

# Just TruthZ "Neva Die"

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Interlude;

Hahahaaa!

U shootin' at me?

U wan' my family to lose me?

Why the fuck you so cruel,crooked ass bitches?

I ain't gonna die for real lil' trick ass snitches!

U shot my mother and my father!

U also shot my brothers

Lil' trick ass motherfuckers!

Verse One;

These motherfuckin' fake gangstaz tryna shoot me  
down,

They never knew I won't die in my home town,

So,I shot back at 'em and cops hunted for me forever,

It's unfair and cops are so crooked Benolova.

That's why I'm thuggin' for life till my death day  
arrives,

Gushin' down the streets of Mkhobosa like COPE Allies.

My pistol's ready who thwarts my progress?

I'm thug-lovin' and praisin' the Lord in the process!

You player haters spill envy allover your crooked  
hearts,

I'm aggressive as you plan to slay me en it hurts.

My hoodlum watched you spellbound prayin' to our  
thuggin' gods,

As you tryna get rid of us butchu fail lil' retards.

You befriend with the police and steal our props,

Then bribe the Defence Force as lame ass cops.

We know all your behind-the-public dealings,

You fuckin' crooks payin' thievin' cops for your killings!

Chorus x2;

Always got shot,

It comes as real shock,

Neva die strikin fire like this bitches,

Neva been hopeless,

Neva lose focus

Always live spittin drama like this snitches!

Just TruthZ Talks;

Who the fuck you think you gonna murder lil' bomb ass

zombies?

You ain't gonna slay me in the midst of my homies!  
Scream NEVA DIE motherfuckaaaaaa!

Verse Two;

Plus you payin' Abomahosha I earn sex as your Razo,  
Real Gz bustin at 'em and you spinnin' like a Tazo.  
Who the fuck you think you gonna murder, lil' trick ass?  
I'm God-protected and death-proof I can't die fake ass!  
Some tryna direct me on how to run my own LIFE?  
Rat ass seekin' popularity as a fucking DWARF!  
Go get yourself the thug triple C that I possess,  
Gettin' it wasn't a walk in the park durin' recess.  
It was all the boredom and I couldn't escape it,  
But my efforts paid off and I bet it's my ticket.  
S.I.A slay these young Onnossel and neva regret it,  
We torture what kills and whose cruelty we won't  
forget!  
They're killin' us and cops wanna sieze me!  
It's all bribes and black trash tryna squeeze me!  
Now I'ma stuck my chopper right through trash's face,  
And relocate to ensure that there's no fuckin' trace!

Chorus x2;

Verse Three;

Now uâ€™™ Il never get rid of me from the core of rap,  
En lâ€™™ m spitting fire of anger on the spitter of crap.  
lâ€™™ m not a nigga but mama gave birth to a hoodlum,  
My heartâ€™™ s raw and my brainâ€™™ s baked from a  
crime plum.  
Itâ€™™ s time nigga u dropped ur crooked ass  
lameness,  
lâ€™™ m a TWO-SIX so getcho ass outa my demonic  
business.  
They slay my hoodlum en nou lâ€™™ m flying solo like a  
single eagle.  
But I aint stressed cus lâ€™™ m busting on my foes with  
my chopping sickle.  
Damn itâ€™™ s me father Lord Shembe lâ€™™ m the  
ruthless sinner,  
My headâ€™™ s full tricks and blazes evil in a crazy  
manner.  
Come to my aid to end all the devillishment in TruthZ  
bomb,  
And maybe these young ass punks might stop playing  
dumb.  
They pelt an iron with stones in their silly juvenile tricks,  
What the fuck do u know about Deep Level TWO SIX  
tracks?  
Nothin nigga so u gotta dance to my ringin' bells,

Or else my hoodlumz gotta cut ur slim balls!

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