

C-Murder

"Survival Of The Fittest"

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Yo, yo what's up nigga
You know the streets is a jungle
You gotta survive out here
You need a strong mind to do the shit I do
You ever seen something blown the fuck up before
See that nigga cross the street in that Cutlass
Check this out

(Chorus 2x)

Survival of the fittest, respect my come up
Survival of the fittest, you better not run up

(C-Murder)

I remember back in 89 a nigga used to steal
And now I got a Navi with a mother fuckin' grill
One time chase a nigga through the alley fuckin' alley
Mad cause I fucked up my only pair of Bally's
I used to smoke weed with the ballers after school
Mother fuckas wanted to hang cause I used to act a
fool
Started slangin' rocks cause the shit was fun
I used to bang at niggas just to see 'em run
Nigga people started hearin' shit started recognizing
me
Big timers fronted me some coke in a ride "G"
Dope became my business, no longer a hobby
I owed a nigga 5 g's so I started robbin'
I knew I had to move before I had to bang 'em up
I'm a act a donkey if you don't respect my come up
Dumb niggas die, and real niggas live
This ghetto is so wicked I can't even trust my kids

(Chorus 2x)

(Gotti)

Started in this game at the age of 13
Gettin' paid makin' money servin' crack to the fiends
Hoes couldn't take me niggas gave me jealous looks
To the world I was a man, to the feds I was a crook

Put my face up in the paper, put my name in they books
Cause they see a nigga ballin' off the birds that I

cooked
As the years went by still survival of the fittest
Now i'm ridin' in the tank representin' to the fullest
Puttin' bullets in you bitches, jealous niggas in disguise
Shootin' niggas till we die, Gambino's on the rise
My nigga Fiend up by my side, my enemies bound to die
Got no mercy in my eyes label Gotti one of the realest

(Chorus 2x)

(C-Murder)

I was born a bastard, my pops was a thug
4 years in the pen for transportin' drugs
I was known in the hood as the nigga with the weight
Bitches all up in my business, shippin' keys from state to state
Triple beams in the project Calliope, where I broke 'em down
Razor blade and baking soda, pure white fuck the brown
My clientele was growin' started investin' in some other shit
Barber shops on every block, even had a weed spot
Moms and the kids put away up in the house
Surveillance cameras and alarms to spook a nigga out
Pitbulls in the backyard trained to kill
Call my folks up on the phone before I made a deal
I'm one step ahead of a nigga doin' wrong
That's why i'm still alive and been on top for so fuckin' long
I had to spank some bustas, to show 'em I mean business
The ghetto is so wicked it's survival of the fittest

(Chorus 2x)

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