

Cluckers

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 motherf**king nut
And if you catch me doing bad, nigga, you gots to give it up fo
ol
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 motherf**kers
It's time to check my crackhouse nigga, it's time to check my cluckers

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
Motherf**k 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 f**k like T and T Tucker
If you want some D, come see me motherf**ker