

## Stina

### "Tru 2 This"

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You betta keep your vest on your chest when I flex  
Cause niggas be coming foul trying to put me to the  
test  
I know what's next, you wanna see if I'm a G to get my  
buck on  
Pistol grip to your dome while I gets my gauge on  
Looking at me like you looking at a J cat  
But stupid tricks ain't shit but hoodrats  
Laying up in the cuts for a kick back  
Looking for a nigga with some scrilla from the Fatt Sakk  
So now we on 3rd hella perved  
Swervin to the motherfucking curb off that herb  
And niggas be looking but I don't be trippin up off that  
punk shit  
Houses I be browsin, poppin bitch after bitch  
Flip the script as I blaze up a spliff with my nigga Richie  
Rich  
We hitting the town letting niggas know I shoots the gift  
You see me, I be from the Sucka Free  
And ain't a out of town G that can chuck with the  
Three hundred pound nigga from the mack bay  
I'm hitting switches, I'm blazing spliffs, I'm taking your  
bitches away  
To the top with my glock, your nigga can't be stopped  
So peep game while you waiting for my album to drop

[Chorus]

I'm so sick when it comes to this  
1-8 to the 7 mic murdering shit  
I'm so sick with this  
Big Mack that nigga that's gonna rip the fucking stacks  
I'm so sick when it comes to this  
1-8 to the 7 mic murdering shit  
I buck em buck em down with my gauge, I'm getting  
paid  
Big Mack, Fatt Sakk nigga peep the flav

Rule motherfucking one, time to have some fun  
I blaze another J, smashin up the motherfucking way  
foo'  
I'm so sick with this, I'm so true to this

I grab the mic and pop the clip and release this  
gangsta shit  
Yeah, I'm down with the Killahoe  
Steel toed boots with my troops knocking down your  
door  
Huh, so peep out this manuscript HP sucka free never  
trusting a bitch  
About my grip, yeah, I gots to keep my scrilla on  
My motherfucking money makes me put my chrome to  
your dome  
So now it's on and we up in my nigga's Benz  
J.C., Fly Nate, and my nigga Rich  
Droppin bombs on this fuck for your trunk  
So nigga blaze up the skunk and watch me tear shit up  
I'm like that nigga that don't give a fuck  
That nigga that'll snap your neck quick  
Don't trip, cause I'm mackin your bitch and stackin my  
grip  
Don't trip, cause I'm spitting shit and making hits  
Tearing up the strip with this Big Mack shit  
Yeah, just like the sound when my glock goes pop  
Peep game while you waiting for my album to drop

[Chorus]

I buck and dodge, I creep but I never crawl  
I start the funk cause I'm known as this town's dog  
Now it's the B-I-G, the M the A to the C  
You can never fuck around with this big Cuban beat,  
and uh  
Sucka mothafuckas betta pucker up  
These bitches on my team cause your nigga's checking  
green  
Uh, perpetrator, punk player hater  
You better grab your Tec before I regulate like Darth  
Vader  
For the playas, not the playa haters  
Ain't none of you got no game like me  
Ain't none of you got no flava, save a muthafuckin hoe  
And this is how we operate when we in the 'Sco  
Rippin off of indo, car full of blunt smoke  
Reaching for the window cause a nigga's about to  
choke  
But I take another hit before I get to pass  
Ain't trippin bout the paper but a nigga put in half

[Chorus] - 2X

