

## **C-Murder "I'm A Baller"**

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(feat. MAC, T-Bo & XL)

Chorus 2X: XL

I'm Know they see me coming

I'm A baller

Just cuz I got money they wanna lock me up tonight

[Verse One: C-Murder]

I Know you see me coming

I just left the dungen with handcuffs on me

But you aint my homie what

I'm on a paper chase you trying to take my place

Fuck they system that's right (Damn C-Murder dissed them)

You see me on TV, court TV

Take my freedom from me but I'm still gonna be a G

Locked down to free thats me the Miller boy

Chrome carrier I'll burry ya but I'm smooth

You couldn't fit my shoes

I make the news on a regular

Six ??? burry ya scary ya

You don't wanna mess with me

That means I get the ski mask and X your ass whoa!

For real though I'm looking for a reason

Cuz in the Calliope it's duck hunting season

My mama say boy you better let it go

But I'm gonna pull an R Kelly and keep it on the down low WHOA!

Chorus 2X: XL

[Verse Two: MAC]

Take a shot take these niggas in the pace

Me and my doggs hangin' them like drapes let me say this

Ain't no love if you transparent

You also know is week who to put these niggas to sleep

Shits deep proverts is what I'm speaking cussing like

Puerto Ricans

Buss them till you leaking I sound like who?

World War III you don't wanna start me nigga

GT is where my muthafuckin heart be nigga

I'm a lion king ducking with a gat in my hand  
Little kid would you like to be a murder man  
Soulja rag on my eye soulja ????????

Chorus 2X: XL

[Verse Three: T-Bo]

Got damn them bitches hate when you up  
and got a couple of bucks and hate you when you  
broke  
What is this what the fuck?  
I like candy Benz and pointing in trims and big ole  
trucks  
Dollars to tip strippers couple of chickens to pluck  
You must be sick in the head if you think I do this for  
ya'll  
I do this for my family, I do this to ball  
and I promise ya'll when I hit the top I never gone fall  
Back down to the bottom again Bitch I'm never gone  
fall  
I got 10 whips 20 chicks and a house made of bricks  
One gold mouth piece especally made for talking shit  
Till you rock those big chains trying to catch cracker  
slim  
Put on your track shoes ????

Chorus: XL

till fade

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