

(Reporter) we're sittin here with C-Murder  
(C-Murder) whasup  
(Reporter) how are you doing?  
(C-Murder) alright  
(Reporter) so C tell me, how was your life as a youngster

Ruthless, as a child, a juvenile  
Ran with TRU, slanged in the meanwhile  
Packin, specialize in jackin  
Liquor store, dope dealers, brothas and others  
Open shop, it's all about a come up  
I'm in a crackhouse waitin on the bubble up  
Because I'm a gangsta sellin dope  
Strapped with a gat when I role through the Calliope  
Bad ass, I never listened to my brother  
It went in one ear and out the fuckin other  
Pushin rocks on the block watch the undercover  
Fuck a dick suckin bitch, yo I ain't no lover  
I'm a killa, dope dealer, looking for some dollars  
At 13 I bought a quarter key of powder  
Rollin with my fingas on the trigga  
Brother don't ya know you can't touch this nigga  
A thug, convict, psycho, a criminal  
Do you stay open, ganked for your yayo  
Big and bad, no respect for the taz  
([Reporter] C-Murder did you ever go to jail)  
Hell yea, just servin niggas heroin  
Runnin from the taz, hidin out by the sewers  
I'm a TRU nigga (fuck em) puttin in work  
I wear some baggy ass jabros and a motherfuckin saints shirt  
Slappin all the fiends gettin on my nerves  
They get beat, ganked, broke and served (fuck em)  
So you know who I am ho  
A No Limit Soldier from the motherfuckin Calliope

([Reporter] hmm, I see, So you're very violent)  
Always  
([Reporter] okay, what would be the situation when you so call  
Rob someone)

Waitin, for the witness to leave  
I'm bout to do some shit you wont believe  
Creep like a G to the back of the house  
Look in  
All the lights were out  
Grabbed the door and it was locked G  
But fuck that shit, a nigga got a spare key  
Stuck it in slowly, so he wouldn't wake up  
Infared, ready to blow the place up  
Once inside no time for shakin  
Lookin for the nigga and the dope I be taking  
Get what you gonna get, nigga and ride  
Or get 25 for a mothafuckin homicide  
Move quickly but no stuntin  
Sssshhhh, I hear a motherfucka coming  
Lights came on, So I shot (Bang) (Bang)  
Out the door with the dope that I got

Over the wall, don't fall  
Check my dope cause this was a close call  
Getting robbed by the C is a lesson  
So, is there any more questions

([Reporter] yes, as a matter of fact there is,  
Have you ever been involved in like a murder or homicide)  
You mean a 1-8-7  
(yea)

There da nigga house goes, but don't pernt  
Cut the lights out so I can case the jerk  
Two niggas on the couch smoking and a hoe  
I think Master P was on the muthafuckin radio  
Niggas wanna fight when I was chillin in the 9th ward  
He shoulda known killin niggaz makes my dick hard  
(are you sick)  
Yea, and I'm cunnin  
Told young Silkk to leave the car runnin  
Walked in, said bitch lay it down  
I'm not 8-ball, but them niggaz got clowned  
Hurry up mothafucka (I'll kill ya) don't lag  
I wancha dope, jewelry, and all your fuckin cash  
Foo got brave and went for a sawed off  
So I shot em all, took their mothafuckin heads off  
I'm TRU (No Limit) and I'll serve ya  
Down in New Orleans it's just another murda  
Back in the L-zone, Silkk drive on  
Threw the gun in the river and hauled on  
I'm not like Robin Hood,  
Cause I want more, rob from the rich,  
Sell dope to the poor  
No Limit is bout it you see, nobody better than me  
I give a shout out to my nigga Eazy-E  
(is all that real)  
I don't lie, rest in peace Eazy  
See you on the otherside (ya heard me)