

# Survival Of The Fittest

C-Murder

Yo, yo, what's up nigga? You know the streets is a jungle  
You gotta survive out here  
You need a strong mind to do the shit I do  
You ever seen something blown up before  
See that nigga cross the street in that Cutlass  
Check this out

Survival of the fittest, respect my come up  
Survival of the fittest, you better not run up

I remember back in 89 a nigga used to steal  
And now I got a Navi with a mothafucking grill  
One time chase a nigga through the fucking alley  
Mad cause I fucked up my only pair of Bally's  
I used to smoke weed with the ballers after school  
Mothafuckas wanted to hang cause I used to act a fool  
Started slanging rocks because the shit was fun  
I used to bang at niggaz just to see them run  
People started hearing shit started recognizing me  
Big timers fronted me some coke and a ride g  
Dope became a business, no longer a hobby  
I owed a nigga 5 g's so I started robbing  
I knew I had to move before I had to bang him up  
I'm a act a donkey if you don't respect my come up  
Dumb niggaz die and real niggaz live  
The ghetto is so wicked I can't even trust my kids

Started in this game at the age of thirteen  
Getting paid making money serving crack to the fiends  
Hoes couldn't take me, niggaz gave me jealous looks  
To the world I was a man, to the feds I was a crook  
Put my face up in the paper, put my name in they books  
Cause they see a nigga balling off the birds that I cooked  
As the years went by still survival of the fittest  
Now I'm riding in the tank representing to the fullest  
Putting bullets in you bitches jealous niggaz in disguise  
Shooting niggaz til we die, Gambino's on the rise  
My nigga Fiend up by my side, my enemy bound to die  
Got no mercy in my eyes label Gotti one of the realest

I was born a bastard, my pops was a thug  
Four years in the pen for transporting drugs  
I was Known in the hood as a nigga with the weight  
Bithces all up in my business, shipping keys from state to state  
Triple beams in the project, Calliope where I broke 'em down  
Razor blades and baking soda, pure white fuck the brown  
My clientele was growing started investing in some other shit  
Barber shops on every block, even had a weed spot  
Moms and the kids put away up in the house  
A fellas Cameras in the lawn to spook a nigga out  
Pitbulls in the backyard trained to kill  
Call my folks up on the phone before I made a deal  
I'm one step ahead of a nigga doing wrong  
That's why I'm still alive and been on top so fucking long  
I had to spank some busters, to show 'em I mean business  
The ghetto is so wicked its survival of the fittest