

Tru 2 Da Game

TRU

Haaa uuuuggggghhhh

this is for all the G's ou there

we bout it bout it

and g ettes i ain't forget about y'all uuuuggggghhhh

gold look like this here

today I have a half an ounce

tomorrow I'll have a key

and if you tryin' to get some ice cream

won't you call me or won't you beep me

Looked out the window

it must be the giggidy first of the month

cause everybody in the ghetto is smilin' and dressed up

Little kids havin' fun in my neighborhood

And fiends walkin' up, talkin' bout its all good

See I'm a G, ????? I got that 2 for 3

And y'all a know that I slang, that I-see-E

And everybody in the ghetto use nicknames

Like V-90, Master P, Boz, and Big Man

My little homies posted up

some hang, hang, and some slangin'

Others gang bangin'

I'm tryin' to make it out the hood with this gangsta rap

And stay TRU to the game, and put the town on the map

But haters hate me and niggas try to talk shit

Cause I done made, a dollar out of 15 cents

On the curb, posted up with them bouldas

And servin' fiends, A-1 yola

And still tryin' stay true with my frist meal

Cause in the ghetto, you got money, you might get killed

And stayin' TRU to the game, is a part of life

And if you don't player, you might lose your life

-chorus-

Tru 2 da game, Tru 2 da game

Ain't nothin' changed but my bank account

I'm still the same

[Silkk the Shocker]

Tryin' to have things major, they can't fade me

cash the chips like casino

Today I'm a keep it real, and chill, and get blitzed like Marino

My girl be fussin', she be tussin', constantly buggin'

Askin' me why I be hustlin'

I got money to make, so motherfuck it

I'm a keep it real, if it kills me

y'all gonna feel me before I'm done

Ball till I have it all, I want the whole while

if not, I don't want none

Why I hang with the same ol' niggas

That's what they ask me

I be like, I'm the same ol' nigga

But 'stead, right now, I gets my sacks free

I gots to stay TRU fool, about my motherfuckin' mail

I'll be a rich ass nigga, y'all gonna be visitin' me in the jail

I gots to ball, can't fall, gotta have things major

If you don't believe me, next year round this time

its Silkk up on his pager (then ask me)

-chorus-

[Big Ed]

Bustas can't see me, they blind
I claim TRU, I thought you knew
My foes catch elbows, cause I'm on em like a tattoo
Man I'm layin' low like the eyes of a danked out china man
Stayin' gangstafied
While I'm tryin' to make a million
But politicians run for office
They rather me bust a cap in a rat, cause they both gonna try and stop
this
Gangsta rap is what they call it
But I gots to come with the realness
So all my folks can feel this

-chorus-

[Mr. Serv-On]

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord that my momma will never weep
and let her live in peace and stop spendin' a hundred G's up in her sleep
When will it stop
I guess when they leave me lyin' on the block
With tears on my glock
A pocket full of lemon drops, laughin' at crooked cops
I guess I'm doin' what I gotta do
As long as I stay TRU, until they put me through
I know its a shame, things'll never change
I hope I live long enough to see my daughter spell my name
I'm TRU 2 Da Game

-chorus-

[Master P]

still the same
Master P, the whole TRU click (y'all gonna feel this)

TRU to the gizame (tru to da hood)

money can't change you, it just can make you

(never forget where i came from)

No Limit Records, Down South Hustlers (independent black owned)

and the West Coast Bad Boyz

and I told y'all, I can drop something anytime I want to

y'all done realized by now, the haters done fell off

Cause they ain't TRU 2 da game

I could never forget where I came from

I'm from the ghetto

But I won't ever change

Cause I'm TRU 2 da game, believe that

Keepin' it real, keepin' it real

Never sell out, can never sell out

TRU 2 Da Gizame