

Chris Cagle

"I've Committed Murder"

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[Guru]

Another GangStarr remix, tailor made for Macy Gray
Big kids like us need a lot of space to play
Blowin' fakes away with my man Mos Def
Of course Primo on the track
Rock the streets no vest
So don't test
Cause you could catch a bad one
I turn y'all happy camper rappers into sad ones
Always bless you with a new joint
Shit you never heard
I need a place to lay low bro
Cause this one is murder

[Macy]

My baby works down at the boulevard cafe
Just a fine young man with big dreams
Trying to make his own way
The owner is this mean ol' bitch
Who degrades him everyday
Then she fires him for no reason
Don't wanna give him his last pay, hey

1 - I've committed murder and I think I've got away
Hiding at my mother's house
Come get me right away right away
I have no intention of paying for my crime, don't fear
Gonna get the next plane outta here and fly away

When he's down it breaks my heart to see him
So I figured I'd talk to her woman to woman
I walk in and she countin' her cash
Got so much cash her office looks like a green pasture
I said, "give him the little bit of money you owe him"
She said "get back bitch I ain't givin you shit"
I said "you ol' bag, maybe you ain't heard
But them are fighting words"

Repeat 1

[Mos Def]

Yo puttin' a maximum effort towards minimum wage
It bring the stillest waters up to a simmering rage
And I don't feel bad about it
My boss slippin' steady
Try-na treat a brother any old typical way
He-he-hey that ain't the way I'm living today
Give me my last week check and let me bounce up and
skate
That's when she said
"I ain't giving you not one thin dime"
So she made me wanna switch into my criminal mind
She sittin' back in her office countin' major dough
And don't wanna give a young man the pay she owe
As soon as I got on the horn and called Macy yo
"Like yo this crazy ho try-na play me low"
Macy beemed on the scene with both hands on deck
Like respect your debt or protect your neck
But old chick got bold and said what you gon' do
Macy reached for the tool made a holla like Ja Rule
And I was like "Oh shit! Relax don't flip"
But ol' chick got slick Macy let off a whole clip
Then she said "You crazy, you know labor ain't free"
Snatched the cash and made a dash like O.J. and A.C.
and we out

Yo! I didn't know you had a gun
(Ha! Ha! Ha!
What you think it's funny
(Look at all this money)
But damn you went and shot her in the tummy
(Look at all these papers)
But we ain't have to got pull a birdie cape
To help me the old maid meet her maker
(Your maker that rhymes with Jamaica)
You better bounce before our face be in the paper
Yeah be locked up in the bing is not the flavor

[Macy]
With a suitcase full of money
We flew to a Jamaican paradise
One thing I've learned through all of this is
Having money sure is nice
Me and my baby got married
He's working hard to make his dreams come true
As far as regrets I don't have any
Would you?

Repeat 1

Repeat 1 w/ Mos Def singing

And I don't feel bad about it
(Fly away)
And I don't feel bad about it
(Fly away)
And I don't feel bad about it
(Fly away)

Oh, oh shobee-do-bop

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