

# Raised In Hell

C-Bo

Verse One: C-Bo

I was born in hell without a pistol  
Now how can I survive with one live without a vest and  
4-5?  
Runnin from the Task Fo' but smashin for my cash  
Bankin corners, hop it then I blast on their ass  
See them piggies want me dead for sure or in the pen  
doin 10, instead of me in my Benz on some twins  
Sippin Hen, smokin indica bomb  
and keep my pedal to the metal til I'm high and gone  
I know you rich niggas hate me, can I keep it real and  
feel this rap shit?  
Didn't make me, got out the pen and flip the '97  
drop Mercedes, I'm the \*?placenta?\* of no love  
Til the lord save me, straight thugs that'll dump slugs  
til they fuckin grave, mass murder motherfuckers to the  
front page  
When we hit, we empty clips til we get paid  
I've been a slave from my cradle to the grave  
Nigga, f\*\*k the world, I was raised in hell

Chorus: C-Bo

That's why we buck shit down and yell "Fuck the world!"  
I'd rather die here in hell then die doin life in jail  
But take the shot with a Mac 12, order hits on the \*?  
pack tailed?\*" >From the block to Wotts, we are thug niggas raised in  
hell  
\*repeat\*

Verse Two: Big Syke

I'm bailin thru the set wit a 40, smokin a cigarette  
Blastin my radio, oldie tunes by The Marvalettes  
Gangbangin vets on parole as I stroll thru  
They rassle Gz like two craps and they strapped too  
Oh how I love these niggas but I hate em with a passion  
But I ride for these motherfuckers, when I don't even  
ask  
Thug fashion from head to toe, I let the world know  
that this is Thug Life, motherfucker, til I leave this  
ho  
So as my knuckles drag the concrete, big homies hit the  
streets  
Transgressions under pressure, preyin on the weak  
I sink like a fish, I wish upon a ghetto star  
If the enemies come thru and ride on me they won't get  
far  
Big homey got out, hold 22's on a hang  
Runnin around, sweatin motherfuckers, talkin bout  
"Let's throw them thangs"  
Bang, I hit him with a bat and heard his skull crack  
Then I got \*?him the wind in the trach?\* til he  
shattered, to get the Mac

Chorus

Verse Three: C-Bo

It ain't no love for bitch niggas  
as I dump slugs and pull the plug on you bitch niggas  
Pick up my phone and have some thugs hit you trick  
niggas  
wit on gloves or low tommy guns on them stitch niggas  
Hit niggas with H-K's, split niggas with AK's when we  
mash for the cash  
Doin a hundred, blastin buck shots off in that ass  
True outlaws ready for war, souls will never die  
The same day we meet death, the same day we ride  
Dumpin slugs with Tek 9's, more bulletproofs my 4-5  
I just let em fly, screamin out "Bitch nigga die"  
We's about be a killer nigga, look outside  
Tell me one reason why I should pray for eternal life  
Born and taught in hell, with a gun store on every  
corner  
Bodyguard, bulletproof doors, it's hard to be a goner  
Strapped with heat, these West Coast streets of  
Killafornia  
From day one, they have straps on em, cos we was raised  
in hell

Chorus