

There Was a Murder

Clipse

I wake up-wake up in the morning,
'Cuz them boys come knocking in the morning,
Then I have me girl go flush in the toilet,
Them say did someone get murdered on the corner?
Them say did someone see me, seen someone get shot,
Them say they saw me dere...
My nigga they won't break me, an' I'll go crazy,
Before they make me tell...

There was a murder by the corner house, whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa.
Them boys asking questions now, no-no-no-no-no.
Now everybody seen it, but don't nobody know,
What happened to the boy down the street a week ago;
Ain't nobody talking, they keep it on the low,
Don't open ya mouth, when they knocking at ya do'
'Cause niggas die out here for snitching, they dying for snitching..
.O-K!
Theseniggas die out here for snitching, they dying for snitching...O-K!

Those who break the code, we dig them hole.
What's worse than a street nigga that sells his soul?
Via the life we chose, we pick our roles,
Bad man stands an' fall but never fold.
Gangster turn informer when the jig's up,
Ya tool mix-up mix-up,
Babylon boys, get bodies left for pick-up.
Blood puddle, gun muffle, guns couple,
Muzzle in mouth, we bring trouble.
Soon police come rush, whole family crushed,
All because them pussies couldn't 'ush.
Shot box mouths with no covers,
Body 'pon body gets stacked, one top th'other.
Wish them hadn't to suffer.

Nobody seen nothing, heard nothing,
They ain't said a word.
Just chalk and yellow tape, with blood 'pon them shirts.
Ashes to ashes his body back to the Earth,
That casket drop six feet, then throw upon it dirt.
"Mum's the word", that's hustler's etiquette;
Ya rather hang yourself, than turn state evidence
Ever since, I was young, never talk to the folk;
Tongue small like a rudder, yet steer the 'ole boat!
Loose lip the reason that ship no longer float;
Telling the Feds everyting they wanna know;
That fatal blow took his very last breath,
The power of ya tongue, is life-and-death, ya feel me?