

C-Murder F/ Gotti

"Murder F/ Gotti - Survival Of The Fittest"

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Yo, yo, what's up nigga? You know the streets is a
jungle
You gotta survive out here
You need a strong mind to do the shit I do
You ever seen something blown up before
See that nigga cross the street in that Cutlass
Check this out

[Chorus x2]

Survival of the fittest, respect my come up
Survival of the fittest, you better not run up

[C-Murder]

I remember back in 89 a nigga used to steal
And now I got a Navi with a mothafucking grill
One time chase a nigga thru the fucking alley
Mad cause I fucked up my only pair of Bally's
I used to smoke weed with the ballers after school
Mothafuckas wanted to hang cause I used to act a fool
Started slanging rocks becuase the shit was fun
I used to bang at niggaz just to see them run
People started hearing shit started recognizing me
Big timers fronted me some coke and a ride g
Dope became a business, no longer a hobby
I owed a nigga 5 g's so I started robbing
I knew I had to move before I had to bang him up
I'm a act a donkey if you don't respect my come up
Dumb niggaz die and real niggaz live
The ghetto is so wicked I can't even trust my kids

[Chorus x2]

[Gotti]

Started in this game at the age of 13
Getting paid making money serving crack to the fiends
Hoes couldn't take me, niggaz gave me jealous looks
To the world I was a man, to the feds I was a crook
Put my face up in the paper, put my name in they books

Cause they see a nigga balling off the birds that I
cooked
As the years went by still survival of the fittest
Now I'm riding in the tank representing to the fullest
Putting bullets in you bitches jealous niggaz in disguise
Shooting niggaz til we die, Gambino's on the rise
My nigga Fiend up by my side, my enemy bound to die
Got no mercy in my eyes label Gotti one of the realest

[Chorus x2]

[C-Murder]

I was born a bastard, my pops was a thug
4 Years in the pen for transporting drugs
I was Known in the hood as a nigga with the weight
Bithces all up in my business, shipping keys from state
to state
Triple beams in the project, Calliope where I broke 'em
down
Razor blades and baking soda, pure white fuck the
brown
My clientele was growing started investing in some
other shit
Barber shops on every block, even had a weed spot
Moms and the kids put away up in the house
A fellas Cameras in the lawn to spook a nigga out
Pitbulls in the backyard trained to kill
call my folks up on the phone before I made a deal
I'm one step ahead of a nigga doing wrong
That's why I'm still alive and been on top so fucking
long
I had to spank some busters, to show 'em I mean
business
The ghetto is so wicked its survival of the fittest

[Chorus x2]

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