

Free Murda f/ ShaCronz

"Free vs. Murda"

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[Intro: ShaCronz (Free Murda)]

Man, fuck is going? (What?)

Shit is crazy, yo Free (Yo, what's up son?)

Ain't shit, what's good, man (ain't shit chilling)

Yo, this muthafucka on the other side running around

Spazzing on the workers and shit, son (word?)

Telling niggas they can't bubble on this side

Trying to get on some real Deebo shit,

yoknowhatimean (what's that coming from?)

Ain't going down like that, knowhatimsayin

My nigga gave me his math, though (word?)

He talking about he wanna holla, he a wild nigga man,

yo holla at this nigga, son

(I'mma holla at him, I'mm holla at that nigga...)

[Free Murda]

Yo, who the fuck is it? (You know who this is?)

Yo, who the fuck is this? (Not one of your chicks, I want to get one thing clear)

Hold on, you think it's some lames here? (Simply and plain? Yeah)

What? (Nigga I ain't talking bout your hands and them Plus you all hype for nothing) I take you off the planet, son!

(We'll see when them cannons come) I don't wanna hear nothing

(Aight, I'll have you stiff like a mannequin)

Free, don't make me break your skinny ass up

Ooh, on my mother.. (You trying give me bad luck?

And I thought you didn't know who this was) What I thought

(Nah you ain't think nothing, running your lips, brah

But anyway, we can get it on, nigga, anyday)

Now you know you gone, word is bond, I let the semi spray

(Yeah, that's just hearsay, you getting alotta airplay)

What, on his jack? (Nah, this went there, man)

[Interlude: Free Murda (ShaCronz)]

Yo, (yo, son) Son you hear this nigga Murda?

(Yeah man, this nigga wilding the fuck out) Fucking

bugging and shit
This nigga ain't tryin', he ain't trying work, shit, son
(Ain't trying to get nothing, nigga, word
Spaz, word, we can spaz too out, give him a hundred
percent
Yup, word up...)

[Free Murda]
Yo partner, let me make this brief
Stop telling my soldiers in your street to stop selling for
me
(You don't see them cops on the Beac', they making my
share hot
About to get to banging) My shit copped
But let's keep this on the busines low (Nigga, I ain't
getting down)
You don't wanna do business, yo? (I ain't tryin' to get
with you clowns)
That's what you think we are? (Not in that way
Ya'll rocking platinum and cars) Not around your way
I got the clientele, I just want some of that real estate
(Now you bugging, we ain't eating off the same dinner
plate)
Aight, it'll be a wait, and I'm gon' beat the case
(Aight, nigga, lead the way) I think you gon' need your
cake

[Interlude: ShaCronz (Free Murda)]
Fuck this nigga is bugging out, son (yo)
(This nigga fucking bugging, I think I got his ass
though, son)
Yeah, you get him right? Shook (I'm gon' give that
nigga a ring up
And see if he shook up, if he ain't shook up in about a
minute, I'm going over there, son)
Aight, I got some ki's over there, son (I want some of
that, son)

[Free Murda]
Yeah, tell me something (I think we can work something
out)
What's that shit you talking, don't make me murk
nothing out
(I think we should do this 50/50) Nah, you must be off
that sticky-icky
You see what happened to Pretty Ricky (Yeah that shit
was fucked up)
I was thinking sell you thirty (damn, that shit fucked up
I need some time to weigh my options) I ain't try'nna
stay here and gossip
So talk and don't try to change the topic (yo, ya'll

niggas bleed just like us)
Well I'm a fix it where you don't breathe just like us
So you better talk quick, cuz you fucking my minutes up
And all my niggas known, for shooting lieutenants up
(Whatever Free, we been through the same shit) What
you saying?
(I ain't tryin' to say shit) I see you round the way, bitch...

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