

# Tru "I Got Candy"

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This for all ya'll niggaz dat TRU to the g-zame.  
From Master P and the whole TRU click. It's time to hook  
ya ice  
Cream up and turn it into candy.  
Mo B. Dick: Oh!

Chorus I: I got candy!  
Mo B. Dick: I can serve you on the block  
Cocaine, cream, or rock, it takes over fiend  
I got candy!  
Mo B. Dick: I wanna know  
If you feel it, too, just like I do.

[Silkk]  
I hits the block non stop, rocks in my sock  
Pause for a second when I see the cops  
Rocks of candy, whatever you wanna call it  
But when I get you hooked, it's like a muthafuckin  
alcoholic  
I stay ??? around like a poster, watch fiends follow like  
a toaster  
Candy I have move em fast like ???  
Knick knack paddy whack, give a fiend a fast sack  
9 times outta 10, he'll tell his friends and they'll be  
right back  
Whole bunch a niggaz, and just one fiend  
They come to me for less cut, cause I boast bigger  
cream  
And them fiends come back cause they understand  
me,  
I open up shop, open up shop cause I got candy

Chorus II: He's got candy! Yo eyes roll in your head,  
Mo B. Dick: You toss and turn in yo bed  
Cause I only sell the best to you,  
Mo B. Dick: Indeed I do!  
Simply put I'm the reason why  
Silkk: Why?  
Everyday you get high,  
Mo B. Dick: Real high!  
And you know I got that crack for you  
Mo B. Dick: Indeed I do!

Just for you

[Silkk]

I'm sittin on the post, choppin game with this bitch,  
I see ya later ho, I gots money to get  
Cause as long as a fiend with dream, I got cream  
Money moves everything around me, kn'what I mean?  
Cause as a ??? with a dolla, I'm sittin on a drop and  
parlour  
On some gold thangs, watch all them hoes follow  
My money makes stacks and real deals  
I keep my cash, nigga taj, I can't chill, I gots to pay bills  
And these niggaz can't stand me  
Got this ho that said she wanna suck my dick for candy  
Gotta watch out for these dope fiends cause they be  
runnin tricks,  
\$3 what they gon come with, \$3 what they gon get  
I hold the block like a 7-11(7-11), kick yo door in like taj  
(taj)  
Cut the shit up like machetti, chop the shit up like grass  
Cause I'm a stay hustlin till they fuckin can me bitch,  
Because it's Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,  
Friday, I got  
Candy

Chorus I

[Master P]

Uuuunnngggghhhh! I smoke weed cause I'm a drug  
deala  
I sell candy on the block fool, to make my fuckin scrilla  
7 grams for \$2.50,  
Got niggaz in the hood on hold, tryin to get with me  
I keep a stash for the drought,  
But the shit I sling daily in plastic out my mouth  
My homies use code names,  
Like L.D., Big Champ, Slim, T Dove, and Big Mann  
I take penitentiary chances to make a livin,  
Every 1st of the month, is like Thanksgiving  
Fiends hug me like they miss me  
Hoes see me rollin in my car, and wanna be with me  
I get my candy from California by the keys  
Ship it in boats and trains back to New Orleans  
And open up shop like Mr. Rogers,  
But sell mo hits than the Dodgers  
And fiends holla "ungh!" cause it's all good  
From the triple beam, straight to the neighborhood  
And when you sellin candy trust nobody  
Cause niggaz even snitched on John Gotti  
Niggaz stay TRU to the g-zame,  
Never front on muthafuckin candy in the dope game

And never go to the fedz on ya folks  
Cause punks get fucked with the soap

Chorus III:

Mo B. Dick: I got that real good cocaine (cocaine) each  
and  
Every day, All real TRU soldiers, on these streets I gotta  
get my pay.  
My game so tight, So good, so good, yeah!  
Mo B. Dick: Cocaine, he-roin, that fire ass weed  
Values and boulders, just tell me what you need baby.  
Oh!  
Cotton candy, candy!

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