

# Jay-Z

## "There's Been A Murder"

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*[\*BLAM BLAM\*]*

*[\*woman screaming in pain\*.. cops yelling "Go! Go! Go!  
Go!"]*

*[\*police sirens\*]*

*[Hook:]*

{sung vocals}

Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh

I ahh, think there's been a..

I.. I think there's been a..

Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh

I ahh, think there's been a..

I.. I think there's been a..

*[Jay-Z]*

I hustle from, night to morning, dawn to dusk

Kidnap and robberies like, (c'mon nigga) "You goin  
with us"

I held roundtable meetings so we could go on and  
discuss

not only money but all the emotions goin through us

Why we don't cry when niggaz die, that's how the street  
raised him

Look in the air, say a prayer (hail mary) hopin God  
forgave him

Cop liquor, twist it, tap it twice, pour it to the pavement

We live dangerous, often findin ourself in the eyes of  
strangers

(Who the fuck is you?) My dream is big and in it my  
team is rich

as seen through the eyes of a nigga who ain't seen shit

Back to live action, I'm packin, I'm still in the mix

like new hits, I think I'm goin over your head a lil' bit

But I let you know I changed names when I roam  
through town

Stay free and be who I'm professional known as now

Jay-motherfuckin-Z; and with that said

back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is dead, and

uhh

*[Hook]*

*[Jay-Z]*

My infatuation with autos led to autos gettin sprayed  
Houses gettin broken in, quarters gettin trayed  
Bricks gettin chopped, mom's pots gettin used  
One thrown in that water, try the soda in there too  
Expensive shoes worn, Louis Vuitton seat, roof gone

Coke cheap, my face is like a coupon  
I gotta do Shawn, cause even when Jay-Z was lukewarm  
I was gettin my loot on, nigga I'm too strong  
Eat til the food's gone, they placed me on this earth  
The twin brother of rich/poor though, seperated at birth  
I got the soul of a hustler, quiet noise like a muffler  
Fuck with us, walk through the ghetto, see the place  
that corrupted us  
Learn why we buck at the guys that come up with us  
Ain't enough bucks for us to split in this shit  
Plus ain't nobody lovin us; and with that said  
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is dead, and  
uhh

*[Hook]*

*[Jay-Z]*

See my life is like a see-saw  
And until I move this weight it's gon' keep me to the  
floor  
Travel with me through my deep thoughts  
Y'all can't learn Jigga by the shit y'all be readin in The  
Source;  
It's deeper of course  
Follow the life of this reckless minor  
At sixteen in the 600, unlicensed driver  
Playin, cops and robbers, like shots can't stop us  
Flippin a bird to the choppers (fuck you coppers)  
Buck-thirty on the turns  
Reckless abandon, when I'm standin on this pedal  
Hand on my metal, minus all this time they tryin to give  
me  
Lord help me, all I ever wanted to be was wealthy or  
somebody to tell me that they felt me  
I tried to play the hand you dealt me  
but you gave me five funnies an' shit  
I was hungry I need menage money  
Nothin less than a 520; and with that said  
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is \*BLAM\*

{Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh}

