

## Free Murda

### "Let You Arms Swing"

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[Intro: Free Murda]

Eastside... Fort Greene...

[Chorus 2X: Free Murda]

Rolling down the street, you can catch me with my  
doors up  
Hop out, music playing, posted on the corner  
Let you arms swing, nigga, let you arms swing, nigga  
Let you arms swing, nigga, let you arms swing, nigga

[Free Murda]

Go and get your eat on, I got hoes  
So my dick I don't beat on, something to throw my feet  
on  
Curl my toes, that's how it goes, as I skeet on  
Tired of shitting on 'em, so like Kels watch me pee on  
It's you, your girl cheat on, once they throw Free on  
Smoking on that neon, green, that's what he on  
And your man CD, watch I crush weed on  
And burn it like pee-pee, when you get your STD on  
Crack is gon' need me, the way I get my G on  
Walk the streets sleepy, that's when doc throw the  
sheets on  
Get my fam Keon, to lean on something  
Keep on fronting, got to keep on ducking

[Chorus 2X]

[Free Murda]

Poppin' your lip, I'm cocking my fifth  
Only thing that he cock is his dick, with his fist  
Ill, better chill, lil' calm then I mellow  
Catch me with that purple like that Turtle Donatello  
Armed in the ghetto, palm in my metal  
Cuz I'm off that Remy Martin, not that chick from Bronx  
borough  
I'm in a Montero, the way my palm hello  
Cuz them bitch niggas'll stab me in the back, wanna  
have me like that  
Ain't a DVD, but you can get 'smacked'  
Bout to die, and I ain't goin' with ya, like a mix-match

Gat about to holla, but it ain't no chit-chat  
When you hear that click-clack, you never forget that,  
nigga

[Chorus 2X]

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