

## Mia X

### "Shake What Ya Mama Gave Ya"

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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 tatoed 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 fickin  
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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