

# TRU 2 Da Game

## TRU

This is for all the Gs out there  
We 'bout it, 'bout it  
And G-ettes, I ain't forget about y'all  
Gold look like this here Today I have a half an ounce  
Tomorrow I'll have a ki  
And if you trying 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 smiling and dressed up  
Little kids having fun in my neighborhood  
And fiends walking up, talking 'bout it's all good See I'm a G, [unverified] I got that 2 for 3  
And y'all a know that I slang, that I C 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 slanging, others gang banging  
I'm trying to make it out the hood with this gangsta rap  
And stay Tru 2 da 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 serving fiends, A 1 yola And still trying stay true with my first meal  
'Cause in the ghetto, you got money, you might get killed  
And staying Tru 2 da game is a part of life  
And if you don't, player, you might lose your life Tru 2 da game, Tru 2 da game  
Ain't nothing changed but my bank account  
I'm still the same Trying to have things major, they can't fade me  
Cash the chips like casino  
Today I'ma keep it real and chill  
And get blitzed like Marino My girl be fussing, she be tussing, constantly bugging  
Asking me why I be hustling  
I got money to make, so motherfuck it  
I'ma keep it real, if it kills me Y'all gonna feel me before I'm done  
Ball 'til 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 motherfucking mail  
I'll be a rich ass nigga, y'all gonna be visiting 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  
It's Silkk up on his pager  
(Then ask me)Tru 2 da game, Tru 2 da game  
Ain't nothing changed but my bank account  
I'm still the sameBustas 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 laying low like the eyes of a danked out China man  
Staying gangstafied while I'm trying to make a millionBut 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 thisTru 2 da game, Tru 2 da game  
Ain't nothing changed but my bank account  
I'm still the sameNow I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord that my momma will never weep  
And let her live in peace and stop spending  
A hundred Gs up in her sleepWhen will it stop  
I guess when they leave me lying on the block  
With tears on my glock  
A pocket full of lemon drops, laughing at crooked copsI guess I'm doing what I gotta do  
As long as I stay Tru, until they put me through  
I know it's a shame, things'll never change  
I hope I live long enough to see my daughter spell my name  
I'm Tru 2 da GameTru 2 da game, Tru 2 da game  
Ain't nothing changed but my bank account  
I'm still the sameStill 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 toY'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  
Keeping it real, keeping it real  
Never sell out, can never sell out  
Tru 2 da gizame

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