

My baby works down at the boulevard cafe  
Just a fine young man with big dreams  
Trying to make his own way  
The owner is this mean ole bitch who degrades him everyday  
Then she fires him for no reason  
Don't wanna give him his last pay  
I've committed murder and I think I've got away  
I'm hiding at my mother's house come get me right away, right away  
I have no intention of paying for my crime, don't fear  
We're gonna get the next plane outta here and fly away, fly away

When he's down it breaks my heart to see him  
So I figured I'd talk to her woman to woman  
I walk in and she's counting her cash  
Got so much cash her office looks like a green pasture  
I said "give him the little bit of money you owe him"  
She said "get back bitch I ain't giving you shit"  
I said "you ole bag, maybe you ain't heard but them are fighting words"  
I've committed murder and I think I got away  
I'm hiding at my mothers house come get me right away, right away  
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And I don't feel bad about it  
See baby there was this struggle  
And I don't feel bad about it  
As a result of our struggle  
And I don't feel bad about it  
But the good thing is  
And I don't feel bad about it  
We don't have to struggle no more

With a suitcase full of money  
We flew to a Jamaican paradise  
One thing I've learned through all of this is  
Having money sure is nice  
Me and my baby got married  
He's working hard to make his dreams come true  
As far as regrets I don't have any  
Would you?  
I've committed murder and I think I got away  
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Murder she wrote  
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