

## **C-Murder**

### **"Betya"**

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Tru Records, it's time to wild out now boy  
It's on...yeah...

[Chorus]

Betya I can make you bounce to this  
Betya I can make you clap to this  
Smokin that green, feelin fine  
Got me a forty and a fat ass nine  
Betya I can make you bounce to this  
Betya I can make you clap to this  
Smokin that green, feelin fine  
Got me a forty and a fat ass nine

Get at me dog, you know the routine  
If the block is hot I be chillin in the shade  
You can call me on 1-900-break bread  
Or 1-800-getting paid but don't tell  
Or imma send Cut Boy to rang yo bell  
It's a bunch of pit bulls down here in my city  
That's why I hang with the Cutt Throat Committee  
Me and Wayne-G in the truck tinted up  
Got Red in the back and she bout to roll it up  
The new Jordans bout to drop, you know I gotta cop em  
Told Curren\$y meet me at Footlocker  
And bring Kernell with you that's my dog too  
My next phone call went to my nigga Boo  
And wine and nines cuz that's how we ride  
Nigga la dadada, la la la la

[Chorus]

I've been thuggin since I came out the womb  
Been at battle with these cats like the army platoon  
Didn't know what dope was, but I was hustling  
Didn't even know what looking hard was, but I was  
muggin  
Didn't even know what pussy was (shiiit), but I was  
fuckin  
Little pretty chicken  
Had her kissin on my stick-en  
And fist fights, it was anybody's turn  
I was jabbin, and stickin niggas like Thomas Hearn

I'm an early bird, when it was pickin up the trash  
I was standin in the cut with my stash in a bag  
I'm bad to the bone, so I'm illegal  
Used to dream of being a boss like Bugsy Siegal  
Here I go, here I go, here I go again  
I want a thug girl ma, you ain't gotta be a ten  
Just gotta be my friend, and let a playa in  
And hop in when I spin the Benz (eeerr)

[Chorus]

I don't think you wanna mess wit Tru ya lil child  
Why would a nigga call himself Juvenile  
Like Benny Hill, we slap kids in the head  
I bet ya scary ass still piss in the bed  
I'm New Orleans baby, you sweeter than honey  
This Tru Records city nigga fuck Cash Money  
I'm C, C-P-3, uptown G  
I fuck with UNLV, Lil Ya and Tec-G  
I'm a bad ass Miller boy, a killer boy  
Get them sea man shoes and put yo ass in a river boy  
And all those girls that left No Limit on bad terms  
Keep it up and we gon plant you like earthworms  
Mystikal (Mystikal), you da hoe  
Yeah I heard you got fucked before  
And if anybody out there don't like what I said  
Let it be known my favorite color is red (blue)

[Chorus]

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