

## C-Bo

### "Ya'll Heard Of Me"

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(C-Murder Talking)

Tru Records

Chopper City

C-Murder B.G. bout to do this thing yall heard us(this for real)

Straight gutter you know(New Orleans)

(C-Murder Chorus1)

Now all yall done heard of me

Now Im C-Murder I done done things yall aint never heard of and imma fool boy they call me a folleyoung im willin to die for mine im willin to die for mine

(B.G. Chorus)

Now all yall done heard of me

Im B Gizzle i done things yall bitch niggas scared of Ive smacked bitches, shot niggas, sold coke, court cases done it all i aint talkin i don't stunt at all

(C-Murder Verse)

You don't wanna mess with that glock boy(glock boy)

Catch me with that glock you get popped boy(and dropped boy)

On the spot money bustin out my socks boy(socks boy)

Its hot and now these cops on ma jock boy

I break bread with them base heads

I show some lovin till they slip then i trip son

Its bigger than drugs they wanna label me a killer so don't push me life is hard im tryin to fill my own graveyard 3rd ward

A menace to society like imma threat

Ya'll aint met the real C yet imma wreck

Ask money, wayne and rich about me it's really unreal i was choked son when slim got killed you know how i feel

It was a shame what we became, who should i blame

my playas told me to be cool you know imma fool

Messin with you gorillas will get yo head bust(yo head bust)

Me and my homies we bout that paper it's money we after straight money makers

The cutt boys could never be no fakers  
I spit that gangsta rap forget that hip hop i bump them  
gangsta ass beats that make yo head bop  
Now make that iron cocked and then that show stop  
cause it's murder murder murder murder the 1 8 7  
cause i don't give a shh shh  
But they don't hear me though

(C-murder Chorus 2)

Now all yall done heard of me  
Now Im C-Murder I done done things yall aint never  
heard of and i done sold rocks, rob blocks merked  
clowns and done time imma fool boy im willin to die for  
mine

(B.G. Chorus)

Now all yall done heard of me  
Im B Gizzle and i done things yall bitch niggas scared  
of  
Ive smacked bitches, shot niggas, sold coke, court  
cases done it all i aint talkin i don't stunt at all

(B.G. Verse)

If you don't know me ask somebody you know and i bet  
they know that this that lil nigga quick to draw down  
and split ya and cut ya throat  
This the nigga quick to handle his buisness and quick  
to creep  
This the nigga that aint bout poppin no playa squashin  
no beef  
This the nigga keep a 40 up on and with an extension  
This the nigga quick to steal from ya even when you  
payin attention  
Imma uptown gangsta VL don when i die bury me with  
girauds and a tshirt on im a fool like that i be walkin  
through the hood with all my jewlery on bitch niggas  
wonderin how i do it  
Im as real as i could and it gets no realer i got killas like  
janeal just waitin for me to send em  
I was raised with gorillas and gangstas, killas and  
thugs, street hustlas that will touch you up  
These choppa city niggas all true to the game  
You hear C or BG you gotta know them names

(C-Murder Chorus 1)

(B.G. Chorus)

(C-Murder Chorus 2)

(B.G Chorus)

(C-Murder)

Now show me where you at

(BG)

Throw yo hands up, throw yo hands up for C-Murder  
caliope throw yo hands up

(C-Murder)

Now stunt for me, now jump for me, now walk for me,  
now stomp for me

(BG)

Throw yo hands up, throw yo hands up for C-Murder  
caliope throw yo hands up

(C-Murder)

Now stunt for me, now jump for me, now walk for me,  
now stomp for me

Now slide like ya know VL CP street of tha nolia stunt  
for me, jump for me

X5 on the track

TRU

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