

# Murder Rap

Fat Joe

Uh-oh, uh-oh..  
Let's get it over with.  
Yo sound boy turn the levels up  
Let's get it over with, UH!  
Terror Squad up in this motherfucker  
Where my real niggaz at?  
My Bronx niggaz, my niggaz  
I see you Lil' Hat! Uh, Ahaha!  
It's time to take it to these niggaz right here  
Yeah.. yo.. yo..

Who want to spaz out? Crunchtime, blow ya abs out  
Leave you in the fetal position, witcha ass out  
Ready to mash out any crew actin like  
they the true facts of life, frontin through the camera lights  
Despite, we hold it down regardless  
I got Def Jam suckin me like, "I wish you was my artist"  
For starters, who's the largest cat?  
Get a hundred grand from my most garbage rap  
Now how hard is that? Everything we spit be hot  
Whether it's live on Flex or in front of the chicken spot  
Grimed out, we really live whatchu rhyme 'bout  
See me posted up in the Tunnel, with my shines out  
Ice cold like Alaska when I pass ya  
Got girls shakin, losin they breath, as if they catchin asthma  
Headed to the bar to pop some bottles  
Now we in the car headed home to rock some models  
All I hear in the background is Gucci and Prada  
But I'm tryna gas these bitches to screw me for nada  
We the best that done it, confess you fronted  
Anybody want to test how much straps, you want it?

Aiyyo the gangsta's back  
Stop it right where you at  
Let a real nigga rock real murderer rap  
Tell them thug niggaz, listen to that  
Gotchu feelin it hard like Joe the God's really bringin it back!

I'm from my days and legends, since age eleven  
I was the cause of dope fiends catchin AIDS infections  
Most of us are dead, but the rest is locked  
Runnin in the rec room and check me out on the box  
A CEO could get optioned tryna change the channel  
It's like tryna take the flesh outta the mouth of hungry cannibals  
Joe the God, the flow is hard  
Known for packin two dozen birds like Noah's Ark  
I'm the realest of 'em, make you feel the pressure  
Catch you at a club, smack you up, steal ya leather  
You niggaz soften me, beat you out of the mix  
Tough talk, tough walk, but you cry like a bitch  
I see you downin the Cris', I'm not hatin, I'm just aggravated  
I ask myself every day, how these faggots made it?  
Fuck around with the Don and get decapitated  
I'm sick of hearin 'em for all the cats that made it

Aiyyo the kid is back  
Leave it right where you at

Let a real nigga hold that, you probably won't clap  
Tell them thug niggaz, move it on back  
I'm feelin tight and I'm hot  
Ready to pop the crack right through your back

That's how Kenny rocks, I'm more advanced than how your learnin  
I'm like the force of space balance and planets while they churnin  
Poppin rosary beads, piss on ya candle while it's burnin  
Rush ya widows crib and pop ya... bodies...  
Now I know you can feel the heat I generate  
Imagine when I penetrate ya stomach, and make ya body's center bake  
We can argue for days, whether it's faster to drop five shots  
in ya astronaut before you cloud the stash box  
Splash ya brains on ya birds' laps  
Swerve you on the curb, crash the Range, and push the front skirt back  
And murk after that, blurtin curse words  
Yo I popped that nigga's son one before we catch the first  
I'ma kill any murderer, leave a nigga burpin up  
Blood, chokin on chunks of his lung interior  
Every verse that I spit's a personal riff  
I meet a ill key frontin, I'm a murder you shit  
Niggaz play me while distrubin the Bricks  
I'm like the feelin of the first time they ever held a bird in they grip  
Motivator thug, scrape 'em, shoot the bolts in his butt  
Energizin 'em up, make 'em want to open 'em up  
Actin like I can't happen till I smack him in his Adam's apple  
Death to rappin, I don't want to battle  
I'd rather rush your studio session and shatter the booth  
Clap at ya face, give the mic feedback the goof