

## Murderers

### "Crime Scene"

Visit "[Crime Scene](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

The fuck is wrong with y'all niggaz  
You think this shit is a game nigga  
Like it ain't about murder and cocaine nigga  
The fuck is wrong wit y'all

It's Murder Inc nigga  
With some Dave Bing shit  
Stop gettin' it fucked up  
Yeah

Yo the first dollar for me, I admit it the block did it  
Murder came with it, nice cars and dime bitches  
Hangin' out late, nicknamed the milk-crate  
But on a bad note came jail time and jam nines

Can you feel the rhyme, feel a thug trying to shine?  
On the grind, you better keep your ass in line  
'Cuz from the get-get-go nigga, say it ain't so nigga  
You was watchin' me through your window nigga

Doing crimes, selling twenties for dimes  
Middle finger in the air screamin', fuck one time  
As you peep out, don't got the balls to speak out  
Scary reach out, scream murder and pull the glock out

Cock it back, then tell your crew to relax  
Take a deep breathe, now take six to the chest  
Ten to the neck, just in case you wearin' a vest  
And that's the whole sixteen coppin' in safeen

Motherfucker when you see Tah  
Bet I'm holdin' a fifth and a full clip  
At any given moment to flip on some bullshit  
Spit it sick, flowin' like alien and I'm way beyond  
flashin'

So if you see crumbs nigga, get to dashin'  
I mastered the game, accurate aim put two in you  
Slappin' your dame, jump back in the range  
For this hover dough

Rapidly gunnin' the floor like a calico  
Let it rip, reload and spit a hundred more  
Give you a reason to run, oh, you gung-ho  
I hope y'all niggaz really ready 'cuz my steel is heavy  
And feel no petty for those stuffed in a box  
Nigga peep it and watch, how the sun glisten on rocks

I pissed on the blocks and hustle for scraps  
But now I'm on some click-clack  
Keep your eyes on the cash, gimme that  
Where they at, y'all niggaz want it  
We right here, let me make myself clear  
Nigga we can't be touched, the fuck y'all want

From rob men that rob grown men  
And be the one hustlin' 'til the one come in  
The worst niggaz cock back and spit for gin  
'Til the day we win niggaz is gonna fall from Wood Hall  
Thugs who seen it all, this is war  
The streets ain't the same no more

Niggaz came to keep the roar but [unverified] on the  
floor  
Let's explore, whoever's quick on the draw is the law  
The fuck you set these rules for it's the streets  
My code is the heat plus we all gotta eat  
Take a seat and watch the streets get runned by thugs  
Now stand up and watch my hustlin' niggaz rush the  
club

Automatic love, fingerprints, clubs b, 38 snubb  
Motherfucker, do you know me?  
Ronnie Bump with a four-five that won't leave you  
lonely  
My slugs will be your homeys  
Pop the glock and make you know me

I was only fourteen, doin' my thing  
Gettin' cream in Jamaica Queens  
Niggaz scheme for they dreams  
Come clean, if not, you gots to get shot

Give me the ooh-op, and let me hold down the block  
Fuck cops, I pump crack rocks on back blocks  
Lace shots, at them snitch niggaz, snap box  
Black Child couldn't go play with the children

'Cuz I was too busy pumpin' up them jums in the  
buildin'  
While most kids went to school to maintain  
I was in the spot cookin' up cocaine

The game got me, at eighteen I got sloppy

Caught a body and shot up his house party  
Time to relocate, I better transport my weight  
Pick up all my papes and bounce out of state  
Catch me in Virginia, I ain't gonna never surrender  
Unless I'm dead or injured  
And that's somethin' to remember nigga

Yo, it ain't nothin' but murder one  
Niggaz holdin' they guns and bustin' 'em  
My niggaz foul son, we spray up the block  
And leave bystanders numb and brain dumb

Niggaz heard the shots but where they comin' from  
I squeezed off and hit his bitch up, my aim's off  
But fuck it, nigga rob the block for twelve hundred  
So I came off, if it's murder you want, it's murder I give

Makin' it harder for niggaz to live for you and your kids  
No question, murder perfection dog  
I'm runnin' through you and into the Lord I never  
prayed for  
God knows I'm layin' for him, bustin' at the sky

My aim's on him, my man Kurt died the blames on him  
You better believe him, killin' niggaz dead for this  
dream  
By any means I'm deadin' your team, destroyin' your  
dreams  
Now hows 'bout this nigga, oh, goin' all out for the  
dough

Yo, I show out, fuck around and get blowed out  
Ugh

Visit [Murderers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.