

## **The Murderers F/ Black Child, Ja Rule, Tah Murdah, "S.O.S"**

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Shoot em On Sight Sight Sight (3x)  
Shoot em On Sight Sight Sight [overlaps INS talking]

[Inspectah Deck]

Another mission, Street Life, gun talk, Sir I

Don't push me, because I'm close to the edge  
Livin on this thin line, I know the ledge  
Allegience I pledge strictly to my comittee  
Way above the law, we soar the inner city  
My crime pays, deep in the metro, nines blaze  
Shorties watchin plus adoptin my ways  
In the PJ's, the heat blaze and beats raid  
Can't see the cage but can't leave the Streets Of Rage

[Street Life]

It's a Shoot On Sight fair, warfare prepared  
Arm yourself beware, hardware tear through your flesh  
and bones bear  
Witness stand clear  
Flash the Wu-sign to see if my comrades is in here  
PLO began this, ninety-nine bananas  
Wu extravaganza, cops scandals and guns, a S.O.S.  
Prepare for the slug fest, unusual suspect disconnet  
your outfit  
It's a dead-end Street, I play for keeps release, shots  
through your fleece  
Retreat, delete you from the crime spree

Chorus

Shoot em On Sight Sight Sight (2x) [overlaps entire  
chorus]

When you got beef wit one time-S.O.S.  
When you standin on the front line-S.O.S.  
Niggas wanna steal your sunshine-S.O.S.

When it comes time to do or die-S.O.S.  
For the five-oh that brutalize-S.O.S.

Before you try suicide-S.O.S.

[Street Life]

Street chronicle, wise words by the abominal  
High honorable, rap quotable phenomenal  
Seniority kid, I speak for the minority  
Ghetto poverty fuck the housing authority  
Not to be idolized, I deal wit grand larceny  
Money laundaring, auto theft, and armed robbery  
Ninety-nine regimine torment your resident  
Street intelligence child, KillaHill pedestrian  
Sucker for love-ass, niggas catch a gay-bash  
Slim-Fast from the gun blast burner, I last  
The S-T-R, double E-T, own a Desert E  
Keep it closely, I feed off envy and foul energy  
Your best friend's your worst enemy  
Thug therapy until they bury me, it's do or die tonight  
Shoot out a street light, bleak life  
Aim at your windpipe, squeeze tight

[Inspectah Deck]

In the parking lot, parked in a dark spot  
The specialist wit one shot been at the drop  
Your Highness INS, darts catch your body  
Feds got me on watch wit nuttin yet to charge me  
I strike quick, movin on the night shift  
Rollin wit those who been the same likeness  
Where I come from the blast make your ears go numb  
Trust no one cuz murderers range old to young  
And death don't discriminate, to choose your fate  
Shot wit hypedermic sword wit the trey-eight  
Gotta hold your weight, there's no escape from the  
mayhem  
I'm livin for now but tryin to make it to the a.m.  
Creepin in the hallways, we always on barrow  
Calico crept close to over cash flow  
The neighborhood watch, the skunks in my sock got me  
rocked  
But keep my eyes on the shot clock

Chorus

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