

M.I.C

"Picture"

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Intro

Motherfuckers, you see a TRU nigga walk on the streets
you step on the side and respect that man
TRU niggas never die we recreate to survive

Picture me a TRU nigga
(real niggas don't die.Cause TRU niggas gon ride.)
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Magic:

I been livin my whole life just awaitin this opportunity.
To clock G's and makin you motherfuckers see.
Criminal minded IÂ'm leavin you bitches blinded.
You motherfuckers should kneel when my thoughts
start unwinding.
I joined a force to be reckoned with, and we all TRU.
We got political leaders jockin our fuckin crew.
Millionaire mothafuckas but still we thug niggas.
Catch me flossin in Hilfigers with my TRU niggas.
Coatin bitches only fantasized in your biggest dreams.
Make em scream like Master P(ungh!)scream for Ice
Cream.
Got a nigga like Mr. Magic makin six figures.
It feels good to be a TRU nigga.

Chorus

C-Murder:

Motherfuckers know I mean business, when I walk in the
streets.
I keep a picture of my kid, in case a nigga get me.
Affiliated with this army, and TRU be my click.
Tattoes, all up on me, cause I'll die for this shit.
My definition of a TRU nigga. I represent it.
Is a soldier ready to ride for No Limit, and win it.
And if I lose another tank dogg, he's always in my

memory.

I put you in a song and you become a part of history.

To all my real niggas: don't let the ghetto take you under.

If you travel the streets, make moves, in large numbers.

A couple guns, some extra clips, don't make you bigger.

You need some niggas watchin yo back, you need some TRU niggas.

Chorus

Magic:

You have the right to be paranoid

You standing in front of the Southern's finest.

Bein broke and livin slow is some bullshit behind us.

Million dollar dreams of gettin rich.

Smokin my weed and drinking henneseey down by the pitcher.

Ain't no slippin because my click is fuckin airtight.

So playa hater get yo shit right.

I annihilate you niggas I think is gonna bother me.

No greater love then bringin myself on my enemies.

So lord forgive me for thinking materialistic.

But society's full of bullshit.

I done sold my soul, so you can label me a paid nigga.

It feels good to be a TRU nigga.

Chorus

outro

(Laughing.) Picture me with TRU records

A made nigga. Immortal. Us niggas never die. We

multiply

(Laughing). I'ma make all you niggas remember me

Y'all niggas feel me

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