

## Royce Da 5'9 "Murder"

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[Royce Da 5'9"]

I got a phone call

Six in the morning, anonymous, that said

"Yeah nigga, we got him" and then they hung up

Then I looked down at my iPhone

At the private number saying "Who the fuck is this" to  
the dial tone

I said fuck it, the next second my phone buzzes

My nigga's wife said niggas just ran up on cousin

What niggas? She said it was some rappers from Ohio

That been out here north of Atlanta bone thugging

Ran up on him and did what then?

She said they stomped him at the club then

pandemonium erupted

[Woman singing]

Murder

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Going through my mind, is she telling me shots was  
fired

Them Ohio niggas is rock supplying

Heated, stop answering, start spending them niggas  
calls

Every time he went to see him he went in them rented  
cars

So it was even harder to find him so they figured

They'd go to the D tomorrow and surprise him

Did they kill him? "Nah, they only shot a couple times

Heard they was hitting walls." The nerve of these  
niggas' balls

Who was he with? "He was with Tre"

He in the hospital too? "Nah." Needless to say, call you  
back

I called up Tre, Tre answered, I said

Hey man, keep it real fam, why the fuck you still  
standing?

He said, "Nickel I'm a killer, not a fighter

So I got up out the way because my weight's a lot  
lighter

Them niggas was big so I slid but I promise on my kids

We can get them, I know where them niggas is"

Where them niggas at then? I heard what their crew do  
Real niggas, if y'all was in my shoes what would you  
do?

[Woman singing]  
You going murder

[Royce Da 5'9"]  
Jumped up, pumped up, feeling like Manson Malvo  
Groucho  
My bitch staring out me, I'm out though  
I ain't visting cuz in the hospital  
Till I got at least one of them nigga's chain in my hand  
like Alpo  
Car headed to where Tre at  
Eject the BI to put in T.I., skip to (ASAP)  
He off of the freeway in the projects  
I hit the exit without blinking to thinking in the process  
Tre come running out with a fully on some hot shit  
I'm like weapons ain't a thing, killing is the object  
What was you doing when they was kicking all on my  
fam?  
He said, "Nickel, we about to get them niggas,  
goddamn  
Why you got to be so obnoxious?"  
What? Just tell me where them niggas at before I take  
your ass hostage  
He said "Alright. Around six around five  
Of them niggas was riding around here in a maroon  
Crown Vic"  
I said alright, pulled out of the lot and made right  
You in the car that fit the description, say goodnight  
You got to pay the price  
Tre said, "There they go in the alley  
Sitting in the car they probably blazing right  
And they can't see us cause we behind them"  
This ain't the time  
"But what if this our only opportunity to find them"  
I said you right, pulled into the alley and seen two  
people in front of them niggas' car taking out garbage  
I said wait till these people finish, they innocent  
Soon as they go back in their cribs we going to finish it  
No sooner than a second after  
Tre jumps out of the passenger side blasting  
Past them niggas we here to kill, hitting them innocent  
bystanders  
Tearing their trash up  
Our enemies jumped out of their car waving badges  
They all shooting at me, nobody blazing at him  
This ain't adding up  
Car in reverse, now I'm mashing, leaving Tre behind

Even though it's some questions that I got to ask him

[Woman singing]

Murder

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Burning rubber away from there in a bullet riddled car  
Trying to piece this shit together, hitting the boulevard  
If them niggas is the police, what the fuck is Tre?  
He ain't dead or in jail by now then he the other way  
Snitch or pig, I got to talk to my cousin  
That nigga setting me up then I'm a lift his lid  
That nigga know how hostile my reactions  
I call and try to find out what hospital he at then  
Every nigga pickup just laugh when I ask  
Have you heard about cuz getting smashed maybe I'm  
the ass then  
Head hurting like a motherfucker, looking for a gas  
station  
Now a nigga need a fucking aspirin  
I hear a familiar ringtone from my phone  
It's my bitch texting me telling me don't come home  
I'm thinking damn should I text back, why me  
My phone starts ringing it's Tre on the ID  
He said, "Them niggas tried to get me but I slid"  
He want to tell me in person, meet me at my crib  
I said nigga please  
I threw the phone out the window rolled over it crushed  
it into a million pieces  
I hit the blinker quick then hit the highway  
If I'm a be a target y'all know I'm a do it my way  
After I rolled for a few hours I'd say  
I was tired after I got out of the tri state  
Can't help but feel like another lame exposed  
Pulling up to an old telly in the rain and cold

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