

## C-Murder "Don't Make Me"

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(C-Murder)

(CP3.com...whassap...dont make me get that gizzat)

Hook

Don't fuck around and make me hit you wit dat choppa

(don't make me get that Gun)

(dont make me get that gizzat, don't make me get that Gun)

Don't fuck around and make me hit you wit dat choppa

(don't make me get that gizzat, don't make me get that Gun)

Don't make me get my Gat, don't make me get my Gun

Don't fuck around and make me chop you wit dat

choppa (Don't make me get my Gat, don't make me get my Gun)

(C-Murder)

Don't make me get that thang and make some people go to jail for ya,

Ya might call the Choppas but the po-po's call the crime stoppas

Yo, im deep up in the ghetto leave the 40's and using perkacets

Takin thangs, purses, chains its all that the perps is wit, murder 1 an murder 2 the evidence is critical, plus the motive wit it doow?

The jury might not let ya go, i betcha if ya dry the riva, probably you'll find em all, but i aint sayin shit, fuck around an have a re-call.

Closed case, see the pictures,

Oh they found some fingerprints, re-opened by the governement, he musta been wit it den,

vereran don't need no kind a evidence an thats a fact, you gotta keep it on the low an make me go get that gat..

(hook x 2)

(T-Boz)

T-Boz an C-Murder, boii we thuggin for sure, fucks wit

Limit or TRU, an bitches will get curbed, kick doors

(?????)extacy and optimal, strip clubs buck naked

hoes, white dude now black hoes, what you sees not

battle rappin, bitch im in to car jackin', kidnappin',

droppin dope, triple beams an bitch slappin,

alot of rappers think they hard, gave these bitches hoe

card, talkin shit in studios, im on the streets in  
camoflaug, tattoos and battle scars, convicted felons  
an hooptie cars, im in your house, say whats up, your  
pussy ass can catch a charge,  
please dont make me call your name, its a damn  
shame wat the game don changed, you eva talk about  
TRU an believe ima let yo brains hang...

(hook x 2)

Silk Tha Shocka

Yo, ma gun thats my nigga, thats ma woodie thats ma  
round, if you let em catch you slippin he gon put cha in  
tha ground, i was know at a early age for totin the  
gaug, wit hallow heads, im dumpin fedz an tryin to  
get paid, im dedicated to represent, that TRU click  
bitch, i spit that real shit for wigs to get split, ma finga  
stays on that trigga to murda a bitch nigga, us niggas  
dont yap about it we commin to deal witch, if C give  
me the word, im leaving ya on the curb, chopped up  
like a uncut bird, ready to serve, ma nigga we play it  
raw and take that beef shit far, leave ya body smokin  
like toke and chopped wit a sawed off

(hook x 2)

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