

C-Murder

"I Represent"

Visit "[I Represent](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Co sign let's show these boyz how we rock (straight
Gutter)
I got this Tru tatted on me six or seven times for real
But the biggest one is on the back baby ha ha feel me
You know that means
It's means "Tru Records" nigga hu
Respect dat there
That mean's you better respect us, will do ya
something "blackka"

[Chorus]

Third wall I represent represent "C-muder"
Callao I represent I represent "C-murder"
Tru Records I represent represent "C-murder", get
outta of here
Milly songs I represent represent

[Verse One]

I am deep in the game, I weight more than six feet (for
real)
I am straight street ain't nothing fake about me
From the pen, to the hood to the studio booth
One hundred percent Tru I only speak the truth, my G
code is impeccable
I am Capo at this, check my tat
Check out stats
Man respect it, check out gatts it's still smoking
We in the Lac chocking, when I am hurting I push those
ghetto tokens
One thousand four grams, we call them hood chickens
Watch me pluck them feather imbombit nigga, fuck the
weather 187 on a slick
Then it's on (we run this) fuck the House of Blues
wodee move I anit got nothing to loose
Bop ya head if you a gangster (Bop ya head if you a
gangster)
"Murder" shut your mouth if you a wankster (shut ya
mouth if you a wankster)
I got an army ass, call my ass Cancer
because I am killing everything in site close your

curtain tights
It's gonna be a long night
Yeah it's murder

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

I spent mills on my legal fees, I prayz on my knees
The D.A. is like a fucking disease, and right here is the
key
And all the dope's for me, intergation you get Nathan
from C
I am thorough, like a through bread they floating like
family
They mad cause the Cut Boyz Psycho and trigga happy
Real "REAL" we all real
if something get spilled then they all gonna sqwill we
chill
I ain't no St Saint but I am New Orleans you dig
I don't fuck with Pork chops cause they taste like pig
And meat balls they for a wig, to bust brains
I got Marlo and mess bussing those Tru Records chains
If your clueless (what) your never have a clue man
My shit a bullet, but my shit started when I am green
man
Look at my chain man (what)
Only ten niggas got these, Tru Records I put my life in
there hands G
Cut Boyz we here baby, we don't die we multiply homee
I screaming for Vengeance Murder Mack in the building
Watch your bbbzack, watch your front
Come here and hide with me baby, you know what time
it is
I am thuged out to the bone from the bush to the shoes
catch me on the news nigga
Screaming for Vengeances we not what time it is
I am checking you
You can never check me I am a G
CP3 born and bread, BLACKKA one two the head nigga
Nigga I am out close the studio doors

Visit [C-Murder](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.