

# 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)