(Out in the street they call it murder) Fuck D-Block

Put your hands up
Give me that Gin and that Ginka
One false move you get sprayed up
I'm in that Range truck
David got me fuckin' blinged up
Last year I was broke now my weights up
I put that work in
Nigga you not my bretheren
44 Mag when i'm lurkin'
This is murder
Yayo is a clip inserter
I sneak in your crib like a burglar

BRING IT BACK

(Out in the street they call it murder)

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(BRING IT BACK)

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I come to the Bronx and I spank ya
I smoke that Ganja
Rollin' shotgun with Baja
3-5-7 Revolver
G Units the clique we ride for the cause
We gettin' money bretheren wheres yours?
We'll kill your ass homeboy you better think
We the ones that took murder out The Inc
(Out in the street they call it murder)