

C-Murder f/ Fiend, Popeye "Betta Watch Me"

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(*talking*)

Wake up-wake-up-wake up
Man I hit the set, and them boys be getting ghost
Ya know, they spooking but it's cool
I'm bout to wake 'em up

[Hook - 2x]

You better watch me, cause I'm doing bad
Plus I'm hurting, I gotta get weed
Now where them goods at, playboy give me that
And get them goods wrapped, I'll make you lean back

[C-Murder]

See my clock is on need fo', I'm 'ready tweeking
I can't be sitting up here hurting, all weekend
I keep on falling off, at the worst times
And if I'm stuck it ain't my fault, I'm gon reverse mines
My pain I'ma nourish mines, cause I'm sick with it
Now where them ballers at, I'm looking for that big
ticket
Ten minutes from losing it, one day from locked up
The way I'm living, sooner or later I'm gon be boxed up
Nobody trusting me, they know how I'm coming
I hit the block, and I swear I see them cowards running
Putting they stash up, peeping out they windows
Now why they tripping, I'm the exact opposite of 5-0
It's called survival, of the fittest
I can't help it cause I'm with it, and you ain't with it
I come to get it, yeah I did it I did that
I can't take that back, so beat your feet back
All y'all gon remember me, cause me ain't no joke
Me do what me does, cause ain't no being broke
I was raised in this, I ain't ask for this
I tried changing my life, and now it's back to this
Somebody pray for me, the Lord is testing me
But them people, they gon have problems arresting me
Now my lungs hurting, need that black vest
And I feel like, jacking one of these rappers

[Hook - 2x]

[Fiend]

Was 14 with the felons, while y'all did the
misdemeanors
Niggaz my age, was pushing Beamers
Niggaz that sprayed, while using Ninas
AK's and SK's, your chest cave
Your neck shaved, and your waves turn to still water
Hood on fire, racks of money steal daughters
Kill fathers, pop a seed in your mama
This routine, and you pussies thought you knew Fiend
I'm from a city, where ery'thing crooked
Where the right kind of money, meant the judge
overlook it
And I'm screwed up, I ain't talking Swishahouse
'Fore I learned to tie my shoes up, I was burning crews
up
My Ward verse your Ward, put them 22's up
These 26's, make you put them 22's up
This Mack-90 mean, I ain't giving you fuck
But bullets, in that shiny new truck
What you know about, fighting for five days
Hanging niggaz upside down, coming at you sideways
A crooked H, going 67-5
And I add them three quarters for the ride, plus I'm
high

[Hook - 2x]

[Popeye]

I got this world in the tip of my pistol, shining like
crystal on my waist
Shadow ducking the barell, reflecting off in his face
He's below his lace, so my tape's no longer lead
Stomp in the Expedition, my mission was made to
speed
Blazing up the weed, tried my tint's and armored lint
Checking up on my schedule, for all the Benz I spent
Get the hustling broad, put the one out of socket
Having enough to catch life, in all four of my pockets
You understand, and click your hand late
It's time to cope for what you never ate, guts and nuts
on the dinner plate
Love is hate, kissing ass by wetting vocals
Hustling on the streets, when it's hotter than Akapolko

[Hook - 2x]

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