

# Memphis Bleek "Murda Murda"

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**(feat. Beanie Sigel, Jay-Z)**

*[Jay-Z]*

*[Scratchin]* (Chi-chi, chi, chilly chill)

It's gangsta, turn the music up, uh, ch'eah  
Yea, we back on that gangsta, gangsta shit  
Shit, they just wanna play the motherfuckin game  
We don't give a fuck but Swizz'll lit up somethin on you  
niggas  
(Chi-chi, chi, chilly chill) let's go

*[Chorus (Jay-Z)]*

I'm from murder, murder Marcyville  
My nigga you heard I clap you, I certainly will  
With my South Philly motherfucka kill at will  
Bet the nine milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)  
Yea, murder murder, Marcyville  
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will  
With my South Philly motherfucka kill at will  
Bet the nine milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

*[Jay-Z]*

I feel like a felon with two strikes, mad bullshit in this  
life  
I done seen everythin but Christ  
Luckily I'm just off the basement  
You niggas just bullshittin with bars, the boys you got  
just tryin my patience  
Like, I don't carry around banana clips like groceries  
With a presence that make em don't wanna get em  
close to me  
Talk about we suppose to be brothers  
Don't make me laugh, motherfucka you chose to be  
On the side opposin me, no matter what culture you be  
From, Young Hova light your ass up exposively  
A lil' use K for ya, pour out the P-A for ya  
Had to bring y'all like back in the day for ya  
They don't respect nothin else, they somethin else  
Two guns with sons will get inside yourself  
Loose two lungs, bullets'll get inside your health  
Will take the wind outta yourself, like so  
Niggas for truely in a war with yours truly

While they emulating shit they saw in the Art Of War movie  
But I'm the writer of Sun Tzu, so whatever son do  
I do better, more lyrics, way more cheddar  
Catch me if you can, I'm the gingerbread man  
Keep pumpin em up make me injure bre-thren  
Niggas is tryna capitalize of Hov  
Like I don't realize, I see the demons inside of they souls  
Niggas is dreamin to sell what I sold  
Fuckers is fiendin to held what I hold  
I just know what I know, they respect me all across the globe  
Although, I'm from

*[Chorus (Jay-Z)]*

I'm from murder, murder Marcyville  
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will  
South Philly motherfucka kill at will  
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)  
Murder murder, Marcyville  
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will  
My nigga South Philly motherfucka kill at will  
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

*[Memphis Bleek]*

Uh, uh huh, yea, yo, yo  
It ain't nothin to double clips, trust the fifth could be toss  
Niggas poppin their shit, they startin ta piss me off  
Bitches and bitch niggas tryna ride against homie  
So fuck them and the Originator of Sophie  
The gat spit rapid, duel actions  
Look I'm nice with the fifth the moments when you bastard get sick  
I'm from the ghetto is turf where the metal do work  
My ER eight grade, they had the errors since birth  
Me and the God spittin, you know police come chalk ya  
It's like you peep this and I'm the young A. Walker  
Fuck it, I'm ridin with Sig, you niggas is sweet  
Collidin with Cam and I'm throwin with Free  
Geda K's the co-d, young boss  
Until we State Property, we spit in the Taurus  
Fuck it, H in the pen, huh  
You know we bang where we from nigga, H to the pen  
It's nothin

*[Chorus (Jay-Z)]*

I'm from murder, murder Marcyville  
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will  
South Philly motherfucka kill at will  
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

Yea, murder murder, Marcyville  
My nigga you heard we clap you, we certainly will  
My nigga South Philly motherfucka kill at will  
Bet the Mack milli make you niggas (Chilly chill)

*[Beanie Sigel]*

Aiyyo the South Philly motherfucka kill at will  
I keep my Mack Milly chilly chill  
You niggas' gay like that for real  
I move yay all day for real  
Boss's plaque, check the status for real  
Balls splat, you will lay in the ground for real  
All day I'ma ammo for real  
Clip shape like bananas for real  
Guerilla warfare hittin the field  
Six saw head splittin your grill  
New issue, or I might grip the Uz pistol  
Do more than bruise tissues  
Crack bone marrow, lose grisel  
Sit you down in a chair for real  
Forever you'll wheel around for real  
Listen boy, I get it down for real  
I clutch pound for real  
When I ball you touch down for real  
Correct tar, Brett Farve, hecklaw  
Cops send shots down your field  
Tell *[Muah]* leave the town for real

*[Chorus (Jay-Z)]*

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