

**C-Bo****"NL Iggaz"**

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Artist: C-Murder f/ Afficial

Album: Trapped in Crime

Song: NL Iggaz

[C-Murder talking]

What's happn' yo what's happn' nigga oh salt shakin'  
ass muthafucka

Nigga talkin' bout keep it real nigga this the realest shit  
you

Gonna run up on ya dig TRU nigga what's happn' No  
Limit forever

Lil' daddy it's cool let me holla at ya dawg check this  
real shit out

[C-Murder]

Nigga nigga I'mma rider never gave a fuck about the  
other side

Me & my niggas we love to get high

An break the rules

Like fools on a mission cause we thugged out &  
trapped

I only give my real niggas dap

Me & my click is so close it's fucked up

My nigga Nu got drunk & yet we all throwed up

An showed up ready to blow some shit up like Castro

These niggas bout to straight get plucked

I'mma millionaire

These ghetto niggas put me there

Showed me love

Nigga pass the dub

It's a TRU thang

Respect it like your last name

Or get touched boy

I don't give a fuck boy

C-Murder:(Chorus)

No Limit niggas we thug niggas we love niggas

TRU niggas on a mission muggin' in club niggas

No Limit niggas we thug niggas we love niggas

TRU niggas on a mission don't give a fuck nigga

[Repeat]

[Afficial group member #1]

Pull out the Porsh chicks run to the car  
Blow my smoke to the sky blazin' dutches cigars  
I got the street in my veins my block runs thru my blood  
Plead guilty to tha charges when I'm facin' the judge  
Fuck it I'll do the sentence lift weights & read books  
Make me a millionaire in jail wit a mill on my books  
Only understand crooks ya'll niggas is suckers  
I'm in a booth waitin' for a CEO to front us  
I got the hood relyin' on me not to mention myself  
So if the drug game dead I can rely on my wealth  
Nine outta ten niggas is haters I'm the other one  
Like startin' fires that blazes & stackin' my funds

[Afficial group member #2]

Uh hu I bet ya'll love the way I flips em' out  
Funny guy hu now watch how these clips come out  
I done took it where ya'll can't go now how bout that  
I done turned these straight up niggas into stumblin'  
cats  
An they mad at me cause they say I spit it to rough  
An throw it at you like a chick who don't get it enough  
What is it X-ray vision the way I see thru this cats  
That's why I roll wit thugs who love the squeeze them  
mac's  
Remember back til' when we hid them stacks in alley  
ways  
Now we keep that dough comin' & goin' like holiday's

Chorus(4X)

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