

Game, The "Body Bags"

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[Chorus: Damian Marley (The Game)]

Out in the streets they call it murder (whispering:
murder, murder, murder... kill, kill, kill...)

(You can't fuck with the real!)

Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder,
murder... kill, kill, kill...)

(Nigga, don't cross the real!)

They call it murd... They call it murd... They call it
murd...

(murder, murder, murder... kill, kill, kill...)

They call it murd...

(You can't fuck with the real!)

They call it murd... They call it murd... They call it
murd... They call it murd...

[The Game talking]

Is 07 shit

We runnin' through summers

in dual hummers

and tell them my crew coming for war

[Verse 1]

Ay yooooooooooooooooo!

I can't let the day go without lettin' the K go

Now watch his face blow, YAYO!

Heard you hidin' in the big apple

Better keep hidin' for them Puerto Ricans kidnap you

9-3 gangsta ties

Haitans down in Miami (zoe gang!)

yeah, them Haitins down in Miami

Fat Joe don't fuck with you, Nas don't like you

So who they gonna blame when the long nose snipe
you

Potado on the muscle, black tape on the grip

We in the A-Team van with black tape on your bitch

She gonna tell us where you at

We gonna twist that dro'

and just wait 'til that rat come out the that hole

No, the streets ain't safe

When we see him we gonna eat that face

Nobody we gonna beat that case

Yeah, it's on again, two shots of patron I'm in
Drive slow and let the motherfuckin' chronic spin

[Chorus: Damian Marley (The Game)]

Out in the streets they call it murder (whispering:
murder, murder, murder... kill, kill, kill...)
(You can't fuck with the real!)

Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder,
murder... kill, kill, kill...)
(Nigga, don't cross the real!)

They call it murd... They call it murd... They call it
murd...

(murder, murder, murder... kill, kill, kill...)

They call it murd...

(You can't fuck with the real!)

They call it murd... They call it murd... They call it
murd... They call it murd...

(Nigga, don't cross the real!)

[Verse 2]

What type of bitch niggaz put his hands on kids
(Homo!)

Pull up that black van on his (Nope)

We don't do the kid slap, we do the kid snatchin'
Eyewitness news, there's been a kidnappin'
Feed 'em real good, takin' home to play with Harlem
Sit by the phone, just wait it's your daddy callin'
Naah, we don't get down like that
but 50's momma we'll put you in the ground like that
Cuuuurtisss

Tryin' to make peace with Dipset
but you ain't even address the beef with Jin yet
It's on now, better call dr. Ben and Russell
Set up a peace treaty or go get some muscle
Call the lighty brothers, call all your lil' flunkies
Call the snitch hotline and get the G-Unit monkeys
Call the cops, I'm still 100 miles an runnin'
Then call the God and tell him your ass is comin'

[Chorus: Damian Marley (The Game)]

Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder,
murder... kill, kill, kill...)
(You can't fuck with the real!)

Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder,
murder... kill, kill, kill...)
(Never cross the real!)

They call it murd... They call it murd... They call it
murd...

(murder, murder, murder... kill, kill, kill...)

They call it murd...

(You can't fuck with the real!)

They call it murd... They call it murd... They call it
murd... They call it murd...
(Never cross the real!)

[Verse 3]

This ain't "Ether", nah, this ain't "Hit 'em up"
This is a lot of dead bodies, who gonna pick them up
We just shot the corner
Who gonna drive the truck
Fuck the whole G-Unit who lied to Buck
Fuck Spider too, now that's for Big Fase
I know where you countin' your sheeps
I'll have some Crips waitin'
youtube banger, tell me how that clip taste
You kiss Lakisha in that mouth, tell me how my dick
taste
I got the crown nigga, it's going down nigga
and Los Angelesss - it's my town nigga!
I got a place where bodies don't get found nigga
Where the dead sleep and ghost don't make a sound
nigga
The real 50 Cent, he knew Jimmy Henchmen, the real
Jimmy Henchmen
Look at them niggaz flinchin'
We ain't gonna do shit
I'll have your crew sit (?)
So play like them is toy guns and this is just music

[Chorus: Damian Marley (The Game)]

Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder,
murder... kill, kill, kill...)
(You can't fuck with the real!)
Out in the streets they call it murder (murder, murder,
murder... kill, kill, kill...)
(Don't ever cross the real!)
They call it murd... They call it murd... They call it
murd...
(murder, murder, murder... kill, kill, kill...)
They call it murd...
(Niggaz can't fuck with the real!)
They call it murd... They call it murd... They call it
murd... They call it murd...
(Don't fuck with the real!)

[The Game talking]

It's Blackwall Street nigga!
Is 07, we can't be fuck with
Try and die, motherfuckers
I run the world, it's on!

