

Vixen

"There's Been a Murder"

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BLAM BLAM

{*woman screaming in pain*.. cops yelling "Go! Go!
Go! Go!"}

police sirens

Hook: {sung vocals}

Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh

I ahh, think there's been a..

I.. I think there's been a..

Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh

I ahh, think there's been a..

I.. I think there's been a..

[Jay-Z]

I hustle from, night to morning, dawn to dusk

Kidnap and robberies like, (c'mon nigga) "You goin
with us"

I held roundtable meetings so we could go on and
discuss

not only money but all the emotions goin through us

Why we don't cry when niggaz die, that's how the street
raised him

Look in the air, say a prayer (hail mary) hopin God
forgave him

Cop liquor, twist it, tap it twice, pour it to the pavement

We live dangerous, often findin ourself in the eyes of
strangers

(Who the fuck is you?) My dream is big and in it my
team is rich

as seen through the eyes of a nigga who ain't seen shit

Back to live action, I'm packin, I'm still in the mix

like new hits, I think I'm goin over your head a lil' bit

But I let you know I changed names when I roam

through town

Stay free and be who I'm professional known as now

Jay-motherfuckin-Z; and with that said

back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is dead, and

uhh

Hook

[Jay-Z]

My infatuation with autos led to autos gettin sprayed
Houses gettin broken in, quarters gettin trayed
Bricks gettin chopped, mom's pots gettin used
One thrown in that water, try the soda if there's two
(bring it back)
Expensive shoes worn, Louis Vuitton seats, roof gone
Coke cheap, my face is like a coupon
I gotta do Shawn, cause even when Jay-Z was lukewarm
I was gettin my loot on, nigga I'm too strong
Eat til the food's gone, they placed me on this earth
The twin brother of Rich Porter, seperated at birth
I got the soul of a hustler, quiet noise like a muffler
Fuck with us, walk through the ghetto, see the place
that corrupted us
Learn why we buck at the guys that come up with us
Ain't enough bucks for us to split in this shit
Plus ain't nobody lovin us; and with that said
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is dead, and
uhh

Hook

[Jay-Z]

See my life is like a see-saw
And until I move this weight it's gon' keep me to the
floor
Travel with me through my deep thoughts
Y'all can't learn Jigga by the shit y'all be readin in The
Source;
It's deeper of course
Follow the life of this reckless minor
At sixteen in the 600, unlicensed driver
Playin, cops and robbers, like shots can't stop us
Flippin a bird to the choppers (fuck you coppers)
Buck-thirty on the turns
Reckless abandon, when I'm standin on this pedal
Hand on my metal, minus all this time they tryin to give
me
Lord help me, all I ever wanted to be was wealthy or
somebody to tell me that they felt me
I tried to play the hand you dealt me
but you gave me five funnies an' shit
I was hungry I need menage money
Nothin less than a 520; and with that said
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is *BLAM*

{Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh}

