

C-Murder, Yall Heard Of Me

(C-Murder Talking)

Tru Records

Chopper City

C-Murder B.G. bout to do this thing yall heard us(this for real)

Straight gutter you know(New Orleans)

(C-Murder Chorus1)

Now all yall done heard of me

Now im C-Murder I done done things yall aint never heard of and imma fool boy they call me a folle

(B.G. Chorus)

Now all yall done heard of me

Im B Gizzle I done things yall bitch niggas scared of

Ive smacked bitches, shot niggas, sold coke, court cases done it all I aint talkin I dont stunt at all

(C-Murder Verse)

You dont wanna mess with that glock boy(glock boy)

catch me with that glock you get popped boy(and dropped boy)

On the spot money bustin out my socks boy(socks boy)

Its hot and now these cops on ma jock boy

I break bread with them base heads

I show some lovin till they slip then I trip son

Its bigger than drugs they wanna label me a killer so dont push me life is hard im tryin to fill my own

A menace to society like imma threat

Ballin acts yall really see that imma wreck

Ask money, wayne and rich about me its really unreal I was choked son when slim got killed you kr

It was a shame the reaper K, who should I blame my playas told me to be cool you know imma fool

messin with you gorillas will get yo head bust(yo head bust)

Me and my homies we bout that paper its money we after straight money makers

the cutt boys could never be no fakers

I spit that gangsta rap forget that hip hop I bump them gangsta ass beats that make yo head bop

Now make that iron cocked and then that show stop cause its murder murder murder murder the 1

But they dont hear me though

(C-murder Chorus 2)

Now all yall done heard of me

Now im C-Murder I done done things yall aint never heard of and I done sold rocks, rob blocks me

(B.G. Chorus)

Now all yall done heard of me

Im B Gizzle and I done things yall bitch niggas scared of

Ive smacked bitches, shot niggas, sold coke, court cases done it all I aint talkin I dont stunt at all

(B.G. Verse)

If you dont know me ask somebody you know and I bet they know that this that lil nigga quick to dr

this the nigga quick to handle his buisness and quick to creep

this the nigga that aint bout poppin no playa squashin no beef

this the nigga keep a 40 up on and with an extension

this the nigga quick to steal from ya even when you payin attention

Imma uptown gangsta VL don when I die bury me with yo bows and a tshirt on im a fool like that I b

Im as real as I could and it gets no realer I got killas like janeal just waitin for me to send em

I was raised with gorillas and gangstas, killas and thugs, street hustlas that will touch you up

these choppa city niggas are true to the game

you hear C or BG you gotta know them names

(C-Murder Chorus 1)

(B.G. Chorus)

(C-Murder Chorus 2)

(B.G Chorus)

(C-Murder)
Now show me where you at

(BG)
Throw yo hands up, throw yo hands up for C-Murder callio throw yo hands up

(C-Murder)
Now stunt for me, now jump for me, now walk for me, now stomp for me

(BG)
Throw yo hands up, throw yo hands up for C-Murder callio throw yo hands up

(C-Murder)
Now stunt for me, now jump for me, now walk for me, now stomp for me
Now slide like ya know VL CP street of tha nolia stunt for me, jump for me

X5 on the track
TRU