

Jayo Felony

"Trued Up Remix"

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It's how it goes down
Hoodsta style
The Remix
West coast killin like that! (one shot kill)
Y'all know what's crackin
The whole Roch-a-fella shut down!

Enemy's goals come at me foul
I bust 'em in they bowels
For this rag for mag, bitch get shit bag
Watch me hit this fag with this sack with this
'Till I die creep or cry mista nice guy's dead
Is in hood to the heart and his four seven to the head
Think you can scrap? I got scrap
But see it's only one thing, I got this strap
And they ain't goin for none of that

Comprehend like you don't just wanna end your career
here
When the bullet hits your collarbone you know it's like
fuck a career
I drink a beer to ya soul, muthafucka rich roll
Hit you and ya man, you slipping fuck up his stroll
'Cause, and that's just how these hoodstas roll
Talking 'bout is he a blood or is he creep?
Nigga I sock that faggot in his big ass lip
Put a straight jacket on me, 'cause I'm throwing a
tantrum
And all the creeps across the world y'all gone sing this
anthem

We stay trued up! Blued up!
True fat laces, true blue chucks
We Creeping 'till we die 'cause, and I'll shoot you up
Cock the thirty eight from the G homie used to shoot up

We stay flamed up! Banged up!
Bright red laces, flamed up chucks
It's Piru 'till we die blood, and I'll shoot you up
Cock the thirty eight from the G homie used to shoot up

Dulo, get names spit flames
Thought 'cause Pac laid off ya shit change?
Shit ranged, hell now they bit game
Every time ya hit, bitch slang
Bit names, bustin' other niggas shit can

You crossed the line blood, now the streets coming to
get ya
It's over HOVA prepare for your last thrill nigga
Was never a real nigga and know you ain't tryin' to be
Dulo the throne of dynasty
Thinking your reigning? It's time to see
We'll find you at Marcy unless you wit a film crew

With that scary ass Memphis Bleek nigga him too
I ain't impressed that you done wrote your fuckin flunky
some raps
But if Beanie is really a baboon then you funky for that
But it ain't no dynasty dummy, just ya flunky and a
monkey
And a broad that look like a fuckin recovering heron
junky
Put a straight jacket on me dog, I'm throwing a tantrum
And all my Bloods across the world y'all gon sing this
anthem

We stay flamed up! Banged up!
Bright red laces, flamed up chucks
It's Piru 'till we die blood, and I'll shoot you up
Cock the thirty eight from the G homie used to shoot up

We stay trued up! Blued up!
True fat laces, true blue chucks
We Creeping 'till we die 'cause, and I'll shoot you up
Cock the thirty eight from the G homie used to shoot up

Back in the day if I was 'caine 'cause I would have been
trippin'
Like ain't no half creepin'
When it comes to this C shit, they gon' learn out here
I'll have all sharp, C walkin' with his perm out here
Niggas bangin' the NY now, 'cause I don't knock it
This fool said he was a blood but had his rag in the
wrong pocket
Creeps where it on the left and Pirus where it on the
right
I'ma show you muthafuckas how to gang bang right
Ride back in the same night, how to slang 'caine right
How to keep them guns hot, and aim them thangs right

While ya DJ gettin' sloped at the break beach spot

I'm smoking purple till my lungs light great street watts
C walk on yo roof, it's over before you hit the vocal
booth
Watch out, I threw up the hood and broke ya tooth
Put a straight jacket on me, 'cause I'm throwin' a
tantrum
And all the creeps around the world y'all gone sing this
anthem

We stay trued up! Blued up!
True fat laces, true blue chucks
We Creeping 'till we die 'cause, and I'll shoot you up
Cock the thirty eight from the G homie used to shoot up

We stay trued up! Blued up!
True fat laces, true blue chucks
We Creeping 'till we die 'cause, and I'll shoot you up
Cock the thirty eight from the G homie used to shoot up
Bitch! And you just lost!

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