T.R.U.E

Inspectah Deck

Ooh, na, na, na, na, no
I will stay true, we will make
We will make it through, I knowYeah, yeah, yeah
It's like every day bullets over broadway
Pumping out the hallway
With small change, this is how we liveIt's pop city, gritty ditty bop
Got the glock with me
Shots if you not with me
This is what we giveBorn by the liquor store
Used to hit the store for Mr. George
Where them playas
And them pimps trick the whoresSaw the dope tracks, I sold crack
Phone taps from Kojak
The old trap, send the fiend through
Before your home's jackedChrome clap, shopping through the gate door
Killas can't escape war
Get rich or die trying to make more
Corner store, cop me a four with the egg and cheeseHancock and evergreen, stop cop from SMDs
Young me, used to wheelie the block
Mountain bike, Nike Dunks, skunk, Phillies and gwap
I watched the older heads shake those dice, same night
Watch them, pull out the gauge, when he aced out twiceI mean, everybody searching for the same thing
Trying to make a name ring and claim king
The lifestyle the game bring
Sick whips, linens and crocks, thick women in flocks
Or just a cellblock and prisoners popPeople change like seasons do
(People change like the weather)
You know I always stay true
(Stay true, say me)It's like every day bullets over Broadway
(Though this life ain't promised to you)
Pumping out the hallway
With small change, this is how we liveIt's pop city, gritty ditty bop
(In the hardest times will make it through)
Got the glock with me
Shots if you not with me
This is what we giveAt 16 I hit the Ave with a brick, smashed with the chicks
Dipped fast on them dicks, zip bag full of nicks
I was bad on the strip, deuce, deuce in the booth
Blue goose with the troops, fruit juice and a looseOn the roof with the city on watch

Got that brown bag of chocolate from up top, fifty a pop
Since the OGs told me how to get me a knot
Since then it's been impossible to get me to stopIn the PJ's, where the fiends stay leanin' for days
And the V's stay gleam, blades gleaming the raise
Where the G's play, they don't need a reason to blaze
And the D's stay scheamin' to take me to the cage'Cause I'm living it, deep in this life and I'm a love it a lot
'Cause anytime grim reaper could strike
Another homicide, it's ironic, son, got it
Same corner where his father died
Hard to hear his momma cry, why(People change like the weather)
My people, this is for the struggle
(You know I always stay true)
It's not for the ballers, it's for the struggle(And though this life ain't promised to you)
You know I got you, it's not guaranteed
(Na, na, na, no, iIn the hardest times will make it through)
We gon' ride though, we gon' live, hold your head

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