

# C-Murder, Commercial

[C-Murder & Leaned Dawg talking]

Say lil' Leaned Dawg (What's happenin'?)  
Nigga you heard of QB? (Yah, why wassup?)  
Well, yu know that nigga down with the click now you dig it (Okay)  
So ah, I'ma play this new shit here and did it for ya (Do dat dog)  
And ah, I want you to tell me me what you think about it (It's all good)  
Check it out (Fo Sho)

[QB]

First appearence as a No Limit Soldier for all the critics  
Real soldiers down front line and out to get it  
We be blastin them motherfuckers give us a chance to kill em  
Mo' muthafuckas then people die with cash, an mentally  
Gold and platinum artists and Bout It Bout It shouldn't start it  
No Limit Soldiers is Billboard regardless  
Can't stop the Tank cause we rollin with steel  
Have the skills to make a mill', straight hundred dollar bills  
No doubt we face the street dates break  
Triple platinum we chasin' with no hesitation  
Real soldiers and we stay TRU  
If you niggas wanna check us, that's how we roll through  
We TRU Soldiers motherfuckers

[Talkin']

Yeah  
Woohoo, Nigga boy that shit's tight  
It ain't bad, that's it  
Shit, Yo P, sign that nigga  
Then bring the weed  
\*Gun shot & driving off\*