

# Concrete Jungle

## C-Murder

Hoody-hoo!  
see-Murder, wassup nigga?  
You know how we doin  
No Limit D-P-G-see  
For the are-2-G  
Yeah, that's right, check this out my nigga  
What? what? hahahaha, hahahaha, hahahahaa  
Oh shit

I sees the nigga on the tank with the bank and the cash  
A house down South, where I plants my stash  
Gold medallions locked up with hash  
And the best weed you never had, haha  
I'm, lookin at mu wody its about that time  
Master P hooked me up so now I got to get mine  
These diamonds on my neck let you know I'm fine  
But man, I'm so anxious like genuine  
Rap lables, turn tables, it's all a fable  
So many niggas'll sell their soul for a gold cable  
I refuse to lose, I want the walkin' G shoes  
Spit at you about these issues, I bless you  
I'm not here to diss you, the issue is relevant  
This cold world'll make you kill a nigga  
Especially one that's 'bout a dollar bill nigga  
Do you got it? do you want it? Do you need it?  
Or will you get it? I get it  
Big Snoop Dogg said it (nigga)  
I'm here to shead it , get down  
Right now (what?)  
TRU motherfuckin records (who?) in in effect with the Dogg Pound (DPG)  
We're open now  
And all you niggas from the ghetto lookin' up at me  
And can't believe I went from nothin' to somethin', believe it G!  
Picture it, see it, touch it  
And watch how a real motherfucker does it

It's like kill or be killed, in this here concrete jungle  
For black folks, sometimes no don't love no one  
But if I die before it's time, let it be known, let it be shown  
I was true to the game full blow  
And you know....

Yeah, real niggas don't give a fuck  
Wassup? keep it crackin', lil Tray Deee  
Bang back lil' homies, don't let them get your chest seen  
Watch your homies they waitin for you to slip  
If I was sellin' in yo' shoes them nigga would have been the trip  
Ghetto see ridin', rollin' till the sun come up  
No second thoughts about my killin'  
I'm the first to duck  
Blue rag damp ni'a in every one of my pockets  
Throwin' up high in the sky  
Known you pissed off

It ain't no fakin of mine  
It's what I place on the line  
Paper chase is a crime

So ain't takin' no time  
It's all out till I fall out, full assault  
I want it all like my dog, fresh socks and growth  
Bitches jockin' how I ball, shit drops the chrome  
Blazin' chronic, sippin' tonic, how we live for the three  
On the street corner, heat, 'cause it's kill or seek he

I'ma steal this boo, when the cops behind me  
It's kill or be killed, but them niggas can't find me  
It's a test everyday, from the South to the West  
Niggas mad, 'cause my nigga Snoop is labelled the best  
Guess what? OG, in the game of rap  
And everytime that i see 'em, I get a nigga dept  
what's up, to my partners Tray Deee and Goldie Loc  
Quick motherfuckin' niggas, always gon' smoke  
In the concrete jungle, man you know where it's at  
It's the place, where you want to leave, don't want to be at  
Believe that, you can check in, but you can't check out  
Like Rae, everybody doin' their own shit to get paid  
You might die, but it all, goes along with the job  
Even ride, do whatever it takes to survive  
You a bitch! If you snitch on your friends  
But you a true motherfucker, you don't fuck with the pigs