

## Clipse

# "There Was a Murder"

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I wake up, wake up in the morning  
'Cause them boys come knocking in the morning  
Then I have me girl go flush it in the toilet  
Them say did someone get murdered on the corner

Them say did someone see me, seen someone get  
shot  
Them say they saw me there  
My \*\*\* they won't break me  
Man, I'll go crazy before they make me tell

There was a murder by the corner house  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
Them boys asking questions now  
No, no, no, no, no

Now everybody seen it but don't nobody know  
What happened to the boy down the street a week ago  
Ain't nobody talking, they keep it on the low  
Don't open your mouth when they knocking at your do'

'Cause \*\*\* die out here for snitching  
They die for snitching, okay  
These \*\*\* die out here for snitching  
They die for snitching, okay

Those who break the code we dig them hole  
What's worse than a street \*\*\* that sells his soul?  
Via the life we chose, we picked our roles  
Bad man stands and fall but never fold

Gangster turn informer when the jig's up, your tool mix  
up, mix up  
Babylon boys get bodies left for pick up  
Blood puddle, gun muffle, guns couple  
Muzzle in mouth, we bring trouble

Soon police come rush, whole family crushed  
All because them \*\*\* couldn't 'ush  
Shot box mouths with no covers  
Body 'pon body gets stacked one top the other  
Wish them hadn't to suffer

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'Cause \*\*\* die out here for snitching  
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Nobody seen nothing, heard nothing, they ain't said a  
word  
Just chalk and yellow tape with blood 'pon them shirts  
Ashes to ashes, his body back to the earth  
That casket dropped six feet then throw upon it dirt

Mum's the word, that's hustler's etiquette  
Ya rather hang yourself than turn state evidence  
Ever since I was young never talk to the folk  
Tongue small like a rudder yet steer the 'ole boat

Loose lip the reason that ship no longer float  
Telling the Feds everything they wanna know  
That fatal blow took his very last breath  
The power of the tongue, is life and death, you feel  
me?

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