

## Jim Croce

### "We Murderers Baby"

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\* originally on the "Next Friday" soundtrack

(Ja Rule and Vita)  
Yo (we murderers, baby)  
Da Murderers (I here for you, baby)  
I.N.C. (I'll ryde for you, baby)  
Vita, Ja Rule

[Chorus]

(Ja Rule and Vita)  
I be running and gunning them down (we murderers,  
baby)  
Leave me or love me now (I'm here for you baby)  
Anywhere, anyhow (I'll ryde for you baby)  
You and I together, and we blast forever  
{2x}

(Ja Rule)  
Ja's the dream and nigga's wake up and sweats its  
about  
horse head in your bed, nigga  
gun your mouth  
potty it out  
wrong nigga,  
spit one more thang and have your hood pouring out  
liquor  
cause my niggas run through lesbians  
niggas, that act like brawds  
feel the strip and thus be gone  
hold up, nigga that done spread up  
you might wanna keep in touch with the murderers  
cause we, the murderers I.N.C.  
is above yall niggas, it's the lord in me  
and we can never be at a love's lost  
but you, showed me love ain't boss  
feel the force,  
this young horse,  
known as rule  
gave more paper to jigga for my ewls  
and lord knows ain't no pussy going to stop my flow

i don't love you hoes, I'm out the door

{Chorus}

(Ja Rule and Vita)

I be running and gunning them down (we murderers,  
baby)

Leave me or love me now (I'm here for you baby)

Anywhere, anyhow (I'll ryde for you baby)

You and I together, and we blast forever

{2x}

(~Vita~)

you that motherfucking bitch, Vita nigga

you want me to ryde you nigga

Clap up and hide you nigga

been beside my niggas for this long

i'm keeping my head right and tight and doe long

I can go on, about shit I've been through

transponed, keys are in too

shit i got issues

if I pop a bitch

then she probably a snitch

L-A-V-I-T-A-A-A-K-A Taday Vallet shit

when my niggas from my bitches

sold drugs from niggas to the murderers

I'm the bitch, sometimes i even spit on chicks

cause in the clubs, i say criss, and I piss the shit, baby

I know your brawds been feeling me, lately, now livin

and lay

cause i touch them with gun blades, dark is us

any light, shine, we bust,

Vita, Gotti and Rule, we make up the murderers

{Chorus}

(Ja Rule and Vita)

I be running and gunning them down (we murderers,  
baby)

Leave me or love me now (I'm here for you baby)

Anywhere, anyhow (I'll ryde for you baby)

You and I together, and we blast forever

{2x}

(~Vita~)

The reasons why I pop between the lie

be the same reasons I clap off the nines

Roll up on bronx, like, who da hot bitch

and stock, with some sweats, humpin out on sixth

(Ja Rule)

That's it, go head baby, floss out bitches,  
but me, i'm continue to clap niggas,  
strike and heavy hitters that, play the field, reveal,  
pull that weapon and re-keep the seal

(Vita and Ja Rule)

It's murder to the end (It's murder for life)  
Only Jesus Christ made us a strong sacrifice  
these niggas I die for, lies to the fed form,  
set out these bitch niggas, I pick them in bad form

(Ja Rule)

Baby, I'm long gone, but I'm loyal  
for the love that you show your bitches  
and spread to your thugs  
And they tongues get slugged  
when the fucking wit us  
you crazy, that's why (We Murderers baby!)

{Chorus}

(Ja Rule and Vita)

I be running and gunning them down (we murderers,  
baby)

Leave me or love me now (I'm here for you baby)

Anywhere, anyhow (I'll ryde for you baby)

You and I together, and we blast forever, Nigga

{2x}

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