

The Game, Body Bags

(Game whispering)
Its Murder

(The Game talking)
Is 07 shit
We runnin' through summers
in dual hummers
and tell them my crew coming for war

(Verse 1)
YAYO!
I can't let the day go without lettin' the K go
Now watch his face blow, YAYO!
Heard you hidin' in the big apple
Better keep hidin' for them Puerto Ricans kidnap you
9-3 gangsta ties
asians down in Miami (zoe gang!)
yeah, them asians down in Miami
Fat Joe don't f**k with you, Nas don't like you
So who they gonna blame when they long nose snipe you
Potado on the muscle, black tape on the grip
We in the A-Team van with black tape on your bitch
She gonna tell us where you at
We gonna twist that dro'
and just wait 'til that rat come out the that hole
No, the streets ain't safe
When we see him we gonna eat that face
Nobody we gonna beat that case
Yeah, it's on again, two shots of patron I'm in
Drive slow and let the motherf**kin' chronic spin

(Chorus:(The Game))
Out in the streets they call it murder (whispering: murder, murder, murderer kill, kill, kill...)
(You can't f**k with the real!)
Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder, murderer kill, kill, kill...)
(Nigga, don't cross the real!)
They call it murder They call it murder They call it murder
(murder, murder, murderer kill, kill, kill...)
They call it murder
(You can't f**k with the real!)
They call it murder They call it murder They call it murder They call it murder
(Nigga, don't cross the real!)

(Verse 2)
What type of bitch niggaz put his hands on kids (Oh No!)
Pull up that black van on his (Nope)
We don't do the kid slap, we do the kid snatchin'
Eyewitness news, there's been a kidnappin'
Feed 'em real good, takin' home to play with Harlem
Sit by the phone, just wait it's your daddy callin'
Naah, we don't get down like that
but 50's momma we'll put you in the ground like that
Cuuuurtisss
Tryin' to make peace with Dipset
but you ain't even address the beef with Jin yet
It's on now, better call dr. Ben and Russell

Set up a peace treaty or go get some muscle
Call the lighty brothers, call all your lil' flunkies
Call the snitch hotline and get the G-Unit monkeys
Call the cops, I'm still 100 miles an runnin'
Then call the God and tell him your ass is comin'

(Chorus:(The Game))

Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder, murderer kill, kill, kill...)

(You can't f**k with the real!)

Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder, murderer kill, kill, kill...)

(Never cross the real!)

They call it murder They call it murder They call it murder

(murder, murder, murderer kill, kill, kill...)

They call it murder

(You can't f**k with the real!)

They call it murder They call it murder They call it murder They call it murder

(Never cross the real!)

(Verse 3)

This ain't "Ether", nah, this ain't "Hit 'em up"

This is a lot of dead bodies, who gonna pick them up

We just shot the corner

Who gonna drive the truck

F**k the whole G-Unit who lied to Buck

F**k Spider too, now that's for Big Face

I know where you countin' your sheeps

I'll have some Crips waitin'

youtube banger, tell me how that clip taste

You kiss Lakisha in that mouth, tell me how my dick taste

I got the crown nigga, it's going down nigga

and Los Angeless - it's my town nigga!

I got a place where bodies don't get found nigga

Where the dead sleep and ghost don't make a sound nigga

The real 50 Cent, he knew Jimmy Henchmen, the real Jimmy Henchmen

Look at them niggaz flinchin'

We ain't gonna do shit

I'll have your crew sit (?)

So play like them is toy guns and this is just music

(Chorus: (The Game))

Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder, murderer kill, kill, kill...)

(You can't f**k with the real!)

Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder, murderer kill, kill, kill...)

(Don't ever cross the real!)

They call it murder They call it murder They call it murder

(murder, murder, murder kill, kill, kill...)

They call it murder

(Niggaz can't f**k with the real!)

They call it murd... They call it murder They call it murder They call it murd...

(Don't f**k with the real!)

(The Game talking)

It's Blackwall Street nigga!

Is 07, we can't be f**k with

Try and die, motherf**kers

I run the world, it's on!