

## C-bo

# "Til My Casket Drops"

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Mo' murder, mo' murder

A body fulla tack 2's, battlescars from bullet wounds  
New clothes, diamond medallions from paid dues  
Niggas that ride til they rue with the attitude of  
'fuck the world' from tryin to kill us everytime we move  
You're perpetratin to be a killer but I know you're fakers  
Them jealous cowards killed my nigga 2PAC in Vegas  
Vague kind of bullets fired, we're ready to die with  
open eyes

I be the last man standin when the smoke dies  
This world's infested with haters, wannabe players  
Player hatin a real player cos he's livin major  
No disrespect to you redneck blood-suckin pigs  
If a nigga die, just give my cash to my wife and kids  
But what you thought makes the world go round  
I got an ese in the East Bay ballin a hundred pounds  
Push a 600 rag drop E-12  
Dump a 100-round clip in ya, ask about my mail

Chorus:

I try to keep my focus, on survivin and money  
Can't let them niggas smoke us, before we unload  
them talons  
Traumatise and hope this is how we leave em when  
they hit us  
With the guts to die, pullin the trigger til my casket  
drops  
\*repeat\*

Them player haters wanna blast me up like they did  
'Pac  
But I don't give a fuck I'm a ride til my casket drop  
It don't stop until you sucker niggas drippin jelly  
Pumpin slugs into you motherfuckin pig's belly  
I'm full of indica weed laced with heroin  
Call it Kryptonite-on the dead, I'ma risk tonight  
Blast the first motherfucker that steps  
up to my ride, not knowin where my weapon is kept  
I shoot in-side their chests, I'ma thug life, I'm crazy  
Got my strength rays to make him kiss his babies

Fuckin sucker ass niggas that didn't ??? ???  
Hard lies on him and didn't retaliate  
Hard then later on "Shit, hey what's happenin?"  
We woulda chased them suckers down and capped em  
Give a shout to Outlaw Immortalz right  
Look me up cos I'm a ride until my casket drops

Chorus

Murder, money, power, pistols and warfare  
Kill all my black folks and the peckerwoods wouldn't  
care  
Keep my head up, duckin and dodgin from the state  
pen  
Cos fo' sho', ain't no future in goin back again  
They got to kill me, fill me up with lead  
let me, die slowly from my boots to my head  
As a, big chief I refuse to retreat, I  
rip teeth outta eye then dump heat, why  
the PD reach but catch concrete  
Never sol-ved, gone off indica and Hennessey  
Infrared at my dog, paws locked like pig jaws  
With my gun up, punk, I run up on alla y'all  
then I dump, dump dump dump to get the money  
Now I stole Rolex diamond, shinin outta sunny  
West Coast the spot, servin caine to get the millions  
Distributin the game, makes you want to get the billions

Chorus

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