

## **C-Murder**

# **"Posted On Tha Block"**

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[C-Murder: Talking]

Say Bass Heavy brah

Turn that shit up ya dig

De one here, ya muthafuckas ain't bootin up on tha flo'

(yeah boot up nigga or shut up)

Lookin at that nigga Krazy

Listen to it (3rd ward)

I wanna see a nigga get hurt of this shit yeah ya dig

We makin moves nigga

On da block posted up ta get mine

[Chorus x2: C-Murder]

I'm on the block posted up

Wit them thangs loaded up

Hope them folks don't pull up

Cuz if they do then I'm stuck

I'ma be in jail wit dat dig look

Hair all nappy lookin like a fuckin crook

[C-Murder:]

I'm on da block with them thangs loaded up

I mean them toys

Fuck them niggas if they fuck with my me or my boys

I'ma tru nigga don't care bout nothing boy

If ya start frontin

I'ma have ta start somethin

Fuck the whole world

If they don't like

If I go to jail my old lady gonna ride me

Cuz I'ma thug a lil' ghetto boy trapped in crime

I hope them folks don't put up a take my muthafuckin  
dimes

On the block posted up and I'm down for whatever

Have you been ride for yo shit, nigga never

Cuz if I gotta gun (what) and he gotta gun

Shit I don't give a fuck nigga I ain't gone run

It's degree but a pen in my future (in my future)

That's why I live how I live

Cuz that's all that I'm use ta

You don't wanna go to war and that's real

Lil' nigga gotta chill cuz he might get killed

[Chorus x2]

[?:]

I'm on the block tryin ta make some change I'm tired of  
being broke

So I'ma get my money right and smoke some weed  
and coke

I couldn't concentrate in school with the problems I had  
When my brother went to jail is when I took the wrong  
path

That's when I had to step up and be the man ta make it  
right

Eat and sleep all day and hustle, hustle all night  
If anybody need me well they can catch me be on the  
block

In all black with a glock and a mouth full of rocks  
Muthafuckin cop straight fillin still totin glocks  
I'm on the block posted up chillin by the barbershop  
I told my nigga make the holla if them people pull up  
So I can get the fuck cuz I ain't tryin to get that dig look

[?:]

I dig up in y'all like Min Yawl  
Fuck around and get ya head cracked  
Playing with this tru dawg so back up off me lil' daddy  
Before ya piss me off  
Carry max, gauges, choppers, and double barrel  
sawed-off  
We ain't come ta have stuff, we came ta bust heads  
Burn houses to the pavement if we feel we gettin  
played, now everyday  
Hobbies is load and bust and knock a nigga leg off  
If a bitch say somethin, now who be the rawest nigga  
T-R-U the most dangerous  
Just load'em up it ain't no thang ta us  
We maxing up a coming ta get cha  
Oh fake ass niggas gonna make us split cha  
On the block with the rocks getting richa, the picture

[Chorus x2]

[C-Murder:]

Hum brah

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