

# C-Murder, Closin' Down Shop

Intro (Talking)

C-Murder:

Say Magic, Slim bro, nigga we gotta go ahead and close that little quarter shop we got on Broad, fuck them niggas watchin us bro we gotta lay low nigga fuck

Hook

Soulja SLim:

I'm closin' down shop so clientel stops  
Knockin at my door fuck no  
I dont have no more dealys not bein sold  
Cause its too hot plus I'm on parole x2

Soulja SLim:

It's twelve in the noon, I'm just wakin' up from a flight  
Hicks been knockin' at my door all goddamn night  
And my hoe she busted talkin' about she tired of that  
Deep and down tell her bout how much paper we be stackin'  
Cause they run from that smack and that shit I got raw  
Dont ya be a dog, this dealy might bust your heart  
And the niggas that I get it from supplys the city  
They got other niggas with it but they bags be shitty  
Cause they tryin' to put too much cut on the dope  
To make a little ends but the only person scorin' is they friends  
They got twenty dollar bags they got ten  
But now you going let your boy move all the ends  
Now see my clients they know what the fuck they be buyin'  
They be comin shop be closed and they still be runnin  
Makin' my shop high and they might come kick it in my spot  
But I got my shit got cause I aint about doin no more time  
You got on them bullet proof vests I got on mines  
Bullets be flyin, flyin

Hook

Soulja SLim:

I'm closin' down shop so clientel stops  
Knockin at my door fuck no  
I dont have no more dealys not bein sold  
Cause its too hot plus I'm on parole

C-Murder:

I'm closin' down shop cause my clientels gettin too big  
I got these laws on my balls and they sweatin' my shit  
Dope fiends knockin' at my door, they got my spot too hot  
These suckas runnin' on my colors on my quarter shop  
Two baby mommas, four kids three mack elevens  
Three cars about thirteen boo boo's  
I'm just a ghetto superstar  
On parole, convicted felon known for 187's and 211's  
A young nigga down to do whatever  
First and fifteenth checks fix blowin up my beeper  
Bookoo pages new credit, my shit is cut up and ready  
I'm on top never drop pushin keys that rock  
But I gotta close shop cause my spots too hot

Hook

Soulja SLim:

I'm closin' down shop so clientel stops  
Knockin at my door fuck no  
I dont have no more dealys not bein sold  
Cause its too hot plus I'm on parole x2  
(Magic laughs)  
I'm closin down shop...

Magic:

Bitches tryin to catch the wrong niggas, now tell the truth  
You aint hear we came in strapped nigga, react nigga  
Watch for me you dont wanna see me last, keep talkin' trash  
I'm gonna be the one behind the mask, blastin' at your pussy ass  
What, boy you disrespect my click you stupid bitch  
I'm about to jump off in your shit  
I rumble in the jungle with the fiercest peice alive  
Climb the biggest mountain with the highest peaks it high  
Spoon the biggest ocean with the biggest pocket fish  
If I ever hear you speak these filthy words again  
I told you mother fuckers I was comin (what)  
I roll with tight mother fuckers, stop runnin'  
(laugh, gun cock)  
Dont move a fuckin' muscle got no time for no wrestlin'  
Got no time for no tustlin'  
shut it down