

## The Crystal Method

### "It's Murda"

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[Intro Ja rule]

It's Murda... (ha ha ha)

It's Murda... we back up in this muthafucka!

It's Murda... y'all know who we be

Yeah, ayyo don't let me catch ya runnin from the back  
of BET either nigga

(my nigga Fatal on tha muthafuckin ones and twos)

Holla back you bitch ass niggaz

[Verse 1 Ja Rule]

Yo, cock sucka', I get squat and post and cocked tha  
nina'

In tha five series beamer, dump and lean ya  
I fell off on a misdemeanor, ride red over black  
madina's

Take crazy for genuis, hated like Jesus Christ  
My weakness have always been bad bitches  
and new bills with krisis', my thesis more than  
extrordinary

And that nigga that got shot nine times can tell ya that I  
don't give a fuck

I don't give a fuck, god may I ask yo' permission to take  
his life

This is a man be "I" N-C to R-U-L-E extrordinary, one for  
tha ages

when then sawed off with tha front of them gauges

To engage in combat

To send you and 'fem' where yo moms at

Motherfucka you hear that

And I ain't talkin about them heaven from skies

I'm talkin' about them fire from nines

Or maybe the fifty cal. cause you like five-oh

Or maybe somewhere in Cal where you like to lay low

You bitch made, and I heard about that bitch

you be slayin layin up with, some where off of Sunset

Y'all haven't heard yet that nigga change is "Loose"

And I got "Proof" get it, I got "Proof"

Yo vest is no use when we cock and flame

It's Murda, (yeah) murda incorporated (ha ha)

[Verse 2 Hussein Fatal]

It's Murda (yeah)  
Hussein Fatal nigga (It's Murda)  
Muthafuckas...  
Rule' these niggas crazy, reppin' him without me  
"A.I." ain't in the click, believe they won't win without me  
Yo, I'm small lil' homies, frail but bold  
went from base to some bullshit like "Jalen Rose"  
Got my blind D-O-G's readin' brail and coats  
keep the heat in the winter I can't tell it's cold  
Clean my set, pieced out flame the tec  
Throw shots out niggas catch like "Wayne Cherbet"  
Son of a gangsta, Talk dirty son I'm a bang ya  
I'm the truth with the ox, keep gum on the banger  
Hussein, the only reason hoes chase the thugs  
Nigga blade part two I got the taste for blood  
Log on Fatal.com, see fatal drop bombs  
more militant minded then y'all faded with 'Pac rhymes  
Clutching the stick beam, suckin' the stick green  
Out the window or the sunroof, buckin' the sixteen  
You ain't a gangsta 'Em', this is gangsta shit  
And "50" you ain't nuthin' but a gangsta bitch  
"Pac" would have never did no song with no wanksta  
snicth  
He confusin' ya'll he ain't the shit  
We sex, money and murda you niggas  
Ain't no playin' around with this rap shit  
banana clip, mack's spit bodies rap up in plastic  
This the city where the skinny niggas die (no)  
You heard my dogs this is the city where the skinny  
niggas ride nigga...

Plaaattt... Hussein the don  
Believe we got this shit poppin' in this muthafucka  
Rule' it's good...  
And we into the muthafuckin' club you punk niggas  
walkin out  
Brick city, Rule, Rap- alot- mafia! Murda!  
Yound D', Merc, Exsaless,  
These niggas ain't ready for this gansta shit right here  
We been doing this shit for a long time  
Ya'll niggas got the streets confused nigga  
we been on this gansta thug shit  
Bitch ass niggas you know what it is  
every time we touch the muthafuckin booth nigga  
It's gonna be fire, fire on you niggas asses  
Niggas better gracefully bow the fuck out nigga  
Hussein Fatal' nigga, Rap-alot-mafia, nigga  
M.I.B nigga, murder inc bosses,  
Rule' we here baby, brick city jerses mafia  
Yeah...Shadow...let's get it...

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