

Inspectah Deck f/ Meshel

"T.R.U.E"

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[Intro: Meshel] Oooh, nananana, no I will stay true, we will make, we will make it through, I know [Hook: Inspectah Deck] It's like every day bullets over Broadway, pumping out the hallway With small change, this is how we live It's pop city, gritty ditty bop, got the glock with me Shots if you not with me, this is what we give [Inspectah Deck] Born by the liquor store, used to hit the store for Mr. George Where them playas and them pimps trick the whores Saw the dope tracks, I sold crack, phone taps from Kojak The old trap, send the fiend through before your home's jacked Chrome clap, shopping through the gate door, killas can't escape war Get rich or die trying to make more Corner store, cop me a four, with the egg and cheese Hancock and evergreen, stop cop from SMDs Young me, used to wheelie the block Mountain bike, Nike Dunks, skunk, Phillies and gwap I watched the older heads shake those dice, same night Watch them, pull out the gauge, when he aced out twice I mean, everybody searching for the same thing, trying to make a name ring And claim king, the lifestyle the game bring Sick whips, linens and crocks, thick women in flocks Or just a cellblock and prisoners pop [Chorus: Meshel (Inspectah Deck)] People change like seasons do (people change like the weather) You know I always stay true (stay true, say me) Though this life ain't promised to you In the hardest times will make it through [Hook] [Inspectah Deck] At 16 I hit the Ave with a brick, smashed with the chicks Dipped fast on them dicks, zip bag full of nicks I was bad on the strip, deuce deuce in the booth Blue goose with the troops, fruit juice and a loose On the roof with the city on watch, got that brown bag of chocolate From up top, fifty a pop Since the OGs told me how to get me a knot Since then it's been impossible to get me to stop In the PJ's, where the fiends stay leanin' for days And the V's stay gleam, blades gleaming the raise Where the G's play, they don't need a reason to blaze And the D's stay scheamin' to take me to the cage Cuz I'm living it, deep in this life, and I'mma love it alot Cuz anytime grim reaper could strike Another homicide, it's ironic, son

got it Same corner where his father died, hard to hear
his mamma cry, why [Chorus] [Outro: Inspectah Deck]
My people, this is for the struggle It's not for the
ballers, it's for the struggle You know I got you, it's not
guaranteed We gon' ride though, we gon' live, hold
your head

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