

Jay-Z, Murda Murda (South Philly Niggas)

Chorus 1-1x

I'm from Murda Murda Marceyville
My nigga you heard we'll clap you, we certainly will
South Philly Motherfuckers kill at will
I bet the Mack milli make you niggas (chilli-chill)

Chorus 2-1x

Murda Murda Marceyville
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South Philly Motherfuckers kill at will
I bet the Mack Milli mack you niggaz (chilli-chill)

Verse 1 (Jay-Z)

Check the four corners of the earth I'm a man of respect
Marcey projects motherfucker I'm the man of respect
Ya'll niggaz done fucked up and called in the cleaners
J.O. you not a felon you a misdemeanor
Don't let the mean hit you and split your beamer
Fuck the punks with you and hit yo team up
Ya'll niggaz is hurt and that publicity stunt is not workin
Ya made a bad situation worse and
Ya'll wanna see me I just came like rider
You fuckers better stop the ???????
How the fuck you gon try us
You can't deny us of a dollar
It's the Oaks bitch Holla!
Beef ain't nothing to a boss
Nigga you crossed the line
The orders go out kick in yo doors
Waving the 4 4's all I heard was
Jigga I don't want it no more

Chorus

Verse 2 (Memphis Bleek)

You heard a nigga fronted on Bleek
Word...Nigga..Never fronted on Bleek Word
If its written I wrote it You spit it I spoke it
So never forget Bleek told ya
I'm from Murda Murda Marceyville
When ya'll look in the mirror do ya'll see wills
See through your Passat
Ya'll soft like Q-tip cotton
Ya'll dudes ain't hardly real
Ya boys spit on impulse certainly will
If I smack this kid you'll probably squeal
So open the Hydro we firing still
And we clear out the building like a fire drill
And Money too long for ya'll to fold
You know to catch a case to me is like a common cold
So get your guns you ain't ready for war
You know the R-O-C is strong for ya'll
Motherfuckers

Chorus

Verse 3 (Geda K)

I'm in a zone you niggaz done disturbed the peace
I try to relax and still got word off the streets and
You fraile bastards trying to get your name back
You ain't acheived shit since you got your name in rap
We can't be misjudged you hate us flows in the lyrics
Cuz fifth slugs will tear holes in your spirit
And its like rap turned ya'll to kill and hustle
Knowing ya'll gon' snitch if a hot one touch you
Talk that gangsta slang and be a gangsta slain
These NY MP gangstas bang
How you talk real but you need yo click to live
All I need is the fifth and two clips to give
Geda keep the unstained ratchet

For ya'll its where ever ya'll ya'll reign put on your rain jackets
Its a game ya'll ain't fit for draws wit us
And we pop with big guns that tear through all the trucks
Chorus