

DJ JS-1 f/ Chino XL, Sean Price

"Murder"

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[Intro: Chino XL] Yeah, y'all want to be conscious rapper right? Hit you in your head. Make you an unconscious rapper Chino XL. JS. What's good homie? Long time comin' nahmean? Shells through your vehicle nigga [Verse One: Chino XL] First of all, if I may Explain the many ways JS will murder a DJ The way I murder wordplay Hip hop is dead in a state of dismay I desecrated your favorite MC, while JS diggin' in the crates It not just bravado, before Serato He made records revolve like a Molotov Cocktail without the bottle Chino, your favorite mulatto Spit it stakato Controversial like Bill Cosby's illegitimate child Somebody must of not a Got the memorandum how I randomly murder Throw a tantrum, hurt a civilian unwillin' ?, I've been waitin' to put shells through your vehicle Behind the wheel, you survive it, it's a miracle I'm from the days of niggas robbin' you for your British And Wallabees and Al B Square mall Before +Here To Save You All+ Changed metaphor forever Makin' verbal war more clever Behind closed doors most say my pen pushin' better Than half of the game Presentin' itself is the truth No one remains that has disrespected my name in the booth I don't entertain I'm makin' it reign with my point of view It's insane, I couldn't live with myself if I was you Strugglin' to make the next dance step that look stupid Fuck Valentine's Day, I'm shootin' hollow points at Cupid Chino and JS, the ladies scream A cycle that lasts forever like broken washin' machines If JS ain't playin' your track it must not be crack If Chino ain't rhymin' then you can ask for your money back The west coast show stopper I'm ill and hood proper Beef? You get hit on like any woman workin' at Foot Locker The world feels my grammar Women love me like Hannah Montana The Puerto Rican leans like a cholo then pulls a hammer Before New York was gang signs and bandannas J used his turntables like guitar of Carlos Santana Before Jay-Z screwed up Def Jam releases I've been the +Lyrical Jesus+ last of dying species [Chorus: scratched] "It's on till the death" - Inspectah Deck "Keep it movin'" - Inspectah Deck "Amongst dead men walkin'" - Common "You'll wish

you never knew me" - "It's on till the death, till we settle the score" "Keep it movin' in the mean streets" - Inspectah Deck "It's on till the death" - Inspectah Deck "When you see me it's real" - Raekwon "Bitch niggas scared to death" - Busta Rhymes "Oh shit!" - Madd Rapper "Show you how we do it Queens" - Mobb Deep "Murder ain't shit nigga" - Mobb Deep "Calm down, before the police come" - [Verse Two: Sean Price] Yo, Sean Price Punk you're not me The glock pop three and I get away scott free P! Ain't no tellin' what I do for a dollar I'm not your father, but guess what I'ma do to your mama Troop with the llama Catch you sleepin', shoot your pajamas Niggas scared to death, I'm cool Hakuna Matata (gun shots) God father, the squad got large armor and such Talk shit and you will get touched Rock steadily, your nut popped He's deadly for real Pop bottles and listen to Heather Headly and chill I do not rock, but don't Heather Headly and chill I just needed somethin' to rhyme with, I'm deadly for real Listen JS-1, he be the DJ Sean got guns Fuck 'em, sell 'em on Ebay Ride with the guns like duke on Crime Partners Plus Priest's a beast bitch so why bother? P! [Chorus]

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