

Mia X "4ever Tru"

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featuring TRU (Master P C Murder Silkk)

[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

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