

Commercial

C-Murder

Say lil' Learnerd Dawg (What's happenin'?)
Nigga you heard of QB? (Yah, why wassup?)
Well, yu know that nigga down with the click now you dig it (Ok
ay)
So ah, I'ma play this new shit here and did it for ya (Do dat d
og)
And ah, I want you to tell me me what you think about it (It's
all good)
Check it out (Fo Sho)

First appearence as a No Limit Soldier for all the critics
Real soldiers down front line and out to get it
We be blastin them motherfuckers give us a chance to kill em
Mo' muthafuckas then people die with cash, an mentally
Gold and platinum artists and Bout It Bout It shouldn't start i
t
No Limit Soldiers is Billboard regardless
Can't stop the Tank cause we rollin with steel
Have the skills to make a mill', straight hundred dollar bills
No doubt we face the street dates break
Triple platinum we chasin' with no hesitation
Real soldiers and we stay TRU
If you niggas wanna check us, that's how we roll through
We TRU Soldiers motherfuckers

Yeah
Woohoo, Nigga boy that shit's tight
It ain't bad, that's it
Shit, Yo P, sign that nigga
Then bring the weed
Gun shot & driving off