

Eve F/ Truth Hurts

"Chill"

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[Jay-Z talking]

Uh huh

(scratching) "chi chi chi chilly chill"

This gangsta gangsta uh

Uh huh

This gangsta gangsta shit

"chi chi chilly chill"

[CHORUS: Jay-Z]

I'm from murder murder Marcyville

My nigga you heard we clap you we certainly will

South Philly mothrfuckers kill at will

Bet the mack milly make you niggas "chilly chill"

Murder murder Marcyville

My nigga you heard we clap you we certainly will

South Philly motherfuckers kill at will

Bet the mack milly make you niggas "chilly chill"

[Jay-Z]

Check the four corners of the earth I'm a man of respect

Marcy projects motherfucker I'm demanding respect

The niggas done fucked up and they called in the cleaners

Jayo you're not a felon you're a misdemeanor

Don't let the Nina hit you and split your beam up

Fuck the punks with you we hit your team up (buck buck)

Y'all niggas hurtin'

That publicity stunt is not workin'

You made a bad situation worsen

Y'all wanna see me out this game like Rider

You fuckers better stop that ?we came from a game wider

How the fuck you gone try us?

You can't deny us

Of a dollar it's the Roc bitch holla!

Beef ain't nothing to a boss nigga

You crossed the line

The orders go out to kick in your doors

Wavin' the 4 4

All I heard was jigga I don't want it no more

[CHORUS]

[Bleek]

Yo you heard a nigga fronted on Bleek word?
Nigga, never fronted on Bleek word
If it's written I wrote it
You spit it I spoke it
So...Never forget Bleek totin'
I'm from murder murder Marcyville
If y'all look in the mirror do y'all see real?
We see through your visad
Y'all soft like Q-tip cotton
Y'all dudes ain't hardly real
The boss spit off M-po's certainly will
If I smack this kid you'll probably squeal
So open the hydro we firing still
We clear out the building like a fire drill and
Money too long for y'all to fold
You know to catch a case to me is like a common cold
So get your guns out you ain't ready for war
You know the R-O-C too strong for y'all
Motherfucker

[CHORUS]

[Geda K]

Yo, I'm in a zone
You niggas done disturbed the peace
I try to relax
Still got word off the street
Hear you frail bastards tryin' to get your name back
You ain't achieve shit since you got your name in rap
We can't be misjudged you hear the flows and the
lyrics and
The fifth slugs'll tear holes in your spirit and
It's like rap turned y'all to kill and hustle
Knowin' y'all gone snitch if I hop one touch you
Talk that gangsta slang be a gangsta slain
These N-Y-M-P gangstas bang
How you talk real but need your click to live?
All I need is the fifth and two clips to give
Geda keep the insane ratchet
For y'all who swear y'all can dodge the rain put on your
rain jackets
It's the game y'all ain't fit for drams with us
And we pop the big guns that tear through armored
trucks

[CHORUS]

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