

Magic, Money Don't Make Me

Chorus: [C-Murder]

Money don't make me, I make money
Yeah, them niggas can't take me, cuz I ain't runnin
When its time for me to make a move, I'm a make it
Leave a motherfucker standin' in his shoes, a born killer (x2)

Verse 1: [C-Murder]

No Limit soldier for life, nigga give me my props
I come a long fuckin' way from pullin jacks (?) and slangin' rocks
7 digit figures can't make me soft
I be the same motherfucker ready to blow a nigga head off
Bury him, before he bury me
Become a memory, motherfuckers talkin' bout remember C
Nigga, is you crazy, I don't know what death is
The reaper don't fuck with a nigga like me, I'm a handle my biz
Like 4 more, I'm sick with it, you know what I'm sayin'
Don't play no games boy, you know C-Murder ain't playin'
I go to clubs, mean mug, ain't shit gon' happen
I'm a motherfuckin gangsta, niggaz know I ain't just rappin'
Can't stop a crazy motherfucker from doin' what he wanna
I'm still facin' ten years on an open charge in California
So believe if you see me on the corner it really don't matter
And respect a real nigga, or watch your fuckin' brains scatter

Chorus x 2

Verse 2: [Soulja Slim]

Now C-Murder told you bitches don't play no games
And since I got a little paper bitch you think I changed?
? at all times respect my mind
I'd rather be caught with it than without it, I ain't lyin'
Cuz soldier haters come in all shapes and sizes
They act like they your people wearin' them different disguises
You get a little baby and you get some fame
They be all in ya face just because of ya name
I'm worldwide, southside is what I claim
Uptown, magnolia, that's whose bringin' the pain
I'm gettin sick and tired, sick and tired of this shit
Life's a bitch, even when you bitch niggaz and hoes snitch
So tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do
I run with real niggaz and trill niggaz that's bout it and TRU

Chorus x1

Verse 3: [Magic]

It's Mr. Magic, I'm take my time, I'm a handle my business
Either thuggin or rappin, I refuse to leave a witness
Nigga, money don't make me, I make the money
And you niggaz don't scare me, that's why I ain't runnin
I was in the lower nine, its best you back up bitch
Kidnappers and killas y'all niggaz makin' me homesick
My mind is full of battle scars because I ball
And servin' time in the graveyard, times is hard
But my world still remains the same
Infested with anger, that's why I ride with probably one in the chamber
I'm with million dollar minded niggaz
Between the screen we worth more figures than the world got gravediggaz
We made niggaz, picture us for some years
Throwin a' finger to our foes, and givin' love to our friends

Chorus x2