

# C-Murder, Stressin

Cut that mike up for me Bass

Let's do this thang boy, Deadly Sounds right back at ya

Can't stop none of this ? playa

Check this out

Chorus 2x:

They don't want this chorus

All they want is Murder

They Don't Feel My Pain

But they gone feel my presence

Radio Scratch: (They've done, they've done  
had a lot of hard times)

And I've been stressin since a adolescent

Verse 1:

Now I aint never robbed rallys

But it was close, I've done stick ups for Bally's

We love to smoke

As I recall I heard you mention my name

What you love to see me stressin?

This aint part of the game

You must be high

Cause you rockin' like a Bass Head

You hear me

I'm grindin', workin' hard for mine ya feel me

Ya feel me

400 years of pain and now this

It's like them cock roaches got you trained, just like a Bitch

You see they smile in yo face

Now what they after

And now they wanna take my place

Them Back Stabba's

Blucka Blucka, (Huh)I'mma Get You Sucka

We roll tinted windows on the black Humma Trucka

And after it rain he might be dead like Jesse James

Trained for pain even when I lose everything I gain

It's simple mathematics

When you go ballistic

Statistics show we breed soldiers in my district

It ain't like Mr. Rodgers

I learned the game, but it wasn't from the Dodgers

Pissed from pain, and Welfair wasn't a question

Just a decision, we embraced it as a blessin'

Cause food was missin'

And my tattoos tell a story

I'm Bossainie and Kevin died in his glory

I know he see me, I'm runnin but I aint movin'

It's like a dream cause all they want is Murder...

That's what it seem

Chorus 2x

Come meet me in the projecets

Cause it's a set-up

And the only way to stop, (is what) watch him get wet up

Aint no since in you fakin' with me

I'm just a pebble and the window you got is bigger than me

Watch me shadow while blood splattered and hit the pave

I'm puttin fresh flowers on my empty grave (Damn)

Tryna sell a million so I can provide for my lil' one  
Shit they want little mess like the rest of the ghetto children  
It's confusing I'm losing pieces to a broken puzzle  
Russian Roulette to my head it's down bubble muzzle  
I'm Kamakazi, you try me put yourself right beside me  
I'm a wanted man call Baby Mamma so she can hide me  
The only victim is all the brotha locked up in prison  
Gettin letters and pictures, I know they people miss em'  
Take a ride to Texas in a stolen Lexus  
Three mack 11's is ready, that's me only protection  
Who do I believe in really, I put my faith in GOD  
I was dealt some Bad Cards, He's fightin' in school yards (What)  
And fightin' at night behind bars  
The Devil hit me wit a Murder Charge, All they want is Murder Boy...