

# Tru "Last Dance"

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(C-Murder)

Sometimes I think the Lord is testing me  
Don't want to go to jail  
I'm tired of getting arrested G  
I know i'm spitting when i'm sell crack  
But to a young nigga like me  
A G ain't no turning back  
Trying to settle down is hopeless  
When a nigga and a old lady and a baby  
I can't cope with it  
A chance is something that I never had  
I'm standing on this corner  
I got my rocks in a skittles bag  
Can't make a move without my boy  
I wear a bulletproof vest  
And watch my back because i'm paranoid  
You know the ghetto is a trap  
I'm not Tupac but these jealous niggas got me  
strapped  
Raise like a criminal but born a bastard  
Visions of a jail or a grave  
A closed clasket  
Reminizing about my murder friends  
But i'm proud of selling drugs  
Providing my family with these dividends  
My nose bad nigga like a rock star  
Tired of swelling dope  
Everytime I see a cop car  
Can't leave this spot  
Till all my fuckin crack gone  
Six rocks never asked the Lord to let me make it home  
Cause i'm a nigga on the run  
If you talk that shit  
I'm going to have to get my damn gun  
Cause I can't take no chances  
Either me or you going to die  
I guess that will be your last dance

Chorus (Master P)

Your 187 dance, 187 dance, this will be your last  
dance, 187 dance, 187 dance,  
Fool this will be your last dance, last call for alchol, I

mean blood's spill  
On the wall

(Master P)  
Blood on my palm  
And I pack a glock  
For these suckers and bitches tryin to bet me on my  
fuckin rock spot

(Mia X)  
But Mia X got your back P  
Cause ain't no bitch nor these kince  
Aren't ever going to fade me

(Master P)  
And if you step to us killers  
Then you dead  
Cause I sleep with a HK  
Tre-8 then missed it in for red

(Mia X)  
Another braud ass nigga  
On this back then if it is on your mind  
Then we got this second line in for you

(Master P)  
In for you  
What about you and you  
Don't fuck with my crew  
Cause i'll do your hoe too  
Bust caps on whoever, whenever, however, wherever

(Mia X)  
So the crowd better start ducking  
Cause these No Limit TRU Soldiers  
Still ain't finish fuckin busting

(Master P)  
Won't leave no witness to talk about it  
Mr. Serv-On got life insurance  
And i'm bout it bout it

(Mia X)  
Now don't talk about the way we do this  
And bitches think they prepared to do this  
Prepare to eat some bullets

(Master P)  
So come dance with the devil with the gold teeth  
Ain't no butterflying on the floor  
But may you rest in peace

Chorus

(C-Murder)

I'm waking up in cold sweats  
I just realized  
It wasn't a dream  
I shot that fool in the drive by  
Another victim of the dope game  
That nigga tried to rob me off my heroin and cocaine  
A lot of pride  
A lot of heart  
So how you figure  
My rep was on the line  
Of course i had to kill that nigga  
Crepped up on him playing basketball  
Rolled down the window  
And I shot that bitch with my soud off  
I'm kind of crazy you can't get me  
A lot of niggas scared to stand in the same room with  
me  
I'm bout the dope pushing money grope  
Just got out of jail  
And already back slanging dope  
My daddy wasn't there for me G  
And my mom left me in the house abonded at the age  
of three  
So don't ask me why i'm heartless son  
Cause I was raised by some killers  
So i guess I gots to be one  
I'm down for whatever  
Murder, selling drugs, and robbery in any kind of  
weather  
My girl said i won't live long  
I'm sick because I itilize Scarface and Al Kapone  
Won't none of these niggas don't understand me  
Master P, King George, and Silkk and Cali G  
So don't fuck with TRU man  
And if you do  
This will be your last dance

Chorus

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