

## Want Beef

### C-Murder

It's C-Murder, ya heard me? (Master P in here)  
(Represent that low Mid-East, wodie!) (thugs)  
From the unwild to the dead (wassup God?) (Where you at Fat Joe?!)  
You want beef boy? (Joe crack) (Oh yeah) (flex)  
Huh? Joe, haha hoodie-hoo!

Yo what the fuck is goin' on black?  
You ain't never seen no combat  
These streets here like ?? and we on that  
Yeah we on that  
When you see those cats comin' with 100 motherfuckers that'll kill yo  
u  
Better run, and it's the God, Joe Creasy  
Liftin's so easy  
Fifth got a clip that'll grip your dome, cheezy, for sheezy  
Y'all don't wanna see that wodie, I'm from the streets  
Where the theme is to keep that mother  
You motherfuckers actin' like you really wanna hold beef  
Like these bullets I keep can go through your gold teeth  
Like we ain't those niggas you really wanna be  
Signin' off, truly yours, C-Murder and Joe C

You want beef wardie? (Niggas don't want no beef)  
You talkin' to me wardie? (Shoot 'em right through they gold teeth)  
You wanna see wardie? (Niggas don't wanna see us)  
I'm from the streets wardie

See, I was born into the streets  
I'm ahead of the game, it's like a bad habit  
Seems like I'm never gon' change  
See I'm a hustler, that means  
I'm never gon' get it  
I even ride, I mean like I get it  
See I'm a thug nigga dog, I'm fresh off the block  
Hold up player, you caught me, with a mouth full of rock  
Ain't shit changed my nigga  
Yeah, I'm on MTV, but I'm from the Projects  
Where ???  
You and me, ain't no sunshine when I'm there, I'm there  
I'm from the streets, my niggas in the hood, they be dyin'  
Where the key is, won't slow down, lay down  
I'll have you restin' in pieces  
Now listen up player, if you really want beef

No Limit  
Yo that's why...