

# Tank, Unpredictable

[C-Murder:]

Say twins you know how we go do a fucking show  
Get that bitch rowdy how crazy they be acting out there  
Niggas can't control theirself be like uh  
They call me C-Murder and I got TRU tagged on my motherfucking back  
Ever since I started rapping all my real ass niggas come and follow my lead  
Got my balls and my word nigga ask Young Bleed  
We come do a show in your motherfucking city  
They call me the baddest cause No Limit act shitty  
Beats By The Pound make them ignorant ass beats  
When a nigga like me bring the shit to the streets  
Because the ghetto is my home nigga I'm ghetto raised  
I'm unpredictable ask the nigga with the braids  
My motherfucking music be jumping out of record stores  
Nigga where's your proof motherfucker check billboards  
To all my tank dogs that's bout it  
Then throw off your set and get this motherfucker rowdy

[Chorus:]

We be No Limit niggas and we bout it  
We come to a club and get the motherfucker rowdy [x2]

[Kane & Abel:]

6 shots of hennesey I'm feeling right in this bitch  
Hit the dash flow off Mike start a fight in this bitch  
I got the crowd jumping gangstafied shit pumping  
Tell that bitch and that hoe I'm trying to do something  
I cracked the optimal open in the middle of the club  
Don't give a fuck about the popos niggas smoke some bud  
Let's go half on a 40 sack show me some love  
I stucked a pistol in the club for them wannabe thugs  
TRU niggas smoke dank all the way to the bank  
All the hustlers picks the baddest so love to bank  
Kane & Abel kick butt knuckle up don't give a fuck  
We bout it and I'm gon' get this motherfucker rowdy

[Chorus x2]

[Fiend:]

I was dropped from the clouds above given a gat and some slugs  
Killing whatever bugs that ain't a soldier does  
For the love of drugs half of my paper go to bud  
Ebonic you speaking in the club uh nigga what  
Everytime I buzz the tank does when I it  
With the type of skills to knock a baller off his pivot  
I admit it I'm one of the baddest that ever lived  
You ain't seen nothing wait till I'm full of that shit  
Take a pull of that shit  
And you can meet the pieces  
My ironic thesis first heard on a player's leases  
Lyrical adhesives making these niggas meet Jesus  
I guess we just got them to pieces like greases  
To my tweakers it's a piece of dope you was needing  
My vocals got wannabe slugs bleeding  
It's believing get you tore up by my shotty  
Fiendzotie forever bout it staying rowdy

[Chorus x3]

[C-Murder: talking]

Yeah another example of that gangsta shit  
C-Murder in this bitch Kane & Abel the F. I. Fiend  
Shit just another motherfucking day another dollar  
Get it right cause we bout it peace

