

Murder

The Game

Starin' at Marilyn Monroe's silhouette
While smokin' my first cigarette
Listenin' to Marvin, ask his father about his death
How you shoot a nigga out, then shoot a nigga out?
Dead bodies in my dreams, Bob Marley on my couch
Pass me the blunt he was smokin' when he died
You really think Elvis Presley committed suicide?
I don't, it's either kill or you be killed
Ten pints of blood per human, ain't no refills
One thing about us humans, nigga, we kill
Turkeys, chickens, pigs, each other, fuck us, we will
Take a life, lethal injection or free will
Tookie got murdered by the pigs, fuck did he kill?
That ain't none of my business, though
But I'm the type of motherfucker make it his business, so
Open the book and turn that page
It reads: "Arthur Ashe died from AIDS", no, that's murder, nigga

(Murder) Gunfire
Death is so quiet, ask why, tell 'em it's
(Murder) Murder, the sun rise
Then hide by grey skies, that cry sounds like
(Murder) Murder (Murder) murder
Murder (Murder) murder, murder (Murder)
(Murder) Murder

Malcolm X standing on that stage
It was staged for him to see that gauge, murder, nigga
Dr. King outside that room
Who knew that he would die that soon? That's murder, nigga
JFK sittin' in that drop
He waved goodbye, then they blew off his top it's murder, nigga
Diddy seen Big, and Suge watched Pac
They both was ridin' passenger when they got shot, it's murder
Who the fuck killed Michael Jackson? His physician?
He died slow in his music, you ain't really listen
Now his daughter gettin' slapped by his sister
And that's probably gon' kill they mama
So I'm sorry Ms. Jackson, I'm sorry Ms. Houston, Cissy
Might shed a tear but ain't no sissy 'cause Whitney's sill with me
And her death kinda hurt a nigga
So let's get back to talkin' 'bout murder, nigga
John Lennon got shot in the back
And Paul McCartney couldn't do shit 'bout that
'Cause it was murder, nigga, listen, this ain't about you and me
It's about Trayvon Martin and Huey P
And how they shot down Sam Cooke
Twelve years of school and it ain't in one damn book
Lee Harvey Oswald 'bout to serve a sentence
From the crowd comes a revolver, that's murder, nigga

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Gaspin' for air, niggas cling on
Tryna fight the inevitable, sing on
You hear that fat lady warmin' up?
The end came without a warning, huh?
Them niggas real with them rags on
Niggas get killed 'bout them flags, holmes
The Game told you what the play was
So it don't matter what you say, Cuz
Say Blood, these niggas livin' what they die by
You out here playin' while these niggas doin' drive-bys
If murder was the case that they gave Snoop
Then how the fuck you thinkin' they gon' save you?
Them niggas played you, you doin' stand up
You a comedian there, boy, put your hands up
Don't turn this to a 1-8-7
I'll have you leanin' on the stairway to Heaven
Spittin' blood, these are tales from the hood
Suicide sound quicker but a murder sounds good
Wish a motherfucker would try to play me like a toy
You get a bullet in your motherfuckin' head, homeboy
The people sayin' that a drug overdose killed Hendrix
They bullshitted, it was murder
Or a plane crash killed Otis Redding
That's how they said it, but it was murder
The cops kill us at alarming rates
They point they guns at the ones they hate (Niggas)
If Bin Laden brought the World Trade down
Then how the fuck did he die just now? Murder, murder
Murder, murder, kill, kill
They killin' motherfuckers still
And I'm just tellin' y'all the real
Nigga, murder, murder, murder, nigga, kill, kill, kill for real

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