

Chaka Demus & The Pliers

"Murda Murda"

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[Jay-Z]

(Scratchin) (Chi-chi, chi, chilly chill)

It's gangsta, turn the music up, uh, ch'eah

Yea, we back on that gangsta, gangsta shit

Shit, they just wanna play the motherfuckin game

We don't give a fuck but Swizz'll lit up somethin on you
niggas

(Chi-chi, chi, chilly chill) let's go

[Chorus] (Jay-Z)

I'm from murder, murder Marcyville

My nigga you heard I clap you, I certainly will

With my South Philly motherfucka kill at will

Bet the nine milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

Yea, murder murder, Marcyville

My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will

With my South Philly motherfucka kill at will

Bet the nine milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

[Jay-Z]

I feel like a felon with two strikes, mad bullshit in this
life

I done seen everythin but Christ

Luckily I'm just off the basement

You niggas just bullshittin with bars, the boys you got
just tryin my patience

Like, I don't carry around banana clips like groceries

With a presence that make em don't wanna get em
close to me

Talk about we suppose to be brothers

Don't make me laugh, motherfucka you chose to be

On the side opposin me, no matter what culture you be

From, Young Hova light your ass up expositively

A lil' use K for ya, pour out the P-A for ya

Had to bring y'all like back in the day for ya

They don't respect nothin else, they somethin else

Two guns with sons will get inside yourself

Loose two lungs, bullets'll get inside your health

Will take the wind outta yourself, like so

Niggas for truely in a war with yours truly

While they emulating shit they saw in the Art Of War

movie

But I'm the writer of Sun Tzu, so whatever son do
I do better, more lyrics, way more cheddar
Catch me if you can, I'm the gingerbread man
Keep pumpin em up make me injure bre-thren
Niggas is tryna capitalize of Hov
Like I don't realize, I see the demons inside of they
souls
Niggas is dreamin to sell what I sold
Fuckers is fiendin to held what I hold
I just know what I know, they respect me all across the
globe
Although, I'm from

[Chorus] (Jay-Z)

I'm from murder, murder Marcyville
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will
South Philly motherfucka kill at will
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)
Murder murder, Marcyville
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will
My nigga South Philly motherfucka kill at will
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

[Memphis Bleek]

Uh, uh huh, yea, yo, yo
It ain't nothin to double clips, trust the fifth could be
toss
Niggas poppin their shit, they startin ta piss me off
Bitches and bitch niggas tryna ride against homie
So fuck them and the Originator of Sophie
The gat spit rapid, duel actions
Look I'm nice with the fifth the moments when you
bastard get sick
I'm from the ghetto is turf where the metal do work
My ER eight grade, they had the errors since birth
Me and the God spittin, you know police come chalk ya
It's like you peep this and I'm the young A. Walker
Fuck it, I'm ridin with Sig, you niggas is sweet
Collidin with Cam and I'm throwin with Free
Geda K's the co-d, young boss
Until we State Property, we spit in the Taurus
Fuck it, H in the pen, huh
You know we bang where we from nigga, H to the pen
It's nothin

[Chorus] (Jay-Z)

I'm from murder, murder Marcyville
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will
South Philly motherfucka kill at will
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

Yea, murder murder, Marcyville
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will
My nigga South Philly motherfucka kill at will
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

[Beanie Sigel]

Aiyyo the South Philly motherfucka kill at will
I keep my Mack Milly chilly chill
You niggas' gay like that for real
I move yay all day for real
Boss's plaque, check the status for real
Balls splat, you will lay in the ground for real
All day I'ma ammo for real
Clip shape like bananas for real
Guerilla warfare hittin the field
Six saw head splittin your grill
New issue, or I might grip the Uz pistol
Do more than bruise tissues
Crack bone marrow, lose grisel
Sit you down in a chair for real
Forever you'll wheel around for real
Listen boy, I get it down for real
I clutch pound for real
When I ball you touch down for real
Correct tar, Brett Farve, hecklaw
Cops send shots down your field
Tell *Muah* leave the town for real

[Chorus] (Jay-Z)

I'm from murder, murder Marcyville
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will
South Philly motherfucka kill at will
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)
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