NL Iggaz (feat. Afficial)

C-Murder

Artist: C-Murder f/ Afficial
Album: Trapped in Crime
Song: NL Iggaz[C-Murder talking]
What's happn' yo what's happn' nigga oh salt shakin' ass muthafucka
nigga talkin' bout keep it real nigga this the realest shit you
gonna run up on ya dig TRU nigga what's happn' No Limit forever
lil' daddy it's cool let me holla at ya dawg check this real shit out[C-Murder]
Nigga nigga I'mma rider never gave a fuck about the other side
Me & my niggas we love to get high
An break the rules
Like fools on a mission cause we thugged out & trapped
I only give my real niggas dap
Me & my click is so close it's fucked up
My nigga Nu got drunk & yet we all throwed up
An showed up ready to blow some shit up like Castro
These niggas bout to straight get plucked
I'mma millionaire
These ghetto niggas put me there
Showed me love
Nigga pass the dub
It's a TRU thang
Respect it like your last name
Or get touched boy
I don't give a fuck boyC-Murder:(Chorus)
No Limit niggas we thug niggas we love niggas
TRU niggas on a mission muggin' in club niggas
No Limit niggas we thug niggas we love niggas
TRU niggas on a mission don't give a fuck nigga
[Reapeat][Afficial group member #1]
Pull out the Porsh chicks run to the car
Blow my smoke to the sky blazin' dutches cigars
I got the street in my veins my block runs thru my blood
Plead guilty to tha charges when I'm facin' the judge
Fuck it I'll do the sentence lift weights & read books
Make me a millionaire in jail wit a mill on my books
Only understand crooks ya'll niggas is suckers
I'm in a booth waitin' for a CEO to front us
I got the hood relyin' on me not to mention myself
So if the drug game dead I can rely on my wealth

Nine outta ten niggas is haters I'm the other one
Like startin' fires that blazes & stackin' my funds[Afficial group member #2]
Uh hu I bet ya'll love the way I flips em' out
Funny guy hu now watch how these clips come out
I done took it where ya'll can't go now how bout that
I done turned these straight up niggas into stumblin' cats
An they mad at me cause they say I spit it to rough
An throw it at you like a chick who don't get it enough
What is it X-ray vision the way I see thru this cats
That's why I roll wit thugs who love the squeeze them mac's
Remember back til' when we hid them stacks in alley ways
Now we keep that dough comin' & goin' like holiday'sChorus(4X)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/