

Murda Murda

Juelz Santana

Out in the street
They call it murder

Up (in the street)
Gun tucked (in the street)
Niggaz front (in the street)
Get bucked and (they call it murder)
Up (in the street)
Gun tucked (in the street)
Buck buck and (they call it murder)

Murder, murder, mu-murder, murder, mu-murder these streets (I'm 'bout to)
Murder, murder, mu-murder, murder, mu-murder these streets (I'm 'bout to)
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Murder, murder, mu-murder, murder, mu-murder these streets

I stay up
My gun tucked
I gives a fuck
So, welcome to jamrock
No, welcome to my damn block
Where the slugs and cans pop
For the ones and tan rocks
Kids play in the sandbox
Other kids
Lay in boxes with sandtops
You can't stop this
Murder, murder, mu-murder, murder, mu-murder shit, this
Servin', servin', se-servin', servin', se-servin' bricks, we
Purchase, purchase, pu-purchase, and purchase, purchase whips, we
Swervin, swervin, sw-swervin, swervin, on purpose, bitch
Try to stop me, you ain't, kid
Try to pop me, you can't live
If so, you'll need an oxygen tank, shit
And for those bucks
I'm no punk
I'm Scarface, coked up, you know what
I think I need another hit
You know who you fuckin' with

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(2x)

I bang
I slang
My nuts hang, yup
So don't get it confused or fucked up
My dudes will jump up
The ruger, dump dump, bup bup
And (they call it murder)
Act stupid, the gat's shootin [gunshot]
We'll leave you there, leave you square
Box style, box style, he who dares (dares)
Don't play

Be calm now, calm down cuz
We all know you're not a killa killa gorilla, man
Y'all know I get that scrilla scrilla f'reala, fam
Catch me in the chinchilla all through the winter, man
Never catch me trippin', slippin', and kill me, damn
I show the hood love
They show me love back
And the hood is where my heart is, so I love that
Nah, you can't keep a black man down
I'm worldwide, Harlem's own, Manhattan bound
AY

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(2x)

Killa, killa, more killin' killin' for killa killa
Feel the deal, the chinchillas, they can fit on gorillas
Santana, bananas, clip bananas, wrapped in bandannas
Hammers, hammers, no cameras, you'll be runnin to nana (nana nana)
Nana nana Santana, he be holding berettas
Killa killa kills civilians, you know I'm no better
Mo' betta' betta', cheddar cheddar, you'll be dead on your lever
For cheddar cheddar, heads we sever, go get it together
Get it together, now now get my pape's right
Come through late night
I know what it tastes like (what's that?)
Some good coke, dawg, go get your face pipe
Put on my Laker jersey, then I go rape white (number 8)
You got G ma, I got G too, shit
She wanna fly G-4, won't fly G-2 (nope)
Need ten thousand, you won't get a G, boo
Only G you gettin' is me, O.G., trueness

(Murder, murder)
Haha, haha
I told you
I told you you niggaz was in trouble man
DipSet (murda)
The new season has officially begun (murda)
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay