

# 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  
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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

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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.....