

## **C-Murder**

# **"Ride On Dem Bustas"**

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(Helicopter propeller)  
(Whisper getting louder)  
Real nigga  
Real nigga  
Real nigga  
Real nigga

(C-Murder in background)  
From the motherfucking (?)  
On to the motherfucking Beats By The motherfucking  
Pound  
It's the realist  
Nigga I walk with a dirty gun with a motherfucking  
round

Chorus (2x):  
Real niggas and we ride on them bustas  
We some real niggas scream fuck them motherfuckers

(C-Murder)  
I smoke weed, when my mind gone, I aint tripping  
Bullets flipinng, young nigga bout that hollow chipping  
Fliping Ki's on the block, where them G's at  
Go them hoes sucking my dick till they knees crack  
Drop top 6 all black with the black tints  
I got them niggas pushing crack like a Mack 10  
A dollar short and I'm coming  
bout to have these fools running  
Hundred rounds humming, bout to break em off  
something  
Call my cousin Rock on the Mobile phone, he at home  
Macnolia projects, straight from Clebourne  
In the city, where the shitty niggas quick to give you  
A ticket to the morgue (nigga) after they kill you  
Fuck the penn, cause if I go again, I'm a rider  
You never catch me slipping, I got my heater right  
beside, uh  
Running from the cops, cause the law, I don't trust ya  
I'm a real nigga and I ride on them bustas, I'm a

Chorus (2x)

(Magic)

I sick and I'm tired of all the fakers  
Niggas be talking about they gonna keep it real  
Nigga give me the strap and get in the back  
This shit is about to get real  
I came here a head-buster, a dome-crusher  
They founded out I can rap and uh told me put down  
the strap  
Now I'm getting favors screaming NIGHTWARD  
I written this shit, I took it in blood its tatted on my arm  
So now when i ride I take the nine with  
It don't take less than 2.5 to get me  
I'm with C, I'm with Serv, and we smoking on some herb  
Contiplating on how to get cha, cause you done struck  
a nerve

Who gone ride with me (my niggas)  
Who gone die with me (my niggas)  
Who gone bust at these cowards with me  
Who gone ride with me (my niggas), I'm a

Chorus (2x)

(Ke'Noe)

Now Ke'Noe ??? major fire as this motherfucking track  
oughta ??? a ride you motherfuckers (right)  
But I got a little somethings to take to these  
motherfuckers  
you them niggas them bullet suckers (bitch ass)  
You know them niggas that steady ain't scared to die  
but they'll take a bullet?  
Well C and Magic, give me a pistol with a happy trigger  
I got ready to get home and sound some loot  
I'ma pull it, just to think  
I got this motherfucking tank by signing a contract  
Bitch you better get your motherfucking mind right  
Ask T how the fuck I act  
I was riding on niggas block  
when you niggas was still running from the cops (bitch  
ass)  
I done made a little motherfucking money  
so you really think that shit gonna make me stop (shit)  
I got a tatoo on my stomach that made me  
motherfucking bleed  
So every drop that hit the ground,  
for every round in the tank nigga you know I believe  
(believe)  
I done got bad on this motherfucking microphone  
But if C call me nigga and take one of you niggas home  
fuck, ride nigga, what  
We some

Chorus (4x)

Fuck all them motherfucking bitch ass,  
punk ass, playa hating pussy  
motherfuckers out there talking shit  
Cause when I run up on you motherfuckers,  
you bound to get your motherfucking wig split (bloom,  
bloom)  
O! soft ass, cheesy, funky, dirty,  
o! shoe wearing dirty moterfucking poot  
stain draws bitch ass, yellow belly motherFUCKERS,  
BIATCH!  
(Chorus come in low and gets louder)  
That means you bitch  
3rd ward, nightward nigga  
No Limit, cause I'm in it  
Nigga Ke'Noe, again on the motherfucking bito!  
Daily songs nigga incognito! Bitch

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