

Tru "Living That Life"

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[Master P]

Damn, these niggas ain't come with that shit there man
Check this out

[Master P]

See I'm a G on the grind 24/7
Don't give a damn if I don't go to heaven
Us G's live bad on the street
I gotta hustle hard cause a nigga gotta eat

[Silkk]

Cause nobody ever gave me nothin' but a hard time
Two strikes on my record and a scared mind

[Master P]

So I'm crazy, drive by Miss Daisy
Sellin' dope to all these motherfuckers and killin'
babies
I know it's sad but I gotta pay the bills
Who gives a fuck about me Jack or Jill

[Silkk]

You know what P, man you right
Cause if I live to see twenty-one, well I lived a long-life

[Master P]

And the P won't change
Call me Mr. Rogers or the neighbor dope-man
Still hustlin' hard, in-and-out of jail
Mama's bad boy, tryin' to run that ant hill
Some bad cards been dealt
My auntie Marie told my mamma that i'll probably get
my cap peeled
And I don't give a fuck
Still tryin' to make a dollar fifteen cent out that ice
cream truck

Chorus: TRU

Cause I'm a hustla, that's what hustlas do
Listen baby why you wanna live that life
Cause I'm a hustla, that's what hustlas do

Listen baby you know you ain't livin' right
Cause I'm a hustla, that's what hustlas do
Listen baby

[Master P]
Silkk kick some shit

[Silkk]
I'll be glad to

[Master P]
Fool, why you live like you live

[Silkk]
Cause I have to
When I be leavin' the house, I be lyin' to my chick
Tell her i'll be home, cause I don't want that cryin' shit
I wish I could tell her everything would be alright
But if the man let me make it tomorrow, i'll be home
that night
And when she hear shots she page me
Havin' nightmares that a nigga's pushin' up daisies
Because i'm hangin' with these killas
She's always tellin' me not to hang with my TRU niggas

Chorus

[Master P]
Young brother in the hood lose his life
Who gives a damn, just another ghetto life
Blame it on this rap shit that I spit
What about these hoovies or this fucked up
government
You didn't blame Bush when he bombed Iraq
Or Noreaga when he ??? for sellin' that crack
And it's sad to see a mother cry
It took the beatin' of Rodney King
Hit three-million dollars to realize
That life in the ghetto ain't shit
And OJ wouldn't be on trial if it wasn't a white bitch
I just kick the real, a lot of people don't know the deal
They wanted to beat Tyson and Tupac before that went
to jail
And it's sad to see this happen
Stars like Michael Jackson on trial now what's really
happenin'
And ??? must be a joke
Anita Hille, Clarence Thomas now what's up folks
And no role models to look up to
That's why niggas form gangs and die for colors like
red and blue

A bastard child without a father figure
I'm not Spice 1, but just another young nigga
Tryin' to hustle on the grind, make a loaf of bread
Even though these penitentiary chances gonna take
me to my grave

Chorus

Why you wanna live that life, I'm missing you baby
You know you ain't livin' right
It ain't No Limit to these TRU niggas hustling
Why you wanna live that life, I'm missing you baby
You know you ain't livin' right
No-no-no-no-no-no-no

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