

## SWV F/ TLC

### "Murder MC's"

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#### Verse 1

Buckshot:

I woke up in the night  
grabbed my forehead  
wipe my forehead with the sweat on to the bed  
Deep inside thought  
thinking of a way to strapped  
and walk the streets without getting clapped  
Just because I'm tying the fuzz growing in my buzz  
I'm doing my justice, bust this slug to the ignorant  
Who said I didn't have knowledge of self  
So come and feel the wrath  
So listen  
First of all let me explain  
That when i drop a rhyme I I make it hard enough to  
gain  
The god is heavy  
I blow you up like dynamite  
Into my dome I let the L ignite  
Fight, I take you on flight here  
The war starts here.

BCC:

See we murder MC's every day,  
motherfuckers dont play,  
straight from the Bucktown side of the block  
Keep your shit hot  
Like we said, That's when all the madness stops

#### Verse 2

Buckshot:

To all the Godz who know who's the coloured man  
the colored man is the obvious, you understand?  
I kill him, and drill 'im in my bootcamp  
Who can't survive in the creek?  
You can't  
Champion, bootcampian click  
stick and move  
I bust your shit  
Move and stick

It's the original crook  
Stomping through your army, what!  
Gortex to your head  
Keep your eyes shut  
But, I'll take you in consideration  
My occupation is to bust your federation  
with my ammunition  
Flipping precision, being precise  
He's right, I'm nice  
You can check my status and my apparatus  
See the baddest Buckshot shot the boodah  
Murder hero to clean your pipe like Ruger  
Smoke a bag of charm then I drop the bomb,  
Buckshot I represent the Arm Leg Leg Arm  
Head, natty dread, boy big him up  
Roll thick like syrup  
cause chaos and terror

#### Chorus

I had a vision  
It appeared to me in the form of a devil  
but the rebel wasn't there to see  
for me this is the year to be  
the son of the seven, representing the sea  
the heatseeker  
the cypher maker  
quick to take a  
sec to re-a-lize, I burn right through you  
Double guage  
I'm pointing the rage at your culu  
....  
We blew the motherfucker  
Now we outta here.

#### Chorus+

Buckshot: MURDAH! MURDAH! MURDAH

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