

C-Murder

"The Truest Shit"

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Chorus

This be the truest shit I ever said
A nigga might wind up dead
with money comes bad times
these days you got to have a strong mind

I grew up as a motherfucken thug
An outkast couldn't do shit but slang drugs
In and out of jail ain't no place to be
i'm not short dog but I just want to be free
made a lot of money do dirt pulling capers
don't give a fuck who I hurt
You wonder why a nigga can't sleep man
because I got the blood of my dead brother on my
hand

A true nigga can't rest g
till these bitch ass get the fuck from around me
you sweat the tank but your not a real soldier
would you die for this shit "no" P I told ya
your true to the game but your ain't true to me
nigga be yourself you can't be me or P
my veins pump no limit blood from day one nigga

ask Big Ed he put it on his only son

chorus 2x

I got a few niggas want me dead
anticipating my death for the shit I said
huh true soldiers true niggas
motherfucking blood true love thugg figues
bitch niggas be plotting on me
behind close doors niggas hola when you see me
P said if you going to get'em
get'em shoot first and make sure you hit em
I can't lose another tank dog
one more dead and watch no limit go off
y'all ain't ready for war
I leave niggas tripping off the shit that they saw
I known for taking niggas out in street murder one
muthafucker check my rap sheet
I thank P for taking me out the game

put the mike in my hand and gave me my name

Chorus 2x

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