

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 corruption and greed. Chorus

It's like a jungle, sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under, I keep from going under x2 Random 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 homicide

Life's get token faster than 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 ceremony Chorus x2 I 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 over Chorus x4 It'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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