

Masta Killa f/ Free Murda, K.Born, Killa Sin & Victorious

"East M.C.'s"

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[Intro: Masta Killa]

Uh, uh, uh, uhhhhhhhhhhh! uh uh

Ya'll motherfuckers

Ya'll motherfuckers

Ya'll motherfuckers, Ya'll motherfuckers, don't uh

uh, uh, uh, uhhhhhhhhhhh!

Ya'll motherfuckers, Ya'll motherfuckers, don't uh

[Masta Killa]

Listen all Gangsta and Fellow MC's we now meet

The Threat is now a actual fact and that's the lease

The Lion Pore rippin' your jaw dismantle face piece

You made out the Herd the scene

My Murder One Team, Something's best untold

Crime Related - I am who I am so fuck it if son stuck it

We all later paid the best - sipped the fine Grapes

My Rugged Lifestyle is survived - I don't Apologize

Hustlers devote I chose, there's no Compromisin'

And the Guns is drawn, shots fired

Son, all my killers is fam, non-hired

Ya'll faggot niggaz wait for the sound for the things
blast

Wait for the Train to past, Man face down

we straight from the Murder Capitol Town

It goes down - Daily on the regular

Dressed in Assassin attire, the bullet proof rep

Strap 'em wit the Bomb to his body, ain't no comin'
back

[Victorious]

Yea, yo these dudes out here ain't fightin' no more

You either dump or run, or go to the law

Me ? - I take it to the furthest son, it's Murder One

Maneuver ruegers, I call 'em Ferguson

You forced my hand to take you off the Earth wit Guns

Justify Homicide that burden is done

I drink that Red one straight out the forces, your boy
lost it

I'm on the belt park where the Ratchet I toss quick

I'm Boss Bitch from that East New York

Where that cheap talk get you outlined in Chalk

Step out of line, we put your thoughts on the Sidewalk
You popped your top lock like we popped the Corks
You can catch me in the South on approach wit them
Choppers
Or Bring out them Helicopters
Your boy gun dame is hella proper

[K.Born]

Yea, soul Mass photo flash burned hot
Comin' for the kill, faggot niggaz head gets chopped
And get rolled from blocks and gets slapped out spots
We in N.Y. keepin' live Brooklyn lick off shots
Make 'em duck talk, roll real slow don't stop
Til they get it and flock, See I aim for top
And Why ? don't ask why, just move wit my flow blow
so-so
Watch how careers gets stopped
My Pop spend the seedin' I swam scream, strongest
and broke through
Raised by to a General - Physical is holdin' weight
And leadin' the way like a Freight Train
But I jump fast, nigga you here ? You Sure ?
Ain't no horse play, don't play
Murder wit my Minds spray
Give y'all fools lessons of war, no more
From every Land on this Planet Earth
And waters all across, truly yours, the Flames, the
Force

[Free Murder]

The Name's F.R.E.E. M.U.R.D.A.
My nigga A, the name is Free Murda
Killings is no limit even without C-Murder
We takin' Keith Burners, we don't give it back
It's like the Blocks slow it's hard to get rid of that
Kinda mad wishin' he should of had bigger Gat
Not this little shit could fit in my Fitted Cap
Matter of fact give 'em that, Make 'em do somethin'
But really though yo he ain't gon' do nuttin'
Bangin' me, I popped your bitch and now she shot up
The Name is Free and that's the opposite of locked up
I have you wacked up, they call the Cops up
You need a house worker had that blood moped up
Yea I'm like WHAT ? wit my Glock up
I'm a nut like the shit I get off Cocks up
I just popped up and already done wit you
Should of bring your Pops, the way I been sunnin' you
Came wit your thing, you can't fight you'se a lame
nigga
Under the wing like lights on the Plane Nigga

[Killa Sin]

Yo, fuck all the small talkin'
Get on your job or get the walkin'
Major League Batters in here, you steady barkin'
The Mac more catch like Dogs that botched Abortion
My-Blood pour like bottles of bub
You popped the Corks on the walls on
Better believe I get my Stalk on
+Artist of The Year+ toured for long
BONG! when it's all said and done I be long gone
Hong Kong gettin' my Cock in twat thru my Long Johns
Same song all around the World like 'Pac did it
Caught a lil half a hundred gram wit the Cop wit it
The Grass that I stashed in the Dash, hit the Block wit it
They glocked out and brought along for the Vibe got
knocked wit it
Now I'm on top tradin' bars from a box niggaz
Wit Two Strikes against me ain't no waitin' for the Third
Even the Cops get it, got niggaz watchin' they Misses
Doin' a middle harm Lakes cocked in the Air
Screamin' "Yeah" like Lil John
should of pawn like Carm styles is on potty train
Shotty's bang, bodies slained, got niggaz that could
get it on

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