

# They Can't Stop Us

TRU

[master p] (talking)  
What's up niggas?  
I told y'all it's about to be on, nigga  
We drop shit anytime we want to huh  
Fell this nigga  
It's real (explosion)

[verse one]  
Flippin' the the game  
Niggas that got that 'cane  
Murder mr. dopeman still in this rap game  
It's 1997, my niggas gone to heaven  
Rest in peace 2pac from master p, doin' 2-11s  
187 khadafi, murder  
Puttin' niggas in six foot motherfuckin' gurters  
If you fuck with this tru clique  
Nigga you gettin' your wig spilt  
Who run this gangster rap?  
(no limit runnin' this!) it's 'bout to be it  
187 khadafi  
Jumpin' on ghetto dope with these gangster topics  
Still makin scrilla  
Your neighborhood drug dealer  
Ice cream slaingin'  
Tattooed up real nigga  
In the rap game pushin' quarters  
Flippin' the water, from texas to florida  
Choppin' game to the knuckleheads  
And spittin voodoo on the motherfuckin' chichenheads  
Down south hustlin', to the west coast  
Got nigga choppin' game, I mean this rap shit in to dope  
Puttin' them in packages, independent spittin' shit  
Standing on stages with bullet-proof vestes, lookin' for other cliques  
But who gon' be the next nigga to die in this rap game  
Or drop a hit on the wrong man?  
'cause they talkin' shit about other niggas  
Now it's a war zone, in this rap game  
(chorus)  
But they can't stop us tru niggas  
They can't stop us tru niggas  
They can't stop us tru niggas  
They can't stop us tru niggas  
[verse 2]  
'cause if y'all kill one, they'll be a million other niggas in line  
With ghetto dope, bustin' ghetto rhymes y'all  
Running from the one time not mines  
Posted up, hostin' up like soldiers!  
Down south huster, throwin' bolders  
Ready to block like a football player  
Got these 17 rounds for y'all haters  
So jump on this ghetto shit and come get this wicked shit  
And jump up on this rap game and watch a nigga spit  
Killer, murder topics  
Put my goals if y'all think y'all can stop it  
Hardcore bangin', hangin' slaingin'  
Nigga down for whatever that's why we bangin' on wax  
Into traps

Got beats by the pound like niggas slaingin' sacks  
In the 'hood, up to no good  
Got niggas bout it, from baton rouge to st. louis  
To cincinnati  
Got niggas lined up in atlanta like addicts  
Gotta have this gangster shit  
This real shit  
>from this motherfuckin' tru clique  
Ain't givin' up, living raw  
And if we die, fuck it, sell my 'dro  
To the next gangster nigga  
Rest in peace easy-e., but I'm out here makin' scrilla!  
So fuck y'all white laws  
And y'all motherfuckin'.....police cars!!  
Comin' through with gangsters and killers  
Long like the motherfuckin' drug dealer  
'97 to 2000 a.d. little kids wanna be me  
'cause I'm bout it, I'm rowdy  
The government and the press, them motherfuckers want me outtie  
For runnin' my own shit  
Niggas sellin' their company like the slaves sold their souls to 30 cents  
Break bread  
Don't you know 15 percent of what you made?  
You a sucker, a clucker  
So stop rappin hardcore, you hip-hop motherfuckers  
And stay true to the gizzame  
Be about your paper, nigga fuck the fizzame  
Third ward nigga, runnin' the hill  
It ain't no limit to this gangster shit, blunt smokes and keepin' it real  
y'all can't stop us tru niggas  
Y'all can't stop us tru niggas  
Y'all can't stop us tru niggas  
'cause if y'all kill one, they'll be a millon more tru niggas  
[slikk the shocker]  
Bitch it be slikk choppin' and kickin' shit like karate  
Fast like a mazzeroti  
Crime boss like john gotti  
Look into their face, niggas afraid of me  
Look deeper into their eyes, they scared, yeah y'all busters scared of me  
'cause I flow like water  
Run shit like ki-jana carter  
Tell 'em, I'mma be there watch ( ? ? ? ) like the french quarter  
Down for whatever  
Bow down nigga never  
Buck like a beretta  
Wet you up like bad weather  
Got fangs like a cobra  
Now I got range like a rover  
You don't fuck with us whether you fucked up like a hangover  
From the city where busters lie  
From the city where suckers die  
Make way for p and silkk, two of the baddest motherfuckers alive  
Bitch it's your time  
Bitch I want the whole nine  
Bust one line, and make niggas change their whole rhyme  
I'm the shocker  
Yeah, I got them  
It's tru motherfuckers, and y'all can't stop us  
And it's on  
(explosion)