

I Heard U Was Lookin 4 Me

C-Murder

Wah, told my niggaz you was lookin' for C

From the CP3

Forever true 'til I'm dead

Do ya still love me?

Lookin for it, check this out, ya know

I heard that you was lookin' for me, well here I go

I told my niggaz you was lookin' for, 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

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 cell blocks is the project Lil Wodie

And I ain't bothering nobody less you owe me

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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 motherf**kin' 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 li'l crew screamin' out T R U

'Cause we don't give a motherf**k, nigga

C told me that you lookin' for me, here I go, wasup nigga?

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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 what's 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 freein' C-Murder, bitch
Yeah, this how we gon' do it baby
Boss recognize boss baby

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