Like a Jungle

C-Murder

I'm here to let the whole world know I'm hard to control.
You can't conquer my soul.
Bossalinie, a living legend.
With physical evidence of a world full of curroption and greed.Chorus
It's like a jungle, sometimes it makes me wonder
How I keep from going under, I keep from going under x2Random deaths on the block, young nigga packin glocks
Picture me a TRU nigga, visualizing fools dying quicker
Murder murder's in the heart of every killer
Take a look into his eyes, it's evidence of a homocide
Life's get tooken faster then the egg leave the womb
Consider me in danger cause I know I'm dying soon
Twenty five years incarceration if I pull it
Bring the yellow tape, niggas can't overcome my bullet
Went to jail tryin to get paid, still on my rampage
Jump behind some bushes, dodging cops, another close shave
I'm bumpin heads with the reaper on a daily basis
Can't sleep with nightmares of dead faces
Fuck the man in the mirror, I don't trust him
Check his weapon, he's ashamed, got his boy blood on a muzzle
That's why I turn my head and leave him lonely
He phony, he got the whole hood waitin on his ceremonyChorus x2I take a deep breath as I blaze this weed mixed with hashes
And trippin how the Outlawz smoked Tupac ashes
My nigga Bad Azz laid it down
He told me "C, real niggas goin always be around"
Livin in the minds and the hearts of the lost souls
And much love to the motherfuckin outlaws
Back stage choppin game with Sean Dogg and Snoop Dogg
And to my thugs in the grave, we miss yall
I give a toast to you soldiers, you ain't die for nothin
I read the Bible, it said every death mean somethin
And TRU niggas make the world go round
Pick up the black history book and can't seem to put it down
Black leaders gettin struck down at they peak
Open your eyes, that unliberated shit is weak
And throw em up if you a soldier, I told ya
We goin burn this bitch down cause these holocaust days is overChorus x4It's like a jungle out there baby.
>From the motherfuckin streets to the motherfuckin top of the world.

Shit ain't goin change boy.
You got the eye on you, even open the eyes is worse for your life.
You need to maintain ya know what I'm sayin so keep it real.
And to all my thugs in the grave we miss yall.
I blow a kiss.
I give a toast to the niggas I miss the most.
My thug niggas, my real niggas, huh.
Black leaders, keep doin what your doin.
Nigga P, keep doin what your doin nigga.
And you know me.
I'm a keep being a mouthpiece for the hood.
For the ghetto nigga.
Till I'm dead and gone.
Until then, I'm a smoke weed, get high, pour out some liquor.
Huh, for the real niggas, you know.
Keep it real cause uhh, I told yall.
Huh, it's like a jungle out chea nigga.
And ya know.
It's like a motherfuckin jungle.
Nigga, huh, keep it real, pack that steel.
Peace.

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