

M

"I've Committed Murder"

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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 ole bitch who degrades him
everyday
Then she fires him for no reason
Don't wanna give him his last pay
I've committed murder and I think I've got away
I'm 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
We're gonna get the next plane outta here and fly
away, 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's counting 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 giving you shit"
I said "you ole bag, maybe you ain't heard but them are
fighting words"
I've committed murder and I think I got away
I'm hiding at my mothers house come get me right
away, right away
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We're gonna get the next plane outta here and fly
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And I don't feel bad about it
See baby there was this struggle
And I don't feel bad about it
As a result of our struggle
And I don't feel bad about it
But the good thing is

And I don't feel bad about it
We don't have to struggle no more

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?
I've committed murder and I think I got away
I'm hiding at my mother's house come get me right
away, right away
I have no intention for paying for my crime don't fear
We're gonna get the next plane outta here and fly
away, fly away

Murder she wrote
Murder she wrote
Murder she wrote
Murder she wrote

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