

## **Bruce Bornsby**

### **"Murda 1 Case"**

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[patois chatta that can't be made out for 10 seconds]

Watch it! WAR-NING!

Aiyy-yo, aiyy-yo, aiyy-yo, aiyy-yo!

[more chatta talk]

[KK]

I had to figure out a way to touch 'em  
Expose the money and hoes had to rush 'em  
Six by nine Pioneers up in my Cutlass  
So I can bump N.W.A., and my tape - fuck it!  
Gots to work to add to my little paper  
Need a boost, so I gots to pull me some capers  
Circulate the dollar pull a broad I ain't the type to drape  
her  
She roll and she real - if not, I got to shake her  
Or turn her mind to the next page (face)  
Face fears fuck, drama let's get paid (paid)  
Business first, then we'll crack a spot so we can play  
In the cut somewhere with some drink out the way  
Now KK is the name, no actin just mackin  
Without runnin some game, together we can stack it  
Y'all niggaz fuckin with the original raspy  
Haters talk shit and they split;  
not knowin that they rolled right past me

[chatta Chorus]

[DJ Quik]

I ain't nervous - I'm lookin for plot for a debt that's  
overdue  
Hangin out the window of the rental, we dumpin over  
you  
We do walk-bys, skip-bys, bicycle-bys  
Waterhose-douse-bys, bush-in-front-ya-house-bys  
(yes)  
Bein a rider is more than sound effects  
With wires wrapped 'round ya neck, you know the  
sound that's next!  
{\*gagging\*} With a twist snap you fall

We duct-tapin your wrists, ankles, laps and all  
We love that 'Goodfellas', 'Scarface', all that mafia  
stuff  
But a few volumes of 'Faces of Death' get you coppin it  
tough  
Look at the autopsy, where fly-swatters got mashed for  
miles  
Writin checks that they insides couldn't cash! (ewww)  
Like raw steak, them vital organs they soft  
Pharoahe Monch and K, like chrome they popped off  
Chunky to wicked, and me yeah Quik did it  
The murder, the mayhem, like 40 we Sic'Wid'It!

[chatta Chorus]

[Pharoahe Monch]  
What the fuck do we have here?  
Pharoahe Monch, let's make one thing clear  
Forget the tiger, I admire the eye of the bull  
Spit it for the critics and the undesirables  
Quik beats bang like street gangs in inner city  
I Bang- like -ladesh, plus bang like shit ain't shitty  
Shitty, sell fake Gucci bags on eBay  
So advanced when I rhyme that you need time de-lay  
These three and up company like Jack Tripper  
To get in Depp like Johnny but not Jack the Ripper  
Tripped ya, the slumpture slasher  
will rupture yout whole team and abduct your church  
pastor  
You know you gotta get it from the incredible  
mastermind  
with disastrous raps hard to find or follow  
The motto - DJ Quik shit  
hit mo' frequently than quick-pick lotto

[chatta Chorus]

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