

Project Pat F/ Noreaga, Tear Da Club Up Thugs "Murder"

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I was walkin down a dark way, trouble had to find me
The street corner shark was comin up behind me
I grabbed my pistol, punk started to whistle
Like you got a missile, boy, you know this'll
Be fun, I put my hand up on my gun
He tried to cut me on run, huh - but yo, I'm not the one
Flexin up the trigger finger, a dead ringer
I'm not a singer, and life just don't linger
But I looked the boy in his eyes, and he almost cried
But before he died

Murder
In the first degree
That's what you get when you're messin with the Busy
Bee
Yeah, murder
You better write your will
I'm Busy Bee, I pay the bills, dressed to kill
Murder

Murder style
Murder style

A black guy on Howard Beach
A boy lay bleedin from his head to his feet
The police writin up his report
Drinkin coffee from a cup and doin what he was taught
At the academy, mistaken identity
The boy was a friend of me, guess he wasn't meant to
be
Remedies, diagnosis or cure or a conclusion
There's no confusion, it's just winnin and losin
Hey, there's no pity or remorse
There's no pause, cause what's lost is lost
Huh, so throw his body in the bag
And they'll say that he was high on crack
But it's

Murder
In the first degree
That's what you get when you're messin with society

Yeah, murder
You better write your will
I'm Busy Bee, I pay my bills, dressed to kill
I'm talkin bout
Murder

Girl named Patty drove a black Caddy
The girl was so fine, I wanted to kiss her daddy
Bring her mama out to dinner
Bring Patty to the race track, then bring home a winner
Buy her earrings and medaillons
I got juice by the gallon
But she got legs like a stallion
Plus to be a cutie's her duty
She got brains plus beauty
Don't even think about the booty
Bumpers, and she got no breaks
So when she walks her shimmy'll shake
Like ??? from the earthquake, on the eaves she would
drop
She'd go on the horn and say "I can't stop"
The way she move, the way she pose
She knows how to put on - and even take off clothes
I never leave her, I never desert her
She so bad - the bitch was murder

Yeah
Dance, sucker
This is murder

A pretty good-lookin, fine young lady
Drivin a Mercedes, soon to have a baby
Three months gone, she's treated like a pawn
And all the joyridin good times - all that was gone
Her world changed, she was feelin strange
Things was runnin through her brain, cravin, hunger
pains
And her friend, he stopped goin steady
Then reality hit her - she realized she ain't ready
So now she must proceed with caution
And sneak to the clinic and gettin an abortion
They're both foetal, the less is too evil
It' still raw, but still legal

It's murder
In the first degree
That's what you get when you're messin with society
Yeah, it's murder
You better write your will
I'm Busy Bee, I pay the bills, I'm dressed to kill

In Bed-Stuy
It's do or die
It's no why
Why's a crooked letter
Yes, let's go get her
You better met my beretta
(Why?) The song set her
Don't do the crime
If you can't do the time
Do let her get away
To pray you must lay
Because if you get caught
You get the time anyway
A lotta guys went to jail who ain't ready
The only thing worse than a criminal is one that's petty
Go to jail to get large
He's doin life - what's his charge?

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