

Camouflage & Murder

C-Murder

Ay nigga, ain't you Mac

What you doing in this motherf**ker

Camouflage nigga what, you'll catch me in the cut

f**king shit up for every nigga, the bigger pig the bigger trigger

Cause my niggaz, in the river

Stories about the Mac, will make 'em shiver

They prolly at they crib loading they techs, wondering who I'ma smoke next

Patrolling they set, Malcolm X nigga

The New Orleans Jesus, pack a tre-deuce

And you can bring the drama to Zeus, if you heard about what that 3rd about

Nigga feel that, that fake shit we bout to kill that

On the for real black, I never show-boat

Be on the low, like a black sto' the Mac flow

Sorta like a cracked flo', a different plateau the Mac show

When I attack though, I never turn my back cause

The bullets, penetrate the back slow

C-Murder (what nigga), man number 187

(what's hap'n), oh you in on murder one

(f**king right), get your shit boy you going upstate

(f**k the world bitch)

Nigga I'm C, motherf**king Murder never scary

But it's very necessary, to leave my adversaries buried

Crack sales bring bitches in lines, but I'm eternal

Lethal weapons stay cocked, many niggaz may drop

From the top like flies, I despise you hoes

With crooked smiles, make a nigga wanna 'nap your child

Niggaz bleed, my enemies fearing attack
They move with silence, when nigga bring the violence
Do they know, me and my soldiers tighter than glue
We pass bitches and weed, my nigga Mac planting seeds
Let the devil tell it, bailing making the scene
I whoop the nigga ass in jail, he was a dope fiend
And no collect calls, ghetto pictures on the wall
You gotta crawl and fall, before you ball nigga f**k y'all
Around the way, my niggaz feel what I'm spitting
It's Camouflage and Murder nigga, so pay attention bitch

Curren\$y, I hope you got currency
Cause your bail two million dollars, you understand that
You lil' rap mother-(hol-hol'-hol'-hol' up man
I got two million dollars cash, call Stan
I'm out this bitch, you heard me)

What you gon do, when you get out of jail
Skerch off the scene, in a yellow ML
4-30, Benz truck
With four bitches inside, who all about letting a dog and his friends f**k
I'm too large, for haters
My niggaz smoke bud tote guns, picture they all on paper
I'm talking bout niggaz like Big, you know who
Ceedy, Wayne, Geezy f**k it the whole crew
Uh we all roll with nines, and bout letting 'em fly
But I try to stay on the low, with mine
Catch lil' daddy slipping, point the 4-4 at his spine
Leave your body in the forest, where no one can find
And you boys, don't want none of that
I know niggaz that look at jail time, like Summer camp holla back

Yeah ya dank, ha-ha-ha