

Survival of the Fittest (feat. Gotti)

C-Murder

Yo, yo, what's up nigga? You know the streets is a jungle

You gotta survive out here

You need a strong mind to do the shit I do

You ever seen something blown up before

See that nigga cross the street in that Cutlass

Check this out[Chorus x2]Survival of the fittest, respect my come up

Survival of the fittest, you better not run up[C-Murder]I remember back in 89 a nigga used to steal

And now I got a Navi with a mothafucking grill

One time chase a nigga thru the fucking alley

Mad cause I fucked up my only pair of Bally's

I used to smoke weed with the ballers after school

Mothafuckas wanted to hang cause I used to act a fool

Started slanging rocks becuase the shit was fun

I used to bang at niggaz just to see them run

People started hearing shit started recognizing me

Big timers fronted me some coke and a ride g

Dope became a business, no longer a hobby

I owed a nigga 5 g's so I started robbing

I knew I had to move before I had to bang him up

I'm a act a donkey if you don't respect my come up

Dumb niggaz die and real niggaz live

The ghetto is so wicked I can't even trust my kids[Chorus x2][Gotti]Started in this game at the age of 13

Getting paid making money serving crack to the fiends

Hoes couldn't take me, niggaz gave me jealous looks

To the world I was a man, to the feds I was a crook

Put my face up in the paper, put my name in they books

Cause they see a nigga balling off the birds that I cooked

As the years went by still survival of the fittest

Now I'm riding in the tank representing to the fullest

Putting bullets in you bitches jealous niggaz in disguise

Shooting niggaz til we die, Gambino's on the rise

My nigga Fiend up by my side, my enemy bound to die

Got no mercy in my eyes label Gotti one of the realest[Chorus x2][C-Murder]I was born a bastard, my pops was
a thug

4 Years in the pen for transporting drugs

I was Known in the hood as a nigga with the weight

Bithces all up in my business, shipping keys from state to state

Triple beams in the project, Calliope where I broke 'em down

Razor blades and baking soda, pure white fuck the brown

My clientele was growing started investing in some other shit
Barber shops on every block, even had a weed spot
Moms and the kids put away up in the house
A fellas Cameras in the lawn to spook a nigga out
Pitbulls in the backyard trained to kill
call my folks up on the phone before I made a deal
I'm one step ahead of a nigga doing wrong
That's why I'm still alive and been on top so fucking long
I had to spank some busters, to show 'em I mean business
The ghetto is so wicked its survival of the fittest[Chorus x2]

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