

## Gray Macy

### "I've Committed Murder"

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f/ Gangstarr & Mos Def

[Gangstarr]

Another Gangstarr remix, tailor made for Macy Gray  
Big kids like us need a lot of space to play  
Blowin' fakes away with my man Mos Def  
Of course Primo on the track  
Rock the streets no vest  
So don't test  
Cause you could catch a bad one  
I turn y'all happy camper rappers into sad ones  
Always bless you with a new joint  
Shit you never heard  
I need a place to lay low bro  
Cause this one is murder

[Macy]

My baby works down at the boulevard cafe  
Just a fine young man with big dreams  
Trying to make his own way  
The owner is this mean ol' bitch  
Who degrades him everyday  
Then she fires him for no reason  
Don't wanna give him his last pay, hey

I've committed murder and I think I've got away  
Hiding at my mother's house  
Come get me right away right away  
I have no intention of paying for my crime, don't fear  
Gonna get the next plane outta here and fly away

When he's down it breaks my heart to see him  
So I figured I'd talk to her woman to woman  
I walk in and she countin' her cash  
Got so much cash her office looks like a green pasture  
I said, give him the little bit of money you owe him  
She said get back bitch I ain't givin you shit  
I said you ol' bag, maybe you ain't heard  
But them are fighting words

I've committed murder and I think I've got away

Hiding at my mother's house  
Come get me right away right away  
I have no intention of paying for my crime, don't fear  
Gonna get the next plane outta here and fly away

[Mos Def]

Yo puttin' a maximum effort towards minimum wage  
It bring the stillest waters up ?  
And I don't feel bad about it  
My boss slippin' steady  
Try-na treat a brother any old typical way  
He-he-hey that ain't the way I'm living today  
Give me my last week check and let me bounce up and skate  
That's when she said  
I ain't giving you not one thin dime  
So she made me wanna switch into my criminal mind  
She sittin' back in her office countin' major dough  
And don't wanna give a young man the pay she owe  
As soon as I got on the horn and called Macy yo  
Like yo this crazy ho try-na play me low  
Macy beemed on the scene with both hands on deck  
Like respect your debt or protect your neck  
But old chick got bold and said what you gon' do  
Macy reached for the tool made a holla like Ja Rule  
And I was like Oh shit! Relax don't flip  
But ol' chick got slick Macy let off a whole clip  
You crazy you know Leva ain't free  
Snatched the cash and made a dash like OJ and AC and we out

Yo! I didn't know you had a gun  
(Ha! Ha! Ha!  
What you think it's funny  
(Look at all this money)  
But damn you went and shot her in the tummy  
(Look at all these papers)  
But we ain't have to got pull a birdie cape  
To help me the old maid meet her maker  
(Your maker that rhymes with Jamaica)  
You better bounce before our face be in the paper  
Yeah be locked up in the bing is not the flavor

[Macy]

With a suitcase full of money  
We flew to a Jamaican paradise  
One thing I've learned through all of this is  
Having money sure is nice  
Me and my baby got married  
He's working hard to make his dreams come true  
As far as regrets I don't have any

Would you?

I've committed murder and I think I've got away  
Hiding at my mother's house  
Come get me right away right away  
I have no intention of paying for my crime, don't fear  
Gonna get the next plane outta here and fly away  
(Repeat w/ Mos Def singing)

And I don't feel bad about it  
(Fly away)  
And I don't feel bad about it (Fly away) And I don't feel  
bad about it (Fly away) Oh, oh shobee-do-bop!

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