

Murder Inc, Rebels Symphony

(O1)

Lights out niggas! (Huh)
You clowns (Ha, Ha, Ha)
The Murderers is here now
The game has changed
You know what I mean
Nobody knows you anymore
Your records make no sense
You know what I mean
I just want to know, all I want to do,
I just want to know, how does it feel
Huh, let me know
What it feel like, huh

(Ja Rule)

I know y'all niggas is, thinking of thoughts,
how y'all gon' catch the Rule
It's, catch a dude and, send the feud
But it won't do, 'cause now I got a crew nigga
Black Child, Tah, Murda fucking Inc. nigga
O-1 and Vita, keep the dope and the heater
Or the fucked up, a hot two seater
As long as the love with me
Hoods will never forget me
I could put raps in them, and shine up the city
Like elected Frank Nitty, jot a Big Poppa
For reasons of, we run up in a big truck and pop ya
Midnight opera
Over the wheels, slug body marks, and pop up

(Tah Murdah)

Seem like y'all niggas ain't never gon' learn
Either you hitting, or the nigga getting hit
'Cause son, when I click and cock, my shit gon' pop
And never been, a small nigga
Always a score nigga
That be up in your braud nigga
You fraud nigga
Cop yae, from far, but never raw niggas
My A's and SK's will rob when it's war nigga
Product and money
So if you want fifteen, it's twenty
And if you less than ten, I won't bend
Or y'all niggas to run with it
Gun busting, I done did it
And anything else that come with it
You don't want it
If it's real, put the deal on it
Stand up niggas will have you sitting in chairs with wheels on them
And that murder shit, I'm still on it
Murder for life
Give a fuck if you a accept it
You better respect it, unless it's, one of my fam' members
Leave whoever into this involvement in legal tendency
Laying where the dirt be
You dig this
Better recover with some big shit
Or duck when this fifth spit

(O1)

Another question: Is you willing to die
just as much as you want to kill?

(Black Child)

I went from handcuff recovering
Blowing up from bubbling
Shot muscling
All my checks doubled in
Fuck tussling
Word to God
Got a hundred men, with guns and tems
And we love Mack-10's
Since the sex, got a nigga blushed with me
Got a nigga wet
Dropped the lex
Copped the tech
We cashing checks, son
We out to get the decimals
Don't know about the rest of you
You fucking with professionals
Murderers, that will split your juggle up
Motherfucker I'll cut ya
And you think Tah touch ya
Then we flip shit with bitches that ride all day
And niggas that get head, on the highway
And niggas hating
To see Satin
Or be played
I'm gon' tell yo' hoe, you in hell waiting
While niggas on Earth
Flossed like they first
For what it's worth
Murderers blast first

(O1)
Niggas respect murder everywhere
It's the streets
Nobody's dancing in the streets
Huh, the streets is ours man, murder

(Vita)
Nigga, it's so hard to say good-bye
I wonder why
Take a sneak peak kissing herbs on a high
Hah, I'm down for whatever, whenever
Murderers stick together
See Vita, be that chick to hard throb you nigga
Fuck you, then rob you nigga
A grimy braud, that will set you and wet you
Leave you for my dogs to fetch you
Tie you up and wet you
Unless you, talking pacos again
It don't matter
The longer we spend, the longer we win
And Gotti, showed me how to work these niggas
these niggas
And hurt these niggas
And I'll be there, when my niggas need bail
Catch a body, take the stand, and won't tell
T-tale, I flip wholesale retail
Cheap, so you can get deep into this female

(O1)
Gangstas and hoes are together
Don't let nobody tell you no different, man
It's the beginning of time
I love my bitches

Motherfucker it's on one

When I come through, niggas run
Niggas know
Equipped with guns, ya heard so
You get plugged up and gutted out
Found dead with a gun in your mouth
Now what you talking about?
Scold on these streets
I'm involved with thugs, who carry heat
To lift you off your feet
The riding suite
But when it's time to eat, the guns come
Nigga's bitch I'm like he don't want none of the Murderers