

Champ M.C. "Niggaz? Murder Mine"

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[Intro: Champ M.C.] Cheah, this that shit I'm talking about Check it out out, kick that flava shit [Champ M.C.] On July 13, at about 9:00 on the dot Four lil bastards are scheming on my block I'm just chilling outside, having fun Niggas got guns on 2nd & Madison I funk the scenery, another public enemy He ran up on me, called my name, and started shooting at me I looked up, it wasn't a friend or a foe But hell no, they goin all out for the damn dough I scream for help, but people look amazed Afraid, I thought it was the end of my happy days I can't believe that it was someone I knew I had to struggle, scuffle my way up the avenue Now here I come to get away from the bullshit They emptied the clip by how many times I got hit My crew ran across the street, that was useful Don't worry about them, just get my ass to the hospital [Chorus X5: Champ M.C. (???)] Niggaz who murda mine they get murdered Niggaz who murda mine (get murdered) [Champ M.C.] I was nowhere around, nowhere in sight I got a beef, niggaz really got beef tonight Shit is on, even though two wrongs don't make a right I'm rolling deep, you should know we gonna put up a good fight You tried to perpetrate and terminate Someone who is loved by the human race You better watch your back and cut some slack Lay on your Ps & Qs and thats that You took the man as a joke using gun smoke And you wouldn't be happy until we croaked We gotta take those fugitives They tried to take their lives plus the ones who want to live They don't think about the things they do and those fuckin niggas should do life They tried to murder, manslaughter Niggas who murdered mine will get murdered [Chorus X5] [Champ M.C.] Niggaz on a mission, while I'm trippin My trigger happy finger itchin and I'm mad as hell Im the realest as it can get Breaking out a cold sweat, hnuting ya down It's your ass I'm gonna get Trying to hide out cuz your head's on the vendetta When they catch your ass, you'll be running to west again Nigga, oh shit you done did it now You don't know the background, no, you don't know my style Pain hurts you little bitch ass You wanna be the man so bad, thats why your ass won't last So

they dig graves like six deep I put a hole in your head
that leaps your ass right off your feet How the fuck you
gonna play a playa when your game is weak And your
brains are all over the concrete Damn straight you
better bring some You be dead on arrival with a dick in
your mouth [Chorus X3] [Outro: Champ M.C.] Yo bust
your whole fly shit man, nawhatimsaying This is for all
the niggas and the bitches, word up You wanna keep it
real, keep it real Nawhatimsaying, don't try to play big
willie, cuz your not Nawhatimsaying, don't try to fuck
with nobody cuz they ain't fuckin with you Cuz you
might fuck with the right nigga that'll blast your ass
and not give a fuck about you So this go to bitch ass
nigga, niggas who murder mine get murdered

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