

C-Murder, Damned If They Murder Me

[C-Murder]

I be damned if I do, and damned if I don't
Hail Mary, please help me, cause I know my foes won't
rest -- until they see me surrounded by grief
wear a wrief, and my grave reading rest in peace
How can the whole world hate me and turn they back?
Cause I'ma TRU motherfucker, any nigga know that
I stand my ground, ain't trippin' on what turf you claim
I put my faith in God's hands, it's a white man's land
Straight from the wounds of my momma's belly
to the streets, to the pen, I wish somebody'd tell me
Cause I'm lost like a needle in the hay
Before I lay, I pray, and steady searchin' for a better day
And I'm guilty for the crime of telling the truth
And my conviction is the blame for whatever you do
And backpains from the world on my shoulder blades
But I be damned if they send me to an early grave

Chorus [C-Murder, (Ms. Peaches)]

[C-Murder]

I be damned if they murder me
Until I die, I'll be high when they bury me
I never lie, I'm worry free until I rest my soul
I resurrect for revenge with my eyes closed
I be damned if they murder me
Until I die, I'll be high when they bury me
I never lie, I'm worry free until I rest my soul
I resurrect for revenge with my eyes closed

[Ms. Peaches in background]

Searchin' for my soul, but I can't seem to find it
I see fear in my eyes, Lord tell me why, am I
Searchin' for my soul, but I can't seem to find it
I see fear in my eyes, Lord tell me why

[Mac]

Illegal business enters the streets, God is my witness
I made a million niggas hit list, yet I'm alive
To live and breathe, my life is a hole in four
The mysteries of old are now told
You reap what your soul, and I seen alot of guns unload
Sometimes over gold, many over control
But in the eyes of thier own kind, niggas are bold
But in the hands of their enemy, fears unfold
It's a cold world, only if your brain is froze
So we murder our bros, over money and clothes
And where I'm from, these niggas carry mad 44's
But be in bitch mode, at any site of any popo's
If you a soldier, then nigga play this game with soul
Look get your mind right, and leave that bullshit to commodes
Peep the words of God, with baggy clothes and fros
Everything insist for a purpo', book closed

[C-Murder]

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[Magic]

They call us lost souls,
but done so much wrong, done made so many niggas fold
And fucked over so many hoes, screaming fuck my foes
And I knew I was wrong
But I been having a violent temper since the day I was born
But it's that same determantion,
that's got me up in the eyes of the whole nation
I just hoping that they what I'm facin'
For the drama that I caused in my past
Living crazy, know I was heading nowhere fast
My whole family pointed the finger thinking I couldn't succeed
Cause I'm thuggin' on the corner man, smoking my weed
Sellin' my llelo cause I had no other way, for making my pay
Keepin' a decent fucking place for me to stay
But still I'ma hustler,
my every word is like bustin' at you motherfuckers
And I won't stopped til I'm heard by the whole planet
I keep it real, cause you fake niggas can't stand it
And I be damned if they bury me.....