

## C-Murder f/ Curren\$y, Mac

### "Camouflage & Murder"

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(\*talking\*)

Ay nigga, ain't you Mac  
What you doing in this motherfucker

[Mac]

Camouflage nigga what, you'll catch me in the cut  
Fucking shit up for every nigga, the bigger pig the  
bigger trigger  
Cause my niggaz, in the river  
Stories about the Mac, will make 'em shiver  
They prolly at they crib loading they techs, wondering  
who I'ma smoke next  
Patrolling they set, Malcolm X nigga  
The New Orleans Jesus, pack a tre-deuce  
And you can bring the drama to Zeus, if you heard  
about what that 3rd about  
Nigga feel that, that fake shit we bout to kill that  
On the for real black, I never show-boat  
Be on the low, like a black sto' the Mac flow  
Sorta like a cracked flo', a different plateau the Mac  
show  
When I attack though, I never turn my back cause  
The bullets, penetrate the back slow

(\*talking\*)

C-Murder (what nigga), man number 187  
(what's hap'n), oh you in on murder one  
(fucking right), get your shit boy you going upstate  
(fuck the world bitch)

[C-Murder]

Nigga I'm C, motherfucking Murder never scary  
But it's very necessary, to leave my adversaries buried  
Crack sales bring bitches in lines, but I'm eternal  
Lethal weapons stay cocked, many niggaz may drop  
From the top like flies, I despise you hoes  
With crooked smiles, make a nigga wanna 'nap your  
child  
Niggaz bleed, my enemies fearing attack  
They move with silence, when nigga bring the violence  
Do they know, me and my soldiers tighter than glue

We pass bitches and weed, my nigga Mac planting  
seeds  
Let the devil tell it, bailing making the scene  
I whoop the nigga ass in jail, he was a dope fiend  
And no collect calls, ghetto pictures on the wall  
You gotta crawl and fall, before you ball nigga fuck  
y'all  
Around the way, my niggaz feel what I'm spitting  
It's Camouflage and Murder nigga, so pay attention  
bitch

(\*talking\*)

Curren\$, I hope you got currency  
Cause your bail two million dollars, you understand  
that  
You lil' rap mother-(hol-hol'-hol'-hol' up man  
I got two million dollars cash, call Stan  
I'm out this bitch, you heard me)

[Curren\$y]

What you gon do, when you get out of jail  
Skerch off the scene, in a yellow ML  
4-30, Benz truck  
With four bitches inside, who all about letting a dog  
and his friends fuck  
I'm too large, for haters  
My niggaz smoke bud tote guns, picture they all on  
paper  
I'm talking bout niggaz like Big, you know who  
Ceedy, Wayne, Geezy fuck it the whole crew  
Uh we all roll with nines, and bout letting 'em fly  
But I try to stay on the low, with mine  
Catch lil' daddy slipping, point the 4-4 at his spine  
Leave your body in the forest, where no one can find  
And you boys, don't want none of that  
I know niggaz that look at jail time, like Summer camp  
holla back

(\*talking\*)

Yeah ya dank, ha-ha-ha

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