

Murderers

"Black Or White"

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Black Child, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
You know me, y'all don't know me?
Lemme tell y'all a lil' somethin' about me
How I came up? Where I came from? Awright?
People, this is how it all set it off, like this

I was the black baby that got opened off a black three-
eighty
This black lady in a black Mercedes
Pulled out on this black man in the black land
He used to sell white rocks and black cops used to riff

White cops ain't say shit, on the day shift they sniffed
I was a little nigga, with little niggas that like to steal
Then blew up to bigger niggas, that love to kill
Rock Hilfiger shields and vests laced in our 'getts

A bounce in the bubble bullet proof G.S.
Of the Ac' NSX with a Mac ten express
Or my Q-4-5 with two new four-fifths
I'm into cars and guns, I keep a gun in my whip

Nigga, me without my gat is like bein' in a blue Benz
In front of a thousand bloods with Mac tens
Or a red rose in front of a thousand crips with Calico's
And Lord knows we lust hoes

I don't give a fuck if you white or black
If you bust your gat, I can relate to that
If you sell coke or crack, I relate to that
If you do sticks and stacks, I can relate to that

I don't give a fuck if you white or black
If you bust your gat, I can relate to that
If you sell coke or crack, I can relate to that
When it's your turn to blow, ain't no turnin' back

It seem like in another lifetime, I used to sniff white
lines
Commit white collar crimes and hit white dollar dimes
This one white bitch in the white Benz used to fuck

white men
And like to sniff white heroin

I sold china white crack back then
As I was writin' this rhyme on white paper with a black
pen
I started wonderin' how life would've been
If a nigga like me was born with white skin

I wouldn't have got knocked by the white cops
With the white rocks comin' through in the new blue
drop
I be able to floss white gold and toss white hoes
Shittin' in the white Rolls Royce

Hittin' Caucasian chickens that sing with a black girl's
voice
But I love being black, a thug bustin' my mack
I know if I was white I wouldn't like that
Or love my gat or play the clubs where the dubs at

But truthfully you could be blue to me
As long as your cream is green, that's beautifully
Exclusively, it's me and Irv Gotti
And Murder I-N-C here to body everybody

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A murderer always got a plan
A bitch nigga is a poor excuse for a man
Players play to win and learn to listen and listen to learn
A lame nigga await his turn to talk

And won't catch near jewels that need to be caught
Niggas know shit that's difficult is possible
A player pull out and put ya ass in the hospital
For thinkin' the possible is impossible

This is ghetto gospel, we got to politic
Riot quick, pull out the guns and body shit
I don't give a fuck who you go and get
It's Black Child motherfucka, who you fuckin' with?

It's Murderer

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