

The Game

"Murda"

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Dre, I see dead people

[Chorus]

Murda, murda

Leave mine alone, better mind your own (or it's)

Murda, murda

When the heat is on, better ride with chrome (or it's)

Murda, murda

If that beam is on your life is gone and it's...

Murda!

[Verse 1]

Let's take a ride in my 64' Impala

I'm your California tour guide

Show where the police let BIG die

They call it Los Angeles, I call it suicide!

I took a bullet in the heart and survived

So hit the switch, lean back, and enjoy the ride

Make a right on Green Leaf, but don't look to the side

Dem is Kelly Park Crips, they still mad Easy Died

That Seattle mirror in the hat, nigga, that's South Side

Where Serinas sister caught a straight bullet outside

Where they spray paint, baby layin' in the street

You know Orlando Anderson from that Death Row beef

If you ever need some chronic take a trip to Long

Beach

But there ain't no Bloods out there so take out your red strings

Insane and Rollin' 20's Crips equal white sheets

Snoop will tell you, when it gets dark in the LBC it'sâ€¦

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

In the CPT,

Ask Dre his brother Tyeree got murdered in the street

I lost my brother too, back in 93'

Pull over at the next light, let me grab us an O.E

This is Suge Knight's hood that's the Compton Swap meet

Them the homies had Tupac dealin MOB

So we can walk across the street, eat
But I ain't tryin' die for no hamburger
And Ludars Park got beef
Out here Bloods kill Bloods, and Crips kill Crips
So Esses sit kick back 'cause they ain't got to do shit
When I was young they used to beef with Santana Block
Crips
They take black and brown pride and put it in a full clip
I know Compton ain't shit, but it's home to me
I'm still a B-L-double O-D
When we get to my hood, I'll show you how to throw up
a P
But put your fuckin' hands down homie or it's gonna be
another

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

We ain't even been threw Watts yet
The LAPD can't even walk through the projects
Niggaz plant their seeds and bury a coffin
And flowers never grow when the homies in gardens
Today there been 10 murders in South Central alone!
The boys in the hood said Cube been gone too long
So take my advice, I'm talkin' to all rappers
When you eat a rossco's watch out for the chain
snatchers
Take it off slow, or you might get killed
If the Grave Streets don't catch you, the 60's will
Police don't give a fuck 'cause they all renpark
And what happens in Crenshaw stays in Crenshaw
It's a jungle out there, but I take you to any hood
My brother is Mafia, yeah I got family in Inglewood
Welcome to Killafornia, it's where I live
The zip code is 187 and the city isâ€!

[Chorus]

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