

# Chill

Jay-Z

Uh huh  
(scratching) "chi chi chi chilly chill"  
This gangsta gangsta uh  
Uh huh  
This gangsta gangsta shit  
"chi chi chilly chill"

I'm from murder murder Marcyville  
My nigga you heard we clap you we certainly will  
South Philly mothrfuckers kill at will  
Bet the mack milly make you niggas "chilly chill"  
Murder murder Marcyville  
My nigga you heard we clap you we certainly will  
South Philly motherfuckers kill at will  
Bet the mack milly make you niggas "chilly chill"

Check the four corners of the earth I'm a man of respect  
Marcy projects motherfucker I'm demanding respect  
The niggas done fucked up and they called in the cleaners  
Jayo you're not a felon you're a misdemeanor  
Don't let the Nina hit you and split your beam up  
Fuck the punks with you we hit your team up (buck buck)  
Y'all niggas hurtin'  
That publicity stunt is not workin'  
You made a bad situation worsen  
Y'all wanna see me out this game like Rider  
You fuckers better stop that ?we came from a game wider  
How the fuck you gone try us?  
You can't deny us  
Of a dollar it's the Roc bitch holla!  
Beef ain't nothing to a boss nigga  
You crossed the line  
The orders go out to kick in your doors  
Wavin' the 4 4  
All I heard was Jigga I don't want it no more

Yo you heard a nigga fronted on Bleek word?  
Nigga, never fronted on Bleek word  
If it's written I wrote it  
You spit it I spoke it  
So...Never forget Bleek totin'  
I'm from murder murder Marcyville  
If y'all look in the mirror do y'all see real?  
We see through your visad  
Y'all soft like Q-tip cotton  
Y'all dudes ain't hardly real  
The boss spit off M-po's certainly will  
If I smack this kid you'll probably squeal  
So open the hydro we firing still  
We clear out the building like a fire drill and  
Money too long for y'all to fold  
You know to catch a case to me is like a common cold  
So get your guns out you ain't ready for war  
You know the R-O-C too strong for y'all  
Motherfucker

Yo, I'm in a zone  
You niggas done disturbed the peace  
I try to relax  
Still got word off the street  
Hear you frail bastards tryin' to get your name back  
You ain't achieve shit since you got your name in rap  
We can't be misjudged you hear the flows and the lyrics and  
The fifth slugs'll tear holes in your spirit and  
It's like rap turned y'all to kill and hustle  
Knowin' y'all gone snitch if I hop one touch you  
Talk that gangsta slang be a gangsta slain  
These N-Y-M-P gangstas bang  
How you talk real but need your click to live?  
All I need is the fifth and two clips to give  
Geda keep the insane ratchet  
For y'all who swear y'all can dodge the rain put on your rain jackets  
It's the game y'all ain't fit for drams with us  
And we pop the big guns that tear through armored trucks