

**C****"Survival 1st"**

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Featuring Lunasice Marvaless]

(chorus)

California's the state where punk niggas die.

First thought be survival every mornin' when I rise.

So many murders and homicides in front of my eyes.

It's just some ballin' ass niggas down to die for the West Side.

California's the state where all bustas die.

First thought be survival every mornin' when I rise.

So many murders and homicides in front of my eyes.

It's just some ballin'-ass niggas down to die for the West Side.

Verse 1:

(C-Bo)

It could be the napalm, droppin' non stop bombs,

Armed like vietnam, dominatin' like King Kong.

Lyrical madness, step up, take up, and start blatin'.

Wicked as Stephen King when my mental and vocal clashes.

Syrran wrap, like a boa constrictor, wrappin' ya.

Up from your feet to your neck, nigga, attackin' ya.

These 4-5 hollow tips will have you backin' up.

I only do my dirt at night like dracula.

Verse 2:

(Lunasice)

I'm wanted by the feds, these niggas, they want me  
dead,

Cuz I done spread through their territory like the HIV.

Sun down spots, suckas swallow glocks.

If they know by these rocks I'm pushin' for the blocks.

Every corner you past, that show will run him up in his  
ass.

Gettin' the cash, while Mr. Bad puts down the smash.

I dumps quick, my clique be so thick,

With hi-tech mob shit, crooked as Soviet.

(chorus)

Verse 3:

(C-Bo)

The house on the water, independent shippin' quarters,

Movin' tapes like K across every border.

Takin' over your brain, causin' addiction like 'caine,

More deadly than a grand shot of Heroine in the vein.

Inflict pain, on any nigga that step in my range.

Retalliate with hollow tips, blast, and splatter your  
brain.

So remain calm, this shit is C-4 bomb,

Set trip off your motherfuckin' city like 'Nam.

Best recognize, step up and check eyes.

Ain't to many busta-ass niggas from the West Side.

I do or die for mine, livin' life like I'm blind.

Solo on a flame line, dumpin' hollow tip 9's.

Verse 4:

(Marvaless)

Survival first, ask questions later.

Movin' patterns on your bitch-ass cuz I heard that you  
was a hater. Oh

who

can save ya?

Defeated your purpose, now you caught up in some  
deep shit.

Who got the deepest murder clique, that's some would  
sick.

This game is way past wicked. Still I commence to kick  
it.

West side niggas stackin' meal tickets.

Surpassin' weak bitches, evadin' snitches, and sayin'  
bomb.

Killafornia style when we ride droppin' bombs.

Verse 5:

(C-Bo)

Palay Palay, Tommy Hilfiger cold, can I?

Polo, Jabo, Guess, Khakis and Levis.

Ballers is what they call us, too much for the ATL.

Lexus, Benz, Beemer, Vet, VIP, 112.

Might catch me at the Platinum, sippin' on some Hen,  
rolex down,

Ride ST 400 Lex through the town.

Clown, and you'll catch a hot metal tab up to the chest.

Don't make me kill a nigga out east and head West  
Side.

Till I die, reason why, I stay high,

To maintain my composure and attitude when I ride.

Don' push me, I'm too close to the edge

Might take one to the head.

(chorus X2)

Verse 6:

(C-Bo)

It's the season of the sickness, marks on my shitlist.

Comin' up out the psychedelic bui'ness, don't sit in it.

When I gets to bustin', I let loose like a Mac-10.

I'm born and raised a hustler, got love for my family,  
fuck friends.

Never been disgusted, but I just like love it,

Wit my streetsweeper, put hoes in your bucket.

Man, I just say fuck it, I can't live with society.

Now, how many niggas in yo clique wanna ride on me?

(chorus to end)

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