

C-Murder

"My Set"

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[Chorus]

This is my set it's my religion
I am up early the the morning with the pigeons
All night I have been up cooking up the kitchen
Trying to duct the penatentiaries and the system
This is my set it's my religion
I am up early the the morning with the pigeons
All night I have been up cooking up the kitchen
Trying to duck the penatentiaries and the system

[Verse One]

I am hearing guns shots, I can hear them gun shots
ring
My ringtone buck shot I like how they sing
And when they penetrate, you sink like quick sand
Gone like this man, and will you be missed man
I am convict; I gets no love from the outside
So when I go outside they mouths be like diss wide
Uh come call me a motherfucking fool
cousin wish I wasn't the nigga that you wish you wasn't
I got them cops trying to murder me, cause I shot to kill
I am real playa ain't no segery, my hair nappy like a
bum on the block
Check my pocket it's full Dope, coke and rocks taped to
my sock
It's two gold glocks in a box, and a Black N Mild
So I can blow while acting while, I am thugging man (I
am thugging Man)
Cause my whole city is drugging man
now a cut boy Corey that nigga bucking man

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Game over I am hitting up your Rang Rover, I am
bumping Hover
While napping wodee boy pull over
Give me a cutta my head bumping
I need something that gonna relax me but I don't for
wont for nothing
Cause I am hustling, 247 with no brake

My only brake is when I brake them niggas who are
fake boy
I am about my cake, see I don't sleep on the grind
I creep on the grind with that piece from behind
And blow ya mind, Just call me crazy man
Now do the crazy man dance, change your plans this
your last chance
Now then doe boyz with the dope stash
shorty move fast before I kick you in ya ass
Shorty I am on parole and probation hoe
now fuck the whole in tank
Bitch your pussy stink, so why ya trying to break the
bank
I issues out hollows ain't no tomorrow
and the Clack Clack you no what follows

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I am on the set with these drug dealers and these
killers
Straight ignorant gangster and paper chaser
I got these tattoo tears see I done put in years
I earned my stripes I buss at those I don't like
I am on that syck cousin. Why you running ducking
I am cutting slabs in the kitchen them streets are
buzzing
Now fuck them people them Feds and detectives
I am rolling reckless, they better respect it
Or I am checking reletters it's TRU its the crew
Wenge and poo I gotta represent the TRU tattoo
Now back I am hot, this thang is tucked
I am in the crack house next to mack house, with the
mack out
The spot ridiculous we smoking hickory
Put down in history, them haters bussing but they miss
me
It's six in the morn, I am on a mission up with the
pigeons
This is the set, the game my religion. So fuck the
snitches

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Celo boy you a fool for this one uh
concentration camp, lil Bossie, Micheal Nelly
What's up with you Webbie, Trill Ent, Jay Tweezy, Young
Ready
You no Tru sign is up baby lets blow it up
Its for the gangstas the grinder nigga on the steps

Yall know what time it is

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