

## **C-Murder F/ Mac, Mr. Serv-On**

### **"Don't Judge Me"**

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Chorus x2(Silkk)

Times are shady for a G  
The streets got me crazy, trying to stay free  
The ghetto raised me, I can't sleep  
Once citizen as a baby, now look at what ya'll made me.  
So don't judge me

Verse 1 (Silkk The Shocker)

Don't judge me on how I dress and the niggas who I  
hang with  
Just cause from my pants sagging, I wear rags, I'm on  
some gang shit  
Used the hood for us wealth, It got that good for  
myself  
Think about all these niggas in the hood couldn't help  
Now I expect ya'll to doubt me  
Cause my own family doubt me, told me I'll never  
amount to shit  
They probably fight, cause all I wanna do is go ounce to  
bricks  
Hang around with the clique, probably catch me  
bouncin the six  
Go to a party at night, find some tight,  
probably leave the party with a chick  
Now as a kid ain't the same thing come back,  
remember when  
Is all my four-five pourin' liquor out on town  
while I reminice about my friends  
Trying to avoid penitentaries and cemetaries, ain't no  
fucking fun  
They got are hands up on the gun, they got a nigga up  
on the run  
Trying to forget the bullshit, gotta pull quick,  
my enemies know me, I know them  
Always left on the field, death is always there, I just  
never know when  
So till you how I live, you can't judge me, on the streets  
you love me  
You can make me famous, till a never change me

Still live dangerous, how is it you blame me  
What

Chorus x2

Verse 2 (Popeye)

I take what you want, suppose every individual thug  
See a nigga walk away, delay the miserable drug  
Nigga we burnin' every bridge in the city, committy  
prisoners  
Suckers who took a pistol in hand, my shit be vicious  
I travel with the narrow shit, you follow within the gun  
play  
Pretty future for none of us, make it before the sun lay  
Cause living off the pistol pull, pull its to murder they  
farm  
Back up within the halls of they Calio, pistol kate warm  
Today storm between the dark earth, inside the gun  
flame  
Presence so close to touching us all before the sun  
came  
Supported smoke rise above us, burning my energy  
Open triggers receiving whatever my father sent to me  
Cause living got the weather flow  
We raise our kids beside the better grow  
You better leave, you better let her know  
Keep a focus, part in your vision, inside the Lord  
Hanging within the trigger my nigga, cause time is  
hard

Chorus x2

Verse 3 (C-Murder)

My life ain't the same, I want change, I maintain  
So much pain got me praying, and constantly saying  
Don't judge me, just trust me, sometimes just hug me  
How come these niggas mug me, why don't these  
niggas love me  
The ghetto raised me so don't blame my people  
Cause ah from day one ya'll know ya'll never treated  
me equal  
It's like my skin tone had ya'll mind gone  
Gave me a bad name like dope, like I was herion  
Ya'll feel me, damn they kill me, left me in the streets  
to die  
Till the day I wonder why, I even open my eyes  
It's like I'm cursed cause I had to snatch a purse to eat  
They wouldn't give me a job so I took it to the streets  
And made a dollar out of nothing, not even fifteen

cents  
Sleeping, pillow to post, wishin' bad luck come to an  
end  
It's wicked how these streets turn they back on you  
dawg  
When they the main motherfuckers that made you fall  
Don't judge me

Chorus x2

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