

Tru "Final Ride"

Visit "[Final Ride](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

-Yo, Big Mann, what's happenin?
-Just out here chillin, dawg
-Shit, nigga, what you chillin, what you thinkin about?
-Nigga, I'm out here reminiscin, lookin around, nigga
-Reminiscin on what?
-Bout how shit done changed, dawg
-All these niggaz dead we grew up with bro baby,
Daniel
-Damn, bro, this shit daily, constantly happenin
-So what, we next or what?
-Nigga, we tryin to come up and raise them little ones
-Well, let's find a way out this shit
-Well, let's do dat there

[Master P]

Niggaz dat want to space age hustle
Catch that rocket to the fuckin moon
That be yo final ship, bitch, cause yo ass is doomed
Ain't no comin back, livin in the dope game
Cause once you die, nigga you slangin rocks, then
that's yo name
On the wall when they run up,
I got killas coming trough with bubble ups to pick up
double ups
And put him in that muthafuckin long black hearse
I mean, once you gone nigga you layin in the dirt
Ain't no love in New Orleans,
All the way to Richmond, California
Niggaz livin for ghetto dreams
And the ghetto get so crazy
I seen a little bitty baby suckin on daisies
Caught two to the chest, one to the head
5 niggaz walked behind him dressed in red
With ski masks, but niggaz thought it was a clown show
Witches in the St. Bernard projects, downed a hoe
And it's sad cause niggaz claimin 3rd Ward
9th Ward and niggaz claimin 10th Ward
All my homies be dyin Down South
Run around, talkin shit, killas with gold in they mouth
But I'm a soldier, a rolla, give me ten
I'd rather die than go to the fuckin pen
My partna Bos looked to my eyes and said, "Nigga

Is it time for change, niggaz ain't livin in this dope
game"
So we jumped into this rap game
And laid it down to all my killas
That tried to teach my nigga the game
Cause once you gone, ain't no comin back
Talked to Randall and T-Dove
They say, "P, the streets ain't all that."
I mean the Calliope projects done change
Right from Roges Tablet you find the fuckin police man
And niggaz still servin bubble ups
Big Mo in the projects rappin, and niggas=z tryin to
come up
And with this new wave dope game,
I mean this rap game, niggaz tryin to get out to make
some change
But Down South my homies dyin, niggaz fryin
But stories we ain't buyin

Chorus: repeat 2X

Who (2Pac gone, but what rapper) gon be next
To take that final ride (I hope it ain't me who)
Get cashed like a bad check (slammin cadillac doors)
Black hearses when they should be 6-0's

[Silkk]

I often wonder wonder if there's a heaven or a hell
Rest in peace to my niggaz that died
Too bad when they died they couldn't come back and
tell
If they really is another side, I seen his mother cry
I just wanna know where he went when my cousin died
That last step, then it's yo debt, yo last breath
Then it's the moment you fear
Just think, by the day over, one of us ain't gon be here
Used to ride with a bunch of niggaz, now he's ridin solo
He's dressed up in a suit, when he used to wear Polos
I wonder if there's a heaven for a gangsta, a killa, and
a shoota
I wish some nigga gunned John Gotti had went in the
chamber
Moms say my days are numbered cause I live wrong
Even Scarface made a song, gangstas really don't live
long
I'm tryin to live to a rock candy painted cadillac like
Outkast say
Ride on them thangs like Mack 10, from back side to
side like U.G.K.
Convertible Lexus like Eightball, MJG
500 like my brother Master P, I'm a shock the world if I

see 23

Maybe not today, but tomorrow off into the funeral
parlor

Take pause to bury my boy, as we roll up to the grave
yard

Who gon be next...to take that final ride?

Chorus

[C-Murder]

I done seen mo crime than a crime lord

Sometimes I sit back and think I seen more death than
God

Just last week a nigga got shot up and burned

But me I take heed to shit like that, and I learned

How can I not end up like that nigga?

What the fuck I got to do not to get banged up by that
trigga?

Cause in the projects, ain't no love

Niggaz will split yo wig cause they gon on drugs (her-
oin)

I hope you feel me, cause I feel the pain of others

I feel for every nigga that got to go on without they
brother

But like the game, what goes around comes around

Next week that could be your muthafuckin hearse ridin
through that town

That could be yo mama cryin in that steeple

Better yet, that could be you mornin the death of yo
people

In the hood, I'm known for peelin caps, so I'm a cap
peela

The police know me for sellin drugs, so I'm a drug
deala

I reverse the game cause ain't no love for a black man
13 years old, my little cousin got juvenile life for takin a
stand

It's a never endin game of death, do or die

So if you kill, be prepared for that final ride

Chorus (2X)

R.I.P. 2Pac, nigga, Eazy-E, Sgram, Mr. C

And my little brother Kevin

Miller, and all ya'll TRU niggaz and bitches

That done died out there on these streets

And took that final ride

Y'all niggaz ain't forgotten

Cause TRU niggaz live forever

TRU niggaz like us

Ya heard me? It's real nigga
We gon see ya'll fools in the crossroads

Visit [Tru](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.