Camouflage & Murder

C-Murder

Ay nigga, ain't you Mac
What you doing in this motherfuckerCamouflage nigga what, you'll catch me in the cut
Fucking shit up for every nigga, the bigger pig the bigger trigger
'Cause my niggaz in the river
Stories about the Mac, will make 'em shiverThey prolly at they crib loading they techs
Wondering who I'ma smoke next
Patrolling they set, Malcolm X nigga
The New Orleans Jesus, pack a tre-deuce
And you can bring the drama to Zeus
If you heard about what that third aboutNigga feel that, that fake shit we 'bout to kill that
On the for real black, I never show-boat
Be on the low, like a black sto' the Mac flow
Sorta like a cracked flo', a different plateau, the Mac show
When I attack though, I never turn my back 'cause
The bullets, penetrate the back slowC-Murder, man number 187
Oh you in on murder one
Get your shit, boy, you going upstate
Fuck the world, bitchNigga I'm C, motherfucking Murder never scary
But it's very necessary to leave my adversaries buried
Crack sales bring bitches in lines but I'm eternal
Lethal weapons stay cocked, many niggaz may dropFrom the top like flies, I despise you hoes
With crooked smiles, make a nigga wanna 'nap your child
Niggaz bleed, my enemies fearing attack
They move with silence, when nigga bring the violenceDo they know, me and my soldiers tighter than glue
We pass bitches and weed, my nigga Mac planting seeds
Let the devil tell it, bailing making the scene
I whoop the nigga ass in jail, he was a dope fiendAnd no collect calls, ghetto pictures on the wall
You gotta crawl and fall, before you ball nigga fuck y'all
Around the way, my niggaz feel what I'm spitting
It's Camouflage and Murder nigga, so pay attention, bitchCurrency, I hope you got currency
'Cause your bail two million dollars, you understand that
You lil' rap mother
Hold, hold, hold, hold up man
I got two million dollars cash, call Stan
I'm out this bitch, you heard meWhat you gon' do, when you get out of jail
Sketch off the scene, in a yellow ML
4-30, Benz truck with four bitches inside
Who all about letting a dog and his friends fuckI'm too large for haters
My niggaz smoke bud tote guns, picture they all on paper

I'm talking 'bout niggaz like Big, you know who
Ceedy, Wayne, Geezy, fuck it the whole crewUh, we all roll with nines and 'bout letting 'em fly
But I try to stay on the low with mine
Catch lil' daddy slipping, point the 4-4 at his spine
Leave your body in the forest, where no one can findAnd you boys, don't want none of that
I know niggaz that look at jail time
Like Summer camp holla back
Yeah, ya dank

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