

There's Been a Murder

Jay-Z

[BLAM BLAM]

[woman screaming in pain.. cops yelling "Go! Go! Go! Go!"]
[police sirens]

[Hook:]

Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh
I ahh, think there's been a..
I.. I think there's been a..
Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh
I ahh, think there's been a..
I.. I think there's been a..

[Jay-Z]

I hustle from, night to morning, dawn to dusk
Kidnap and robberies like (c'mon nigga) "You're going with us"
I held roundtable meetings so we could go on and discuss
not only money but all the emotions going through us
Why we don't cry when niggas die, that's how the street raised him
Look in the air, say a prayer (hail Mary) hoping God forgave him
Cop liquor, twist it, tap it twice, pour it to the pavement
We live dangerous, often finding ourself in the eyes of strangers
(Who the fuck is you?) My dream is big and in it my team is rich
as seen through the eyes of a nigga who ain't seen shit
Back to live action, I'm packing, I'm still in the mix
like new hits, I think I'm going over your head a little bit
But I let you know I changed names when I roam through town
Stay free and be who I'm professional known as now
Jay-motherfucking-Z; and with that said
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is dead, and uh

[Hook]

[Jay-Z]

My infatuation with autos led to autos getting sprayed
Houses getting broken in, quarters getting tried
Bricks getting chopped, mom's pots getting used
One thrown in that water, try the soda in there too
Expensive shoes worn, Louis Vuitton seat, roof gone
Coke cheap, my face is like a coupon
I gotta do Shawn, 'cause even when Jay-Z was lukewarm
I was getting my loot on, nigga I'm too strong
Eat till the food's gone, they placed me on this earth
The twin brother of Rick Porter, separated at birth
I got the soul of a hustler, quiet noise like a muffler
Fuck with us, walk through the ghetto, see the place that corrupted us
Learn why we buck at the guys that come up with us
Ain't enough bucks for us to split in this shit
Plus ain't nobody loving us; and with that said
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is dead, and uh

[Hook]

[Jay-Z]

See my life is like a see-saw
And until I move this weight it's gonna keep me to the floor
Travel with me through my deep thoughts
You all can't learn Jigga by the shit you all be reading in The Source;

It's deeper of course
Follow the life of this reckless minor
At sixteen in the 600, unlicensed driver
Playing, cops and robbers, like shots can't stop us
Flipping a bird to the choppers (fuck you coppers)
Buck-thirty on the turns
Reckless abandon, when I'm standing on this pedal
Hand on my metal, minus all this time they trying to give me
Lord help me, all I ever wanted to be was wealthy or
somebody to tell me that they felt me
I tried to play the hand you dealt me
but you gave me five funnies and shit
I was hungry I need menage money
Nothing less than a 520; and with that said
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is *BLAM*

(Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh)