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 hereToday 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 goodSee 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 ManMy 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 mapBut 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 yolaAnd 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 lifeTru 2 da game, Tru 2 da game
Ain't nothing changed but my bank account
I'm still the sameTrying 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 MarinoMy 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 meY'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' niggaBut '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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