

# C-Murder, Survival Of The Fittest

Yo, yo what's up nigga  
You know the streets is a jungle  
You gotta survive out here  
You need a strong mind to do the shit I do  
You ever seen something blown the fuck up before  
See that nigga cross the street in that Cutlass  
Check this out

(Chorus 2x)

Survival of the fittest, respect my come up  
Survival of the fittest, you better not run up

(C-Murder)

I remember back in 89 a nigga used to steal  
And now I got a Navi with a mother fuckin' grill  
One time chase a nigga through the alley fuckin' alley  
Mad cause I fucked up my only pair of Bally's  
I used to smoke weed with the ballers after school  
Mother fuckas wanted to hang cause I used to act a fool  
Started slangin' rocks cause the shit was fun  
I used to bang at niggas just to see 'em run  
Nigga people started hearin' shit started recognizing me  
Big timers fronted me some coke in a ride "G"  
Dope became my business, no longer a hobby  
I owed a nigga 5 g's so I started robbin'  
I knew I had to move before I had to bang 'em up  
I'm a act a donkey if you don't respect my come up  
Dumb niggas die, and real niggas live  
This ghetto is so wicked I can't even trust my kids

(Chorus 2x)

(Gotti)

Started in this game at the age of 13  
Gettin' paid makin' money servin' crack to the fiends  
Hoes couldn't take me niggas gave me jealous looks  
To the world I was a man, to the feds I was a crook  
Put my face up in the paper, put my name in they books  
Cause they see a nigga ballin' off the birds that I cooked  
As the years went by still survival of the fittest  
Now i'm ridin' in the tank representin' to the fullest  
Puttin' bullets in you bitches, jealous niggas in disguise  
Shootin' niggas till we die, Gambino's on the rise  
My nigga Fiend up by my side, my enemies bound to die  
Got no mercy in my eyes label Gotti one of the realest

(Chorus 2x)

(C-Murder)

I was born a bastard, my pops was a thug  
4 years in the pen for transportin' drugs  
I was known in the hood as the nigga with the weight  
Bitches all up in my business, shippin' keys from state to state  
Triple beams in the project Calliope, where I broke 'em down  
Razor blade and baking soda, pure white fuck the brown  
My clientele was growin' started investin' in some other shit  
Barber shops on every block, even had a weed spot  
Moms and the kids put away up in the house  
Surveillance cameras and alarms to spook a nigga out  
Pitbulls in the backyard trained to kill  
Call my folks up on the phone before I made a deal  
I'm one step ahead of a nigga doin' wrong  
That's why i'm still alive and been on top for so fuckin' long  
I had to spank some bustas, to show 'em I mean business

The ghetto is so wicked it's survival of the fittest  
(Chorus 2x)