

## **Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim**

### **"Murder One"**

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#### Verse 1: Flesh N Bone

We in the last five days of these trials and tribulations  
And I'm waiting for the Lord oh please don't leave me  
forsaken  
Caught up in the doom prepare for Satan  
We facing a situation while I'm drunk and scared  
Heavily sedated wonder will I make it to the pearly  
gates  
Or will I burn off in that lake now,  
Could you feel the earthquake shaking the dead awake  
How many wait it's too late it's over now  
Niggas had a lack of faith so life ain't straight, if you  
incapable,  
Having a little trouble a day wid ah fiend or somethin'  
Betta plead to bloody Jesus  
Watch how the majesty control it  
Don't let it go slow down hold on  
Now can I get a witness shout Hallelujah, Amen  
I'm feeling the Holy Ghost makin' moves through ya  
Smooth, I made it to free your mind to the rhythm  
I got designed when the world drop dimes  
This world you'll fine there's no other like my kind

#### Hook: Bizzy Bone

Code Murder One, Code Murder One,  
Code Murder One, Code Murder One  
Murder them mo  
(4x)

#### Verse 2: Bizzy Bone

If the world should end today!  
Fully automatic gunning through it  
Gunning thangs, red rummed when strumming pain  
Mo murda, I heard 'em holla holla, clock dollas  
Swallow me baby cause we balling hollow point tips to  
the CI  
Enemies keep rolling, get 'em off that flaunted fluid  
Making me nauseous cautious these niggas is flossing

My Nina Ross tossed out I'm slaucing  
It's for the auction rapper bop the copper got gospel on  
'em  
Who wanna magnum?  
Who wanna tag 'em?  
Bag 'em up ain't no problem, baby(bitch)  
Smoked out in high school  
Sleeping the fifth grade selling chicken  
Gotta get paid we in the kitchen  
Cooking up grade and baby go on go grym  
Hold on, motherfucking gun  
Another fifth took one hood shot she split up  
Talking bout the get up for everyone ya lit up and hit up  
So huff and make it settle

Hook (2x)

Verse 3: Layzie Bone

Make me push this panic button nigga  
We moving like the Panthers in the sixties  
Khaki suited booted my thugs recruited  
You wit me nigga you wit me  
Millitant minded perfect timing it  
Always on the incline ah shit  
Nigga that's down for the grind ah shit  
Keeping real niggas rewinding this,  
Deep in the ghetto in the streets ah Cleveland  
We call it thieving mind deceiving  
Hear the reasons for hustling season  
Bottom line money is power  
And the power mean muscle  
Money and guns stacked up to the ceiling  
Nigga get down for his hustle his hustle hustle  
Now nigga now what ya gon' do when they come for  
you  
Well I'ma tell ya right now what we gon' do  
Scream M-O-G and start blasting  
Nigga never did like them boyz in blue  
No regards for authorities,  
Wanna dump ah nigga up wid the ferozine  
Oh you invited to the bloody ass whore scene  
Know what I mean you betta get wid the team  
Cause this is the soldiers ready for war nigga,  
We from way down under nigga been waiting for the  
day  
To let off these rounds it's thunder, it's thunder  
Got my mind made up, and if niggas str8 balling up  
outta control  
Just as those hoes nigga rose  
On ah mission tryin' ta get that dough

Separated mine through prose,  
Open and close just like a case  
Place to place ya feeling ya safe  
HB all up in my face,  
And it just ain't safe it just ain't safe safe  
I'm knowing they want me to catch it in war  
Boy boy I seek and destroy any nigga that throw the  
decoy  
See me I'm stacked and ripping shit  
Taking off my shirt and breaking them sweats  
Tattoos all over my body 7 on the stomach,  
Skull on my chest, Nine millimetre in my pocket  
Ready to buck on the crowd,  
As long as that one little nigga  
Sagging and bragging and talking loud  
Talking about he bout it bout it  
Nigga I got yo whole klik  
Real niggas don't run they mouth  
Real niggas make moves and get rich

#### Verse 4: Flesh N Bone

Mobbing in ah Expedition  
Thinking of ah proposition  
Settle my composition  
Feeling relentless fucking up gun condition  
Mo murda competition,  
How many niggas on the frontline  
Ready for whateva my nigga wid yo tech nine  
Nigga disrespect mine,  
How will you lose the chalk  
For marrow rip through thine spine  
If you wanna listen to what I say  
Hey gotta pay intuition,  
This ain't no free exploit of an exhibit  
Cause, my niggas, to exquisite  
I'm so armageddon, just as my Smith & Wesson  
Here's a nice slug for you  
And my nitrogen glyc bomb  
Can land on them newly morgue  
I watch when they all come stormin'  
So when my one hit 'em up they fall  
Let off wid ah little frustration bust my gun  
Bullets haul

Hook 4x

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