

C-Murder, Betya

Tru Records, it's time to wild out now boy
It's on...yeah...

[Chorus]

Betya I can make you bounce to this
Betya I can make you clap to this
Smokin that green, feelin fine
Got me a forty and a fat ass nine
Betya I can make you bounce to this
Betya I can make you clap to this
Smokin that green, feelin fine
Got me a forty and a fat ass nine

Get at me dog, you know the routine
I ain't hard to find, I'm on that thug.com
If the block is hot I be chillin in the shade
You can call me on 1-900-break bread
Or 1-800-getting paid but don't tell
Or imma send Cut Boy to rang yo bell
It's a bunch of pit bulls down here in my city
That's why I hang with the Cutt Throat Committee
Me and Wayne-G in the truck tinted up
Got Red in the back and she bout to roll it up
The new Jordans bout to drop, you know I gotta cop em
Told Curren\$y meet me at Footlocker
And bring Kernell with you that's my dog too
My next phone call went to my nigga Boo
And wine and nines cuz that's how we ride
Nigga la dadada, la la la la

[Chorus]

I've been thuggin since I came out the womb
Been at battle with these cats like the army platoon
Didn't know what dope was, but I was hustling
Didn't even know what looking hard was, but I was muggin
Didn't even know what pussy was (shiiit), but I was fuckin
Little pretty chicken
Had her kissin on my stick-en
And fist fights, it was anybody's turn
I was jabbin, and stickin niggas like Thomas Hearns
I'm an early bird, when it was pickin up the trash
I was standin in the cut with my stash in a bag
I'm bad to the bone, so I'm illegal
Used to dream of being a boss like Bugsy Siegal
Here I go, here I go, here I go again
I want a thug girl ma, you ain't gotta be a ten
Just gotta be my friend, and let a playa in
And hop in when I spin the Benz (eeerr)

[Chorus]

I don't think you wanna mess wit Tru ya lil child
Why would a nigga call himself Juvenile
Like Benny Hill, we slap kids in the head
I bet ya scary ass still piss in the bed
I'm New Orleans baby, you sweeter than honey
This Tru Records city nigga fuck Cash Money
I'm C, C-P-3, uptown G
I fuck with UNLV, Lil Ya and Tec-G
I'm a bad ass Miller boy, a killer boy
Get them sea man shoes and put yo ass in a river boy
And all those girls that left No Limit on bad terms
Keep it up and we gon plant you like earthworms

Mystikal (Mystikal), you da hoe
Yeah I heard you got fucked before
And if anybody out there don't like what I said
Let it be known my favorite color is red (blue)

[Chorus]