## Tru "Gangstas Make The World"

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Master P: TRU niggaz stand... Silkk (Master P echoing): Raise your right hand. Repeat after me. I Pledge Allegiance, to the game of the United Streets of Afucking-merica. And Not to be fucked with, for which it stands, one nation, under the Dope game, with liberty and money for all. Gangstas that is, gangstas That is...

Chorus: Gangstas make the world go round, Gangstas make the world Go round, I know, I know Gangstas...round, gangstas..round, you know, you know Gangstas...round, gangstas...round, we know, we know Gangstas...round, gangstas...round.

[Silkk]

Hah! I live and die, so I'm a die by the 9 Fuck the dumb shit, I run this, a whole life of crime Ain't never had shit, but always had my pistol, bitch 187, don't make me whistle, bitch I never know, for sho, picture this Never die, bitch, never die, say a damn thang Canes in the chains, became the dope thang Snortin some cane will make you do some strange thangs I don't know why I idolize gangstas like Tony Montana, Lucky Luciano, probably cause they went out bangin Gangstas like Machine Gun Kelly Rest in peace 2Pac, AKA Makaveli He run the chamber for danger, can't understand why these strangers Wanna ride with us killas, but they can't fuck when we hang em Gangstas like Kadofy, John fuckin Gotti Ain't fuckin with these snitches cause they got em for his shotty

## Gangstas

## Chorus

[Master P] Uuuunnnngggghhhh! Just a young nigga hangin with the thugs From the ghetto so a nigga learned to slang drugs, From OZs, to flip keys, Eye blood red shot nigga smokin dank weed And quick to slap a bitch in a minute Fiends better have my money, I mean every penny Youngsta, kickin with the hustlas Fuck school, tryin to serve a clucka And moms, wish she never had me Cause I'm a nigga on the block slangin candy Ready to die for this true shit Takin penetentiary chances tryin to get rich My role models Frank Nitti, Scarface, and John Gotti Real gangstas, that's bout it, bout it

## Chorus

[C-Murder]

Throw your muthafuckin guns up (TRU!) Cause I represent Gangsta Day (uh-huh) A g-a-n-g-s to the t-a Ain't lookin for no shit but if shit comes (what's up, what's up) Ready to turn your muthafuckin body numb And fuck the pen, cause if I go to jail again I pop a plea, and I'm free, in 5 to 10 (outee) A nigga talk shit so I banged and I step Another notch upon my rep (killa) Like the last tape a nigga say fuck you hoes, Now I'm turnin bustas, into John Does I'm the nigga with TRU upon my back (C-Murder) A gangsta that's strapped so you can't jack Ain't nuthin but killas on my team, (soldiers) And I'm hangin with the Shocker and the Ice Cream Beware, my mental status is flawed, (crazy) Start bangin and muthafuckas get lost, You got drama with this muthafuckin TRU click? (uh-oh, uh-oh) Big Worm, this nigga need his wig split Take him to the river, cut his head off (cut it) Target practice for my goddam sawed off That's how we handle shit, in my town Cause gangstas make the muthafuckin world go round

Round and round you go, Now tell me who's the realest muthafucka that you know Black Lucianio, hangin niggaz out the window Like a fat pig and ?Ferejano? Winnin gun battles like Geronimo Say hello to my new friend, Mr. MAC-10, With the infrared grin, I can't pretend, Who I be, the S-E-R-V aka Billy Badgate Jack you for your safe, with guns in your daughters face Catchin chase for my case for murder, you ain't never heard of a Nigga, with nuts big like bison, Unified, gangstafied champ like Tyson, world introducin Young Billy Blast Em Up, I gives a fuck, all about my double up Catchin bubble up, now I'm here to let you know Bitch you better give it up Don't lay it down, I'll make your world go round

[Master P] TRU niggaz make the world go round Gangstas make the world go round (repeat 2X)

Chorus and fade

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