# C-Murder f/ B.G.

## "Y'all Heard of Me"

[Chorus: C-Murder, B.G.]
Now all y'all done heard of me
now I'm C-Murder
I did done things y'all ain't never heard of
now I'm a fool boy, you call me a fool it's on
I'm willing to die for mine, I'm willing to die for mine

Now all y'all did heard of me
I'm B. Gizzle
I did done thing you bitch niggaz scared ta
I smacked bitches, shot niggaz
sold coke, caught cases, I've done it all
I ain't talking I don't stunt at all

[Verse 1: C-Murder]
You don't wanna mess with that glock boy (that glock
boy)
test me with that glock you get popped boy (dropped
boy)
on the spot money bustin on my socks boy (socks boy)
it's hot and now these cops on my jock boy (jock boy)
I'm breaking bread with these base heads
I show some loving until you slip then I trip son
it's bigger then drugs they wanna label me a killa
so don't push me life is hard
I'm trying to fill my own graveyard the curve boy
I'm a menace to society like I'ma threat
y'all ain't hit the real C yet I'ma rep
theres money waitin bout me realer then real
I was chosen when Slim got killed you know how I feels
it's a shame the reaper came who should I blame
Mytaius to me to be cool you know I'm a fool
messing with you guerillas we get your head bust
(head bust)
me and my homies we about that the paper (the paper)
it's money we after Straight money niggaz
the cut boys could never be no fakers
I spit that gangster rap forget that hip hop
I bought them gangster-ass beats that make your head
bop (head bop)
then make that uncut,(uncut) and then that show stops

(stops)
cause its murda murda murda murda
the 187 cause I don't give a fuck
but they don't heard me tho

[Chorus: C-Murder, B.G.] x1
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[Verse 2: B.G.]
If you don't know me ask somebody you know and I bet
they know
this lil nigga quick to draw down and split ya or cut ya
throat
this lil nigga quick to handle his business and quick to
creep
this lil nigga ain't bout coppin no play or squashin no
beef
this lil nigga keep a 40 up on him wit a big expansion
this lil nigga'll steal ya even when ya payin attention
I'ma uptown gangsta, V.L. don
when I die bury me wit ya bo's and a t-shirt on
I'm a fool like that I be walkin through the hood (hood)
wit all my jewelry on bitch niggaz wonder how I do it (do
it)
I'm real that how I could it gets no realer
I got killas like jarnel just waitin for me to spend em
I was raised with gorillas and gangstas
killas and thugs straight hustlas that'll touch you up
these choppas sendin niggaz all true to the game
you hear C or B.G. and ya gotta know them names

[Chorus: C-Murder, B.G.] x2
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I'm willing to die for mine, I'm willing to die for mine

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[Outro: C-Murder, (B.G.)]
B.G. where you at?

(Throw your hands up (throw your hands up)
throw your hands up...(throw your hands up)
free C-Murder. Callio,throw your hands up)

stomp for me
jump for me
buck for me
stomp for me

(Throw your hands up (throw your hands up)
throw your hands up (throw your hands up)
free C-Murder. Callio, throw your hands up)

aha.
the N.O., V.L, CP3, for the Nolia
you know?
TRU