

## Like A Jungle

C-Murder

I'm here to let the whole world know I'm hard to control.  
You can't conquer my soul.  
Bossalinie, a living legend.  
With physical evidence of a world full of curroption and greed.

it's like a jungle, sometimes it makes me wonder  
How I keep from going under, I keep from going under x2

Random deaths on the block, young nigga packin glocks  
Picture me a TRU nigga, visualizing fools dying quicker  
Murder murder's in the heart of every killer  
Take a look into his eyes, it's evidence of a homicide  
Life's get token faster then the egg leave the womb  
Consider me in danger cause I know I'm dying soon  
Twenty five years incarceration if I pull it  
Bring the yellow tape, niggas can't overcome my bullet  
Went to jail tryin to get paid, still on my rampage  
Jump behind some bushes, dodging cops, another close shave  
I'm bumpin heads with the reaper on a daily basis  
Can't sleep with nightmares of dead faces  
f\*\*k the man in the mirror, I don't trust him  
Check his weapon, he's ashamed, got his boy blood on a muzzle  
That's why I turn my head and leave him lonely  
He phony, he got the whole hood waitin on his ceremony

I take a deep breath as I blaze this weed mixed with hashes  
And trippin how the Outlawz smoked Tupac ashes  
My nigga Bad Azz laid it down  
He told me "C, real niggas goin always be around"  
Livin in the minds and the hearts of the lost souls  
And much love to the motherf\*\*kin outlaws  
Back stage choppin game with Sean Dogg and Snoop Dogg  
And to my thugs in the grave, we miss yall  
I give a toast to you soldiers, you ain't die for nothin  
I read the Bible, it said every death mean somethin  
And TRU niggas make the world go round  
Pick up the black history book and can't seem to put it down  
Black leaders gettin struck down at they peak  
Open your eyes, that unliberated shit is weak  
And throw em up if you a soldier, I told ya  
We goin burn this bitch down cause these holocaust days is over

It's like a jungle out there baby.  
>From the motherf\*\*kin streets to the motherf\*\*kin top of the world.  
Shit ain't goin change boy.  
You got the eye on you, even open the eyes is worse for your life.  
You need to maintain ya know what I'm sayin so keep it real.  
And to all my thugs in the grave we miss yall.  
I blow a kiss.  
I give a toast to the niggas I miss the most.  
My thug niggas, my real niggas, huh.  
Black leaders, keep doin what your doin.  
Nigga P, keep doin what your doin nigga.  
And you know me.  
I'm a keep being a mouthpiece for the hood.  
For the ghetto nigga.  
Till I'm dead and gone.

Until then, I'm a smoke weed, get high, pour out some liquor.  
Huh, for the real niggas, you know.  
Keep it real cause uhh, I told yall.  
Huh, it's like a jungle out chea nigga.  
And ya know.  
It's like a motherf\*\*kin jungle.  
Nigga, huh, keep it real, pack that steel.  
Peace.