

Want Beef

C-Murder

It's C-Murder, ya heard me? (Master P in here)
(Represent that low Mid-East, wodie!) (thugs)
From the unwild to the dead (wassup God?) (Where you at Fat Joe?!)
You want beef boy? (Joe crack) (Oh yeah) (flex)
Huh? Joe, haha hoodie-hoo!

Yo what the fuck is goin' on black?
You ain't never seen no combat
These streets here like ?? and we on that
Yeah we on that
When you see those cats comin' with 100 motherfuckers that'll kill yo
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Better run, and it's the God, Joe Creasy
Liftin's so easy
Fifth got a clip that'll grip your dome, cheezy, for sheezy
Y'all don't wanna see that wodie, I'm from the streets
Where the theme is to keep that mother
You motherfuckers actin' like you really wanna hold beef
Like these bullets I keep can go through your gold teeth
Like we ain't those niggas you really wanna be
Signin' off, truly yours, C-Murder and Joe C

You want beef wardie? (Niggas don't want no beef)
You talkin' to me wardie? (Shoot 'em right through they gold teeth)
You wanna see wardie? (Niggas don't wanna see us)
I'm from the streets wardie

See, I was born into the streets
I'm ahead of the game, it's like a bad habit
Seems like I'm never gon' change
See I'm a hustler, that means
I'm never gon' get it
I even ride, I mean like I get it
See I'm a thug nigga dog, I'm fresh off the block
Hold up player, you caught me, with a mouth full of rock
Ain't shit changed my nigga
Yeah, I'm on MTV, but I'm from the Projects
Where ???
You and me, ain't no sunshine when I'm there, I'm there
I'm from the streets, my niggas in the hood, they be dyin'
Where the key is, won't slow down, lay down
I'll have you restin' in pieces
Now listen up player, if you really want beef

No Limit
Yo that's why...