

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 it's 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 can't 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 cemetery 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 cemetery made, so bang em up

Chorus x4

[C-Murder]
My name is as I murder
So a lot of niggas wanna get me cemetery 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 cemetery
But don't kill a nigga if you ever scary
Aint got no time to be paranoid bustas
Keep eye contact cause I don't 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're 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
cemetery made

Chorus x4

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