

## Tru "1Nce Upon A Time"

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[Silkk The Shocker]

Once upon a time in a crack house (a crack house)  
A nigga was chopping up a key (a key)  
It was drought season (season)  
And everybody was fiending (fiending)  
So they had to come and buy their dope from me

It all started back in the crack house  
When I was counting up some dope and some mail  
Now beaucoup pagers for sale  
But I ain't have no more fucking yail  
I had to get me some more  
But all the dope is stupid move kinda slow  
Black Adam we gonna go bust down in Texas  
You know that's where I get my dope at  
Taz was sweating kinda harder  
So I took that plane ride to Georgia  
But just remember that I was sitting on that thang  
And that half that I got down in Florida  
I had a bird but I chopped it up and I put it down to  
rocks (rocks)  
That's when I make my come up, I hit my fucking block  
Fiends was constant fucking sweating, now get out da  
door  
I chop dimes to nickels, fuckers wanna see me chop  
some more  
10's grow to 20's, 20's grow to 50's  
We need some yale, holla at your nigga  
Or just come and get me

[C-Loc]

Dear God can you hear me  
My love for money's gonna kill me  
Ya got me selling crack to the children  
And it's a shame cuz I love how I'm living

Peekin out the window, tryin to cope with a run of that  
indo  
Parinoid as the fuck while I'm breaking down this kilo  
Like some money to be made, ain't had dope in four  
days  
As the fiends knock I keep off the block till Mr. gets

paid  
Selling phat packs, when I first react it's like dat  
Pay man in flat  
Throwing this block of dope trying to make my money  
back  
Front you something bitch, front me some dollars  
But if you ain't got no G's, shit nigga I can't hollar  
Cause way down in the Bayou swamps  
When niggas quick to get with some funk  
This hard as the fucker come up  
So the last thang I need is a begging motherfucker  
Stay strapped up, whenever if you will get tapped up  
The dope gang, fuck  
I live for it, nigga quick to kill for it  
Made 10 G's today, bout to get up and outie  
(Loc, why don't you let your bro hold ten dollars)  
Shit I ain't got it

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