

## Mr. Serv-On "Cemetery Made"

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[C Murder]

This black on black crime gotta stop

[C Murder] Chorus

I see my enemies my guns in my hands

Cemetery made i'm looking at a dead man x4

[Mr. Serv On]

Conflicted images fill my mind if it's my time to bless  
me on the grind

Intertwine in this criminal military where my best friend  
became my adversary

Never second guess me if its me or you I see your ass  
through

To the bloody end, we meet again

When one of you coward bitches get the heart to take  
me from this world of sin

I can't descend to my right to die with blood in my  
fucking eyes

Ghetto cries from the cemetery call me daily

But I aint ready to let you bitches take me

Set me up with my closed, arms open, gats smokin

Hoping for my last and final wish

Momma kiss me on the lips when I leave, with a shank  
on my fucking sleeve

I kill your child on your money for love

Now she dead, god bless you if your child live

But if I don't, I'll be back with fucking rage in my eyes

Hands on the gage, I'm cemetery made

Chorus x4

[Mr. Serv-On]

Release me from this torture that this life gave me the  
first time this world

saw me

Murder and betrayal chase me car jacking, the crack  
dealers still see me

Why cant you bitches let me live in peace?

Tears on my mommas sheets won't let me sleep

I'm walking the streets with tags on my fucking feet,

But I aint ready to be that big shot caller, that baller in  
the sky, see this  
killer in my eyes  
But you bitches can't take me, why don't you drop your  
colors and ride with me  
I'm gangbangin', no affiliation  
I'm living TRU like these letters across my stomach (T-  
R-U)  
And I'm cemetary made, don't let me get faded with  
this gauge  
I'm ready to bust, bang, hang em up and nigga let you  
know my name  
My alias, Mr. bad case  
See this killer in my eyes, I'm ready to break you from  
your ghetto ties  
And now I'm coming, so nigga you better start running  
See my cemetary made, so bang em up

Chorus x4

[C-Murder]

My name is as I murder  
So alot of niggas wanna get me cemetary made so I  
move to another city  
I was born with a gun in my hand  
now that I'm a grown man aint a damn thing changed  
C-Murder, a soldier from that TRU click  
my dick gets hard when I see a niggas whig split  
Life full of crime, so I abuses and chooses  
to never pull a gun if I aint gonna use it  
And known to smoke weed to calm my nerves  
but when I lace that shit, a nigga gettin served (booya!)  
Sending haters to the mortuary, been to the cemetary  
but dont kill a nigga if you ever scary  
Aint got no time to be paranioid bustas  
keep eye contact cause I dont trust ya  
187 is what i shout (187), tattooed on my right arm  
cause that's what I'm about  
You got beef with me? You'se in danger  
welcome to the motherfuckin torture chamber  
Execution style beat down in slashes  
kerosene to burn your ass up till you ashes  
You history fool, you dead, ha ha ha ha, now you  
cemetary made

Chorus x4

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