## The Game "Murder"

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feat, Scarface & Kendrick Lamar

[Verse 1: The Game]

Starin' at Marilyn Monroe's silhouette while smokin' my first cigarette

Listenin' to Marvin ask his father about his death How you shoot a nigga out, then shoot a nigga out? Dead bodies in my dreams, Bob Marley on my couch Pass me the blunt, he was smokin' when he died You really think Elvis Presley committed suicide? I don't…

It's either kill or you be killed

Ten pints of blood per human, ain't no refills One thing about us humans, nigga, we kill

Turkeys, chickens, pigs, each other, fuck us, we will

Take a life, lethal injection or free will

Tookie got murdered by the pigs, fuck did he kill?

That ain't none of my business, though

But I'm the type of motherfucker make it his business, so

Open the book and turn that page It reads Arthur Ashe died from aids, no That's murder, nigga

[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]

Murder…

Gunfire, death is so quiet, ask why, tell 'em it's

Murder…

The sun rise then hide by grey skies, that cry sounds

like

Murder…

Murder, murder, murder

Murder, murder, murder

[Verse 2: The Game]

Malcolm X standing on that stage

It was staged for him to see that gauge…

Murder, nigga

Doctor King outside that room

Who knew that he would die that soon?

That's murder, nigga

JFK sittin' in that drop

He waved goodbye, then they blew off his top

It's murder, nigga

Diddy seen Big, and Suge watched Pac

They both was ridin' passenger when they got shot, it's murder

Who the fuck killed Michael Jackson, his physician?

He died slow in his music, you ain't really listen

Now his daughter gettin' slapped by his sister

And that's probably gon' kill they mama

So I'm sorry Ms. Jackson, I'm sorry Ms. Houston, sissy

Might shed a tear but ain't no sissy

'Cause Whitney's sill with me

And her death kinda hurt a nigga

So let's get back to talkin' 'bout murder, nigga

John Lennon got shot in the back

And Paul McCartney couldn't do shit 'bout that

'Cause it was murder, nigga

Listen, this ain't about you and me

It's about Trayvon Martin and Huey P.

And how they shot down Sam Cooke

Twelve years of school and it ain't in one damn book

Lee Harvey Oswald 'bout to serve a sentence

From the crowd comes a revolver

That's murder, nigga

Murder…

Gunfire, death is so quiet, ask why, tell 'em it's

Murder…

The sun rise then hide by grey skies, that cry sounds

like

Murder…

Murder, murder, murder

Murder, murder, murder

[Verse 3: Scarface]

Gaspin' for air, niggas cling on

Tryin' to fight the inevitable, sing on

You hear that fat lady warmin' up?

The end came without a warning, huh?

Them niggas real with them rags on

Niggas get killed 'bout them flags, homes

The Game told you what the play was

So it don't matter what you say, cuz

Say Blood, these niggas livin' what they die by

You out here playin' while these niggas doin' drive-bys

If murder was the case that they gave Snoop

Then how the fuck you think they gon' save you?

Them niggas played you

You doin' stand up

You a comedian there, boy, put your hands up

Don't turn this to a 1-8-7
I have you leanin' on the stairway to Heaven
Spittin' blood, these are tales from the hood
Suicide sound quicker, but a murder sounds good
Wish a motherfucker would try to play me like a toy
You get a bullet in your motherfuckin' head, homeboy
The people sayin' that a drug overdose killed Hendrix
They bullshittedâ€!
It was murder
Or a plane crash killed Otis Redding
That's how they said it, but it was murder
The cops kill us at alarming rates
They point they guns at the ones they hate

If Bin Laden brought the World Trade down Then how the fuck did he die just now?

Murder… Murder kill kill They killin' motherfuckers still And I'm just tellin' y'all the real Nigga, murder murder murder Nigga, kill kill kill For real

Murder, murder

Murder…
Gunfire, death is so quiet, ask why, tell 'em it's
Murder…
The sun rise then hide by grey skies, that cry sounds
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Murder…
Murder, murder, murder
Murder, murder, murder

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