

**Santana F/ Everlast****"Trued Up"**

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[Jayo Felony]

And if he goes come at me foul  
I'll bust him in they bowels  
For this rag fo mag bitch get shit bag  
Watch me hit this fag for this sag  
With this, til I die  
Cripple cry  
Mr. Nice Guy's dead  
It's end hood  
To the heart and it's 4 7's to the head  
They could be strapped  
I got strapped  
You see its only one thing  
I got this strap and they ain't goin for none of that  
Comprehend like you the one who just end your career  
here  
When the bullet hits your collar bone  
You know it's like fuck a career  
I drink a beer over your soul  
Motherfucker rich roll  
Catch you and your man slippin cuz and fuck up your  
stroll cuz  
And its just how these hoodstas rolls  
Talkin about is he a blood or is he a crip  
Nigga I'll sock that faggot in his big ass lips

[Hook]

Put a straight jacket on me, cause I'm throwing a  
tantrum  
And all the crips across the world, y'all gon' sing this  
anthem

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

We stay, trued up, blued up  
True phat laces, true blue chucks  
We cripin till we die cuz and will shoot you up  
Cop a 38 for the G-homie that used to shoot up

[Jayo Felony]

I'm like  
N to the H to the deep blue sea

Anyone of y'all who comes against me be D-E-A-D  
And the only Jay I know is Bullet Loco  
Nigga, J-A-Y-O for sure F-E-L-O  
N-Y-C me then die he be  
Sitting up biting niggas hits  
Then acting like he da shit  
But see all y'all marks and bustas gonna give me my  
respect  
When you see this big ass C hanging and dangling  
from my neck  
You're like the lion from The Wizard of Oz, he ain't hard  
It's West coast in line if you think we ain't hard  
Where you think the khakis the jumps  
saggin the blue and red rags come from  
We made it up ya dum-dum  
Y'all niggas avoiding me now like a flat ass Sprite  
Ya bitch loves this crip dick I'm serving that ass right

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Jayo Felony]

I been trained to escape death, like double-oh-seven  
You can coke ya dope lope nope it's four seven  
And its some thirsty ass sharks out here  
But you know well, they schooled ya  
Like don't go too far from your hotel there  
They like don't go past that Fat Burger  
On Lafiyanian, them niggas a jack you  
You bitch too, body guard and manager  
You wake up in a cold sweat  
And never leave the house  
Everything you eat got a funny taste  
Like that barrel in your mouth  
Cuz get them riches  
And hit them bitches  
Got riders in ya videos and can't hit them switches  
So take ya funny ass raps ya girl and ya boyfriend  
And get the fuck up outta town  
Cuz them niggas are poison  
And they know not to fuck with the bullet loco  
I'm from the East Side  
Rollin 4-0

[Hook]

[Chorus]

BITCH {\*echoing\*}

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