it  
We right here, let me make myself clear  
Nigga we can't be touched  
The fuck y'all want

(Ronnie Bumps)

From rob men that rob grown men  
And be the one hustlin til the one come in  
The worst niggaz cock back, and spit for gin  
Til the day we win niggaz is gonna fall from wood hall  
Thugs who seen it all, this is war  
The streets ain't the same no more  
Niggaz came to keep the roar but ??? on the floor

Let's explore, whoevers quick on the draw is the law  
The fuck you set these rules for  
It's the streets  
My code is the heat plus we all gotta eat  
Take a seat, and watch the streets get runned by thugs  
Now stand up, and watch my hustlin niggaz rush the club  
Automatic love, fingerprints, clubs b, 38 snubb  
Motherfucker, do you know me?  
Ronnie Bump with a four-five that won't leave you lonely  
My slugs will be your homeys  
Pop the glock and make you know me

(Black Child)

I was only fourteen doin my thing  
Gettin cream in Jamaica Queens  
Niggaz scheme for they dreams  
Come clean, if not, you gots to get shot  
Give me the ooh-op, and let me hold down the block  
Fuck cops, I pump crack rocks on back blocks  
Lace shots, at them snitch niggaz, snap box  
Black Child couldn't go play with the children  
Cuz I was too buisy pumpin up them jums in the buildin  
While most kids went to school to maintain  
I was in the spot cookin up cocaine  
The game got me, at eighteen I got sloppy  
Caught a body and shot up his house party  
Time to relocate, I better transport my weight  
Pick up all my papes and bounce out of state  
Catch me in Virginia I ain't gonna never surrender  
Unless I'm dead or injured and thats somethin to rememeber nigga

(O1)

Yo it ain't nuthin but murder one  
Niggaz holdin they guns and bustin em  
My niggaz foul son we spray up the block  
And leave bystanders numb and braindumb  
Niggaz heard the shots but where they commin from  
I squeezed off and hit his bitch up, my aim's off  
But fuck it, nigga rob the block for twelve hundred  
So I came off, if it's murder you want it's murder I give  
Makin it harder for niggaz to live for you and your kids  
No question, murder perfection dog  
I'm runnin through you and into the Lord I never prayed for  
God knows I'm layin for him bustin at the sky  
My aim's on him, my man Kurt died the blames on him  
You better believe him, killin niggaz dead for this dream  
By any means I'm deadin your team, destroyin your dreams  
Now hows bout this nigga O goin all out for the dough  
Yo I show out, fuck around and get blowed out  
Ugh