

Murder Inc **"Crime Sense"**

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[Dave Bing]

The fuck is wrong with y'all niggaz
You think this shit is a game nigga
Like it ain't about murder and cocaine nigga
The fuck is wrong wit y'all
It's Murder Inc nigga
With some Dave Bing shit
Stop gettin it fucked up
Yeah

[Dave Bing]

Yo the first dollar for me
I admit it the block did it
Murder came with it
Nice cars and dime bitches
Hangin out late
Nicknamed the milk-crate
But on a bad note came jail time and jam nines
Can you feel the rhyme, feel a thug trying to shine
On the grind, you better keep your ass in line
Cuz from the get-get-go nigga, say it ain't so nigga
You was watchin me through your window nigga
Doing crimes, selling twenties for dimes
Middle finger in the air screamin fuck one time
As you peep out, don't got the balls to speak out
Scary reach out, scream murder and pull the glock out
Cock it back, then tell your crew to relax
Take a deep breath, now take six to the chest
Ten to the neck, just incase you wearin a vest
And thats the whole sixteen coppin in safeen

[Tah Murdah]

Motherfucker when you see Tah
Bet I'm holdin a fifth and a full clip
At any given moment to flip on some bullshit
Spit it sick, flowin like alien
And I'm way beyond flashin
So if you see crumbs nigga, get to dashin
I mastered the game, accurate aim
Put two in you
Slappin your dame, jump back in the Range
For this hover dough

Rapidly gunnin the floor like a calico
Let it rip, reload, and spit a hundred more
Give you a reason to run, oh, you gung-ho
I hope y'all niggaz really ready cuz my steel is heavy
And feel no petty for those stuffed in a box
Nigga peep it and watch, how the sun glisten on rocks
I pissed on the blocks and hustle for scraps
But now I'm on some click-clack
Keep your eyes on the cash, gimme that
Where they at, y'all niggaz want it
We right here, let me make myself clear
Nigga we can't be touched
The fuck y'all want

[Ronnie Bumps]

From rob men that rob grown men
And be the one hustlin til the one come in
The worst niggaz cock back, and spit for gin
Til the day we win niggaz is gonna fall from wood hall
Thugs who seen it all, this is war
The streets ain't the same no more
Niggaz came to keep the roar but ??? on the floor
Let's explore, whoevers quick on the draw is the law
The fuck you set these rules for
It's the streets
My code is the heat plus we all gotta eat
Take a seat, and watch the streets get runned by thugs
Now stand up, and watch my hustlin niggaz rush the
club
Automatic love, fingerprints, clubs b, 38 snubb
Motherfucker, do you know me?
Ronnie Bump with a four-five that won't leave you
lonely
My slugs will be your homeys
Pop the glock and make you know me

[Black Child]

I was only fourteen doin my thing
Gettin cream in Jamaica Queens
Niggaz scheme for they dreams
Come clean, if not, you gots to get shot
Give me the ooh-op, and let me hold down the block
Fuck cops, I pump crack rocks on back blocks
Lace shots, at them snitch niggaz, snap box
Black Child couldn't go play with the children
Cuz I was too buisy pumpin up them jums in the buildin
While most kids went to school to maintain
I was in the spot cookin up cocaine
The game got me, at eighteen I got sloppy
Caught a body and shot up his house party
Time to relocate, I better transport my weight

Pick up all my papes and bounce out of state
Catch me in Virginia I ain't gonna never surrender
Unless I'm dead or injured and thats somethin to
rememeber nigga

[O1]

Yo it ain't nuthin but murder one
Niggaz holdin they guns and bustin em
My niggaz foul son we spray up the block
And leave bystanders numb and braindumb
Niggaz heard the shots but where they commin from
I squeezed off and hit his bitch up, my aim's off
But fuck it, nigga rob the block for twelve hundred
So I came off, if it's murder you want it's murder I give
Makin it harder for niggaz to live for you and your kids
No question, murder perfection dog
I'm runnin through you and into the Lord I never prayed
for
God knows I'm layin for him bustin at the sky
My aim's on him, my man Kurt died the blames on him
You better believe him, killin niggaz dead for this
dream
By any means I'm deadin your team, destroyin your
dreams
Now hows bout this nigga O goin all out for the dough
Yo I show out, fuck around and get blowed out
Ugh

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