

Celly Cel F/ B-Legit, E-40, Kerry, Mack 10, Rappin "4ever TRU"

Visit "[4ever TRU](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mia X]

1, 2, T-R-U, and Mia X, the biggest mamma.
Click tight, for life, family ties.
That's right. It's bigger than this record shit, nigga.
All for one and one for all, that's how we ball.

TRU, forever, that's my family
We be's on top the cheddar pile
Wet you up like the Nile
Enemies bleed in wartime, illicit rhymes
Illustrated crimes, pucker up, kiss my 9
Mia's kid sister, buckin misters and misses for figures
Trick ya, we set ya up and then we get ya
It's the biggest mamma showin love to my sons and
brothers
And we gon blow the roof right off this muthafucka
For the niggaz ridin with this TRU click, it ain't No Limit
To my loyalty and strong arm authority
Admit it, I'm finna show day to day soap opera
Downtown hoes unload when the ??? choppers knock
ya
Head off in a split, put ya lips
Around this plastic dick, a Kodak moment
For this click, I don't mind dyin, takin a stand
In line, while bustin my 9
I'm tryin to show you through my verbal demonstration
We ain't bout fakin
We bringin home the cheese, greens, and the bacon
Takin no shorts and nothing that'll do
I'm representin, boo, mamma's 4ever TRU

Chorus (4X) I be's a TRU nigga till I'm dead (we bout it,
bout it)
TRU soldiers ready to die (and rowdy, rowdy)

[Master P]

Put one in the chamber or that plastic glock
I'm on the grind, that 3rd Ward, Calliope, pushin rocks
Gon off dolja, a No Limit soldier
Got love for killas and dealas and I told ya
But my homegirl is hella hard

Nigga, Master P, Silkk, Mia X, livin large
Gangbangin on this dope set
Smoke any nigga, bitch a click, like a cigarette
Now that's one to grow on
If you still bout it, bout it, muthafucka, bring yo bitch
ass on
Cause we be bout killin, bout murder
Puttin muthafuckas in six feet girdles
Hustlin hard to pay the rent
Mamma cryin cause I know this don't make no fuckin
sense
But I gotta clock cheese, to get my Gs
To stake my keys, to make OZs
Work in the project
An expedition in the house, note them pesos, we slang
crack
TRU niggaz stick together cause we ballin
One for all, if we fallin

Chorus (4X)

[C-Murder]

I'm tatoored up (No Limit) and TRU to the game
Steady mobb'n, you muthafuckas know my name
Down for whatever at the drop of a dime
With my TRU niggaz cautious on my rhyme, pick up my
9
Like that, but we be comin like this
Don't fuck with this click or ya might get lynched
Have your mama at the funeral, tissues, weepin
Due to the fact you got caught up in a street sweepin
No hesitation, you layin a stank
C-Murder will kill for any TRU soldier wearin a tank
We stick together like crazy glue
Ya'll read about the hatas tryin to infiltrate my fuckin
crew
Bow down, and give No Lomit it's props
Gangsta rap pays the bills, sellin tapes, stopped sellin
rocks
Breakin bread with muthafuckin ballas
P, C, Silkk, and Mia X, TRU shot callers
They asked me would take a bullet for ya homie
Ready to die for any stomach with a TRU tatoo on it
Get more support than a city after a hurricane
Radios and videos, now everybody know my name
We be ballin like the Dream Team in my crew
No Limit for life, and always 4ever TRU

Chorus (3X)

[Silkk]

4ever muthafuckin TRU, thought ya knew
Nigga, it's a must, it's a trust
If ya tell me what aim, I'm a bust
See one by one, niggaz doin shows month by month
We ain't nothin nice
TRU niggaz roll tight like fuckin blunts
Fuck them bustas that lookin for us
Nigga, we ain't hard to find
Fuck em, hidin, I'm probably makin a 500 SEL
With my convertible top down
And my cellular phone just ridin
Mia told me, represent
Watch out for niggas who muthafuckin phonies
Would you take a bullet for the president?
Nah, but I'd take a bullet for my TRU homie
I thought you knew, homie
Ya'll rappers tryin to be drug dealas and killas
We killas and drugs dealas turned rappers
Everything I know
Been got in for murder to muthafuckin kidnappin
Ya'll mad cause we hustle, ya'll ain't
Ya'll mad cause ya'll can't stack bank
I'm actin bad for the tank
Ya'll do what ya'll could, I'll do what ya'll can't
Nigga get game, I smoke that ass just like dank
For everytime I'm puttin in work, add stripes to my rank
Nigga, we TRU fuckin soldiers, willin, I betcha
Nigga, if ya ball, I'm there for ya, if ya fall
I'm gon catch ya
Cause I'm gon put it down for all my hustlas
Who be nationwide ballin
TRU niggaz ain't fallin, we callin
From California to New Orleans
Turn my back on my soldiers is somethin I'll never do
Silkk the Shocker, take my tatoo, I'm 4ever TRU

Chorus and fade

(I thought you knew, Mia X, C-Murder, Master P, Silkk
the Shocker
4ever TRU, 4ever TRU, TRU, TRU, TRU...)

Visit [Celly Cel F/ B-Legit, E-40, Kerry, Mack 10, Rappin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.