

C-Murder, Camouflage & Murder

(*talking*)

Ay nigga, ain't you Mac
What you doing in this motherfucker

[Mac]

Camouflage 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 shiver
They 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 3rd about
Nigga 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 slow

(*talking*)

C-Murder (what nigga), man number 187
(what's hap'n), oh you in on murder one
(fucking right), get your shit boy you going upstate
(fuck the world bitch)

[C-Murder]

Nigga 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 drop
From 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 violence
Do 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 fiend
And 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 bitch

(*talking*)

Curren\$y, I hope you got currency
Cause your bail two million dollars, you understand that
You lil' rap mother-(hol-hol'-hol'-hol' up man
I got two million dollars cash, call Stan
I'm out this bitch, you heard me)

[Curren\$y]

What you gon do, when you get out of jail
Skerch off the scene, in a yellow ML
4-30, Benz truck
With four bitches inside, who all about letting a dog and his friends fuck
I'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 crew
Uh 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 find

And you boys, don't want none of that
I know niggaz that look at jail time, like Summer camp holla back

(*talking*)
Yeah ya dank, ha-ha-ha