

Murder Inc, Murderers

(Black Child)

Uh huh, we did it
Motherfucker
Somebody gotta do it
It gotta get done, why not get it done with the gun?
Word to god
Yo yo yo

(Ja Rule)

Murder'a, inside must be hollow
Kill us today or you'll have to kill us tomorrow
Murder'a, inside must be shallow
How does it feel to take a life of anotha
Murder'a, inside must be hollow
Kill us today or you'll have to kill us tomorrow
Murder'a, inside must be shallow
How does it feel to take a life...

(Black Child)

It's murda and its not a game
Y'all *Silence* gonna feel the flames and a lotta pain
Let me explain from day one its murda one with no gun
Taking income, makin bitch niggas run
The nine-one-one roll up nigga what
We got the four pund tucked, the Porsche look plush
Niggas get fuckin clapped and killed for flossin
That probly why niggas get killed so often
Nothin to live for type a nigga I did a bid for
Snitch bitch niggas that ain't built for war
Is it because we ain't got no love for thugs
And slugs for drugs, the worlds most murda'rous
Black Child, nigga you know how the fuck I do
Put two in you, then puff a blunt at your funeral
I might touch yo' click and fuck yo' bitch
But'choo never heard a nigga spit shit like this

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(Tah Murdah)

When I'm gunnin I'm coming on ??? shit rubber grip
Four shit on the sawed off, blowin the doors off the Range Rov' shit
Fo' sho' this, is somethin' we die for
And my murderas I lie and fry for
Murda man, when the shit hit the fan
The plan formulate, for instance, fuck a percentage you need the all the cake
Put the four to snakes make 'em lay for raw
Fuck the game, 'cuz nigga I don't play no more
Size 'em up, nevermind if you ridin tough
Count 'em out 'til his eyes is puff, despising us
I got hungry thugs that'll tie you up
And they ain't got a problem with, snub nose revolver shit
We hard to hit, my mom's a Crip
We thirsty niggas that'll rob ya bitch for the love of the chips
So when I'm soaking the whip, y'all niggas keep hatin'
Gotta stash where the heats placed in, paper I keep chasin
Motherfucker, uh uh

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(Ja Rule)
Yo, yo...
Forever young this face kills so many all die, nigga must I?
Confess my sins, to the souls of the unknown, why?
Would you ever disrespect my niggas
We murderous engines that lead to lynchin's
Index, itching, ready to run up and hit 'em
Let the teflon spin 'em, they say "look how Ja did 'em"
I a murder'a , Inc'ed and blood you know you heard of us
Murderers juts because we the shhhhhh
Make a nigga much harder to hit with the ox
We can take it back, give me five minutes in the box
Or trade hot rocks 'til one of us drops
Nothin but shells and you can hear the shot for blocks
I'm giving 'em hell, while niggas steady hollerin' "stop"
I spit sixteens with aim and continue to pop
Motherfuckers, what'choo want with this shit
The murderous I-N-C, nigga

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MURDER'A!