

Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ C-Murder, Eddie Griffin "TRU?'s"

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(Reporter) we're sittin here with C-Murder
(C-Murder) whasup
(Reporter) how are you doing?
(C-Murder) alright
(Reporter) so C tell me, how was your life as a
youngster

ruthless, as a child, a juvenile
ran with TRU, slanged in the meanwhile
packin, specialize in jackin
liquor store, dope dealers, brothas and others
open shop, it's all about a come up
I'm in a crackhouse waitin on the bubble up
because I'm a gangsta sellin dope
strapped with a gat when I role through the Calliope
bad ass, I never listened to my brother
it went in one ear and out the fuckin other
pushin rocks on the block watch the undercover
fuck a dick suckin bitch, yo I ain't no lover
I'm a killa, dope dealer, looking for some dollars
at 13 I bought a quarter key of powder
rollin with my fingas on the trigga
brother don't ya know you can't touch this nigga
a thug, convict, psycho, a criminal
do you stay open, ganked for your yayo
big and bad, no respect for the taz
([Reporter] C-Murder did you ever go to jail)
hell yea, just servin niggas heroin
runnin from the taz, hidin out by the sewers
I'm a TRU nigga (fuck em) puttin in work
I wear some baggy ass jabros and a motherfuckin
saints shirt
slappin all the fiends gettin on my nerves
they get beat, ganked, broke and served (fuck em)
so you know who I am ho
a No Limit Soldier from the motherfuckin Calliope

([Reporter] hmm, I see, So you're very violent)
always
([Reporter] okay, what would be the situation when you
so call

rob someone)

waitin, for the witness to leave
I'm bout to do some shit you wont believe
creep like a G to the back of the house
look in
all the lights were out
grabbed the door and it was locked G
but fuck that shit, a nigga got a spare key
stuck it in slowly, so he wouldnt wake up
infared, ready to blow the place up
once inside no time for shakin
lookin for the nigga and the dope I be taking
get what you gonna get, nigga and ride
or get 25 for a mothafuckin homicide
move quickly but no stuntin
ssssshhhh, I hear a motherfucka coming
lights came on, So I shot (Bang)(Bang)
out the door with the dope that I got
over the wall, don't fall
check my dope cause this was a close call
getting robbed by the C is a lesson
so, is there any more questions

([Reporter] yes, as a matter of fact there is,
have you ever been involved in like a murder or
homicide)
you mean a 1-8-7
(yea)

there da nigga house goes, but don't pernt
cut the lights out so I can case the jerk
two niggas on the couch smoking and a hoe
I think Master P was on the muthafuckin radio
niggas wanna fight when I was chillin in the 9th ward
he shoulda known killin niggaz makes my dick hard
(are you sick)
yea, and I'm cunnin
told young Silkk to leave the car runnin
walked in, said bitch lay it down
I'm not 8-ball, but them niggaz got clowned
hurry up mothafucka (I'll kill ya) don't lag
I wancha dope, jewelry, and all your fuckin cash
foo got brave and went for a sawed off
so I shot em all, took their mothafuckin heads off
I'm TRU (No Limit) and I'll serve ya
down in New Orleans it's just another murda
back in the L-zone, Silkk drive on
threw the gun in the river and hauled on
I'm not like Robin Hood,
cause I want more, rob from the rich,

sell dope to the poor
No Limit is bout it you see, nobody better than me
I give a shout out to my nigga Eazy-E
(is all that real)
I don't lie, rest in peace Eazy
see you on the otherside (ya heard me)

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