

C-Murder, I Heard U Was Lookin 4 Me

[C-Murder]

Wahhhhhh! (Told my niggaz you was lookin' for me)
It's your boy C, from the CP3
Forever true 'til I'm dead (Do ya still love me?)
Lookin for it, Check this out, ya know

[Chorus: C-Murder]

I heard that you was lookin' for me, well here I go
I told my niggaz you was lookin' for me, well there they go
It was once upon a time in the projects show
We bout this here, we keep the streets on lock yo

[C-Murder]

Felonious capers (Riders), Straight money makers
We jagers, we bag 'em like the Green Bay Packers
24-7, all night, like 7-11
And when I die I don't know if I'll ever see heaven
Now I done seen sinners, sold coke to beginners
And blowed smoke with winners, now raise it up for them spinners
I'm on the block now, throw 'em up for your dog
I was born in the 3rd Ward, ruthless and hard
And cut through, like the CT committee
I ain't tryin to bounce, I'm tryin to flip a ounce and ball in my city
So player, get your shine on, get your shine on
All day long playboy, get your grind on
Now will you come to die tonight?
But it's my life or your life and I'm a fool with that knife
Straight from the cell blocks, behind the cell bars
It ain't easy being me - I'm a cutboy
Capone and 'Tez, that's my niggaz ya dig
We be thuggin, we be wildin, in these villas ya dig
Cause we the realest ya dig, ain't no half steppin here
I'm caught up now, but next year is my year
2002 - C-Murder died, your leader came alive
2005 - he saved, now I'm back from the grave
Wildin out in the cellblocks is the project lil wodie
And I ain't bothering nobody less you owe me

[Chorus] - 2X

[Montez]

I heard that you was lookin for me, well here I go
Posted up on the block with a block of that snow
Chillin wit Carnell off in the Nol
Run up and you'll get smoked, just to let you know that Montez ain't a ho
I'm from Atlanta where them haters get handled
We'll dismantle the handle, with gliss that curves to the front like bandanas
But for them small problems I keep revolvers
.38 snug nose, my problem solver
Knock a nigga, hit up off him
and toss him off in the ditch like the bitch that he is
If his partners try to find me, well they get the same shit
Cause I'm a motherfuckin fool with my hand on my tool
I knock a nigga out his shoes, that's how I pay my dues
And if you choose to oppose my crew
We'll bruise, your whole lil crew screamin out T-R-U
Cause we don't give a motherfuck, nigga
C told me that you lookin for me, here I go, wasup nigga?

[Chorus] - 2X

[Capone - background]

There they go

QB

Yo listen man, QB, CP3

Tru game baby

[Capone]

Yeah, I, I, I, I, I

I heard that they was lookin for me (Know I keep guns)

With hoods in the kitchen cookin for me (Teach you to spend one)

I got the call from the murder man (Wodie whats happ'nin?)

I got the drop, I could murder fam (It's nothin' to clap em)

Just give me the word, I'll send him a bird

To put 10 in him and finish him, it's business ya heard

See we flossin on another level, bossin on another level

Rose gold chain, rainbow rocks is the color bezel

Wodie, if they lookin I ain't hard to find

I stick out like a sore thumb with all this shine

I gotta killa mentaility with a ballers grind

I'll get you clipped long distance with a cordless nine

Send a kite to the Callio and every crack server

Who lettin that automatic blow, we freeing C-Murder - bitch!

(Spoken)

Yeah, this how we gon' do it baby

Boss recognize boss baby

[Chorus] - 2X