

Jim Croce

"The Theme From Street Sweeper"

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[Tah Murdah]

Yeah, what

It's murda, uh

Oh y'all niggaz act like y'all still don't know

Yeah, there's only one way to find out nigga

It's catch one

Murda, murda man

Ronnie Bumps, Vita

Ja Rule, Black Child

O1 nigga

[Tah Murdah]

Yo

We apply the pressure, and plus like

Like Jigga and Big I love the dough

For the chips, guns'll blow at the one that owe

Nigga me and my Murderers, one in the same

If you a playa then I run in the game and put one in ya
brain

Where ever the dough be, nigga show me

God be shootin hard like Kobe, y'all niggaz know me

For that green paper with white men

Strickin like lightning, triffin

Most of my live's been heistin

Precise when I follow the treasure map

Never lack, forever stack, acumulate cheddar millions
in benefact

It involves not yo, let the glock blow

Hit em and split em and watch em dro slow

Trying to stop or block though

A half a brick from flock-o

Have me gettin that rubberband at knott though

Gettin head on yachts though

I supply the row, while I fly in the

Four-dot-six while the witch at top split

When the glock spit, y'all niggaz better hit the deck

Or grasp on your jugular when I hit your neck

Started from ground zero now I'm up at the top

And mamis be squintin on blocks when I pimp in the
drop

Son I been through a lot

And still going through shit
And I ain't stoppin till there's thirty or more on my wrist
You feel this, you feel this
It's murda shit nigga
The motherfuckin realest

[Ronnie Bumps]

Yeah, uh huh
Word up
Niggaz let us out the motherfuckin cage
The motherfuckin Murderers
Ronnie Bumps
Y'all tryin to ban murda
That shit ain't goin down like that
We in the motherfuckin streets
We gonna eat nigga
Either the hard way or the raw way
Huh, what, it's murda
It's murda nigga

[Ronnie Bumps]

Motherfucker, I'm twenty eight grand from weedin up
My gun bust, I'm callin for help and I can't get up
It's the lust, back in the hood tellin lies again
Fuck your squad, we niggaz who'll murder your men
Life ain't hard, you get what the fuck you put in
Spit at cars, do drive-bys in drop tops we in
I like shine, cuz yours is mine and I'ma take it
It's murda, Ronnie Bumps had to hustle to make it
We bust niggaz, and hold our guns up high
And my gun that I touch, til the day that I die
Ride with me, do drive-bys with me
Flip for me, empty the whole clip for me
Lean on em, make sure you hit em where they stay
It's gangsta, we don't give a fuck were you stay
Gotta kill you know, should've killed you back then
Shit happens, it's murda, clap the captain motherfucker

[Ja Rule]

Yo
What the fuck, is going on
Bitch ass niggaz
Tryin to ban the best shit that ever motherfuckin
happen to rap
Y'all niggaz hear me
It's murda
Got my nigga Black locked the fuck up
Fuck y'all niggaz

[Ja Rule]

Niggaz know

The Rule pops bottles, gets drunk, and spits hollows
In a five-double-o, wrist fros, and fucks models
The platinum problem niggaz dying to rid of
What happened to the lid of, from murderous niggaz
It's either you with us or amongst them
Niggaz that get punctured, and dumped and drowned
or something
It's all for nothing
If you can't see and can't hear
And ain't heard of murda

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