

## C-Murder "Ya Dig"

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(talking)

Back again for the first time  
TRU Records, it's like that, heeey  
Respect us, all my dogs  
And all of y'all, what, check it out, what

[Chorus - 2x]

One time just don't bother me  
All my homies come follow me  
If you my dog, then you won't bother me  
Hey whodi, playas gone play

[C-Murder]

Now don't stop (ya dig) keep it real (ya dig)  
It's T-R-U (ya dig) No Limit still (ya dig)  
Now how you feel (ya dig) boy is you mad (ya dig)  
That's kinda sad (ya dig) you doing bad (ya dig)  
Well me and my dogs (ya dig) you know we ball (ya dig)  
Until we fall (ya dig) but we won't fall (ya dig)  
2001 (ya dig) 2002 (ya dig)  
2003 (ya heard) we play for keeps (that's real)  
It's C-P-3 (ya dig) to the dot com (ya dig)  
So stop hating (ya dig) and free your mind (ya dig)  
Cause playas play (ya dig) and hatas hate (ya dig)  
And ballas gone ball (ya dig) and shot callas gone call  
(ya dig)

[Chorus - 2x]

[C-Murder]

I'm C dash (ya dig) to the Murder man (ya dig)  
I make you dance (ya dig) give you a chance (ya dig)  
I run the streets (ya know) represent my hood (ya dig)  
If you don't like me (playa) it's all good (ya dig)

Tear the club up (ya dig) and raise the roof (ya dig)  
That C-C-B (ya dig) now that's my crew (ya dig)  
Now throw em up (ya dig) and look alive (uh huh)  
Cause looking at my rollie it's about that time (yeah)  
Get your groove on (ya dig) get your freak on (ya dig)  
Cut the lights on, some boys done got they fight on (ya dig)

know)

It's time to blaze (ya dig) here comes the cops (ya dig)  
I hope I don't get stopped before I make it to my block

[Chorus - 2x]

[C-Murder]

Ice on my wrist (ya dig) ring on my fist (ya dig)  
Hit you with hits (ya dig) something like this (ya dig)  
Them platinum placks (ya dig) and platinum cards (ya dig)  
dig)  
Visa, American Express (ching) take the charge (ya dig)  
dig)  
This for my whodis (ya dig) this for my round (ya dig)  
This for all my dogs (ya dig) on lockdown (stay TRU)  
I breaks it down (ya dig) like broken glass (ya dig)  
I cut a rug (whoo) like cutting class (ya dig)  
Now shake it fast (ya dig) then shake it slow (ya dig)  
My thugs bout head cause uh, we from the ghetto (uh  
huh)  
And all my soldiers gone ride for me (put it up)  
Light it up, blow it up and get high with me (ya dig)

[Chorus - 4x]

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