

## Tru "Dangerous In My City"

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Master P singing:

Tru niggas love weed and hoes

Silkk talking:

Yeah nigga  
Shit's real in the streets.  
Shit's real in the city.  
Everybody out there.  
Ya'll know it's real. (Whomp!)  
Tell em how we live in the city.

Verse 1 (Fiend) :

Fuck excusing and asking, you better take a look at my  
past tense  
I aint had shit, it's a New Orleans ax accent  
Laugh when you heard the slowest slurs in my word  
Didn't think that the southerens could make you dance  
to the curb  
Nerve, my word sent in my earb,  
Getting excited to make your money what it's worth  
Nigga act like you aint heard, Sleepy Eye is the tone  
Get It On Jones, about to bring it own home  
Ship me then I'm gone, workin best for the loan  
Started with a song, longer money and roam  
Fuck anything wrong, you certified gone  
I got one lil' homie that'll take it to your nose

Chorus: ( Fiend)

It's dangerous in our city  
Nobody can tame us in our city  
You aint heard? We got gangstas in our city  
Bangers in our city, and niggas ready to war if you try  
to rip me

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Verse 2: (Silkk)

I hop out the blue jeep with the two seats  
The drama don't stop that's why I cock at least two heat  
All with the slang, all my niggas deep in the game  
We keep the heat when we hang, you know the streets  
that I claim  
Nigga I'm just so bad, I rob a bank with no mask  
Amung killers and dealers all my niggas about that toe  
tag  
The life style I live nigga is so fast,  
If the rap ever stop I never go broke nigga I got dope  
fast  
Or forward, never go backwards don't never drink  
Have money on machine, and make sure that the dope  
addict  
From the smallest to the biggest, till check that nigga  
Thugged out, ghetto star, livin' legend my nigga  
Find me in the projects in the center of the mix  
Nigga what dirty south represent it in the middle of the  
bricks  
Nigga fuck see I love hip hop,  
A nigga like, fuck that cause my family gotta eat  
Shit it's like fuck rap

Silkk talking:

Shit you know it's real out here  
Niggas need to guard they grill out  
Survival of the fittest my nigga  
So hound tell these niggas what the motherfucking  
deal is

Verse 3 : (Full Blooded)

You motherfuckers aint smelling what?  
Ghetto star committing felonies,  
Runnin through your shit squeezing my shit in your  
belly  
Ribs showin', eyes glowin', I lie stunned no ??? one,  
When I lie crimes form,  
I'ma dogg motherfucker I done tooked the route,  
My dogg told me not to take watch them take me out  
Got me running closer to demonds  
Motherfucker, bloody rum, got me lookin at ceilings  
Hear me ??? at the sounds of the church bell  
Twenty white guns salute with hounds doggs on my  
trail  
Got me, face down in the mud and shit,

Fucking with out my road dogg they done drugged me  
bitch

Master P talking:

All man cut the motherfucking lights on  
Jay gonna meet the meat with a gimp

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