Concrete Jungle

C-Murder

Hoody-hoo!
C-Murder, wassup nigga?
You know how we doin
No Limit D-P-G-C
For the R-2-G
Yeah, thats right, check this out my nigga
What? what? hahahaha, hahahaha, hahahahaa
Oh shitVerse 1: Snoop Dogg
I sees the nigga on the tank with the bank and the cash
A house down South, where I plants my stash
Gold medallions locked up with hash
And the best weed you never had, haha
I'm, lookin at mu wody its about that time
Master P hooked me up so now I got to get mine
These diamonds on my neck let you know I'm fine
But man, I'm so anxious like genuine
Rap lables, turn tables, it's all a fable
So many niggas'll sell their soul for a gold cable
I refuse to lose, I want the walkin' G shoes
Spit at you about these issues, I bless you
I'm not here to diss you, the issue is relevent
This cold world'll make you kill a nigga
Especially one that's 'bout a dollar bill nigga
Do you got it? do you want it? Do you need it?
Or will you get it? I get it
Big Snoop Dogg said it (nigga)
I'm here to shead it, get down
Right now (what?)
TRU motherfuckin records (who?) in in effect with the Dogg Pound (DPG)
We're open now
And all you niggas from the ghetto lookin' up at me
And can't believe I went from nothin' to somethin', believe it G!
Picture it, see it, touch it
And watch how a real motherfucker does it
Chorus: KoKaneIt's like kill or be killed, in this here concrete jungle
For black folks, sometimes no don't love no one
But if I die before it's time, let it be known, let it be shown
I was true to the game full blow
And you know...Verse 2: EastsidazGoldie Loc:Yeah, real niggas don't give a fuck

Wassup? keep it crackin', lil Tray Deee
Bang back lil' homies, don't let them get your chest seen
Watch your homies they waitin for you to slip
If I was sellin' in yo' shoes them nigga would have been the trip
Ghetto see ridin', rollin' till the sun come up
No second thoughts about my killin'
I'm the first to duck
Blue rag damp ni'a in every one of my pockets
Throwin' up high in the sky
Known you pissed offTray Deee:It ain't no fakin of mine
It's what I place on the line
Paper chase is a crime
So ain't takin' no time
It's all out till I fall out, full assault
I want it all like my dog, fresh socks and growth
Bitches jockin' how I ball, shit drops the chrome
Blazin' chronic, sippin' tonic, how we live for the three
On the street corner, heat, 'cause it's kill or seek hechorusVerse 3: C-MurderI'ma steal this boo, when the cops behind me
It's kill or be killed, but them niggas can't find me
It's a test everyday, from the South to the West
Niggas mad, 'cause my nigga Snoop is labelled the best
Guess what? OG, in the game of rap
And everytime that i see 'em, I get a nigga dept
Whats up, to my partners Tray Deee and Goldie Loc
Quick motherfuckin' niggas, always gon' smoke
In the concrete jungle, man you know where it's at
It's the place, where you wanna leave, don't wanna be at
Believe that, you can check in, but you can't check out
Like Rae, everybody doin' their own shit to get paid
You might die, but it all, goes along with the job
Even ride, do whatever it takes to survive
You a bitch! If you snitch on your friends
But you a true motherfucker, you don't fuck with the pigschorusC-Murder talks 'till fade
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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