

# 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)