

# C-Murder, Cluckers

Cluckers x24

[C-Murder]

Throw me a shotgun nigga, lets get high tonight  
Oh god please, dont let a nigga die tonight  
I'm serving cluckers on the set, like 24-7  
If I get killed, I know I'm not going to heaven  
I did too much dirt, committed too many sins  
Just scored two keys with killers, in a room, toastin with him  
It's time to break that shit down, and bag it up  
We make crack like this, now we gotta sell this stuff  
Mom's trippin, wanna know why I got two beepers  
I couldn't tell her one for the hoes, and uh, one for them tweakers  
Now my money comin fast like a motherfucking nut  
And if you catch me doing bad, nigga, you gots to give it up fool  
Break yourself cause, uh, I'm bout robbing  
Check my rapsheet nigga, and ask my homies Steady Mobb'n  
We be some crazy niggas, we're some hard motherfuckers  
It's time to check my crackhouse nigga, it's time to check my cluckers

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[Fiend]

Once again young Fiend is on the block  
Dodging the cops, working out the murder shop  
You heard of the rock, well nigga, I'm slanging it  
The shit won't ever stop cause I aint got no shame in it  
My niggas gangbangin it, lettin thier khaki's sag  
While I'm sellin y'all down to the shaker bags  
Break em back, ten it is, and my condition they see me  
Behind my paper, beatin your hands, steady grinning, from the beginning  
I knew I could sell all construction  
Motherfuck those dealin, nigga i'm tryin to make somethin  
Aint no settlin for nothin, nigga, i'm tryin to meet dollars  
Mister ?????, and ain't he spendin all them powers  
Strawberry swallowa, but stones all in the nut  
Fiend got em hypnotized doin his drug dealer strut  
Pull up, not giving a fuck like T and T Tucker  
If you want some D, come see me motherfucker

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