

## Tru "The Lord Is Testin' Me"

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I think the lord is testin' me  
Whatzup y'all, hello world, this C-Murder  
I'm bout to put you in the mind of a crazy  
Fucked up in the head muthafucka (this nigga sick)  
You know what I'm sayin?  
One of the muthafuckas you see in the  
News everyday, for doin' all types of crazy shit

Chorus: Master P

Sometimes, I think the lord is testin me  
But I'm a TRU nigga  
I can't let none of these niggaz  
And bitches get the best of me  
(repeat 4X)

[C-Murder]

Muthafuckas just don't understand the shit that I be  
goin' through  
I wanna kill myself, but I know, I gots to stay TRU  
Be gettin' my fuckin' hustle on, and stack my fuckin'  
dividends  
Cuz if I ain't got no money and I'm broke, fuck friends  
I feel like, I'm paralyzed cuz my own baby, won't hug  
me  
My momma, won't let me in the house cuz she talkin'  
bout  
She scared of me  
The only reason I sell drugs is survive  
The only reason I kill, is to stay alive  
I'm constantly watchin' my back cuz playa haters act  
like hoes  
But they don't wanna fuck with me cuz i turn bustas into  
John Does  
I'm not a role model so keep your kids up out my face  
Talkin' bout, I'm sellin' drugs ain't doin' nothin  
But killin', my own race  
Police can't catch me, betta kill me, ain't gon' let 'em  
arrest me  
They don't, understand I draw my nine faster than  
Jesse

I've been know to have a temper, and I click quick, like  
this  
Befo' I was crazy, but now I'm strapped and I'm sick  
187 killin' murder's a hobby  
Thank God, this be the charge, six counts armed  
robbery  
Back in the free world same shit, (ain't gon' change)  
Call V, say he got weed, but fuck, I need clothes man  
Damn, shoud I get that ski mask G?  
Should I rob him, try to get a job?  
Damn, the man's testin' me

Chorus x2

[Silkk]

I keep visualizin' jail cells, and closed caskets  
Put a credit to the grave he blastin  
Fill my coffin laughin', chewin tobacco  
I'm just a gangsta livin' day to day, tryna survive  
Try to stay high to realize why my homies out there die  
Now why you keep on testin' me, sendin' these cops to  
arrest me  
Put me in bad situations, but I won't let life, get the best  
of me  
I was born in a fucked situation, but I'm not a born killa  
But I've seen some shit in my time, that escaped a  
grown nigga  
Wonder if, it's a test, see how much I could hold up on  
my shoulder  
T-R-U 'cross my stomach, on my back, a fuckin' soldier  
It just don't seem right, it just don't seem right  
The shit a nigga go through, makin' me wanna scream  
like Mike  
It stresses me, it's only after this  
I wants to know, if it's a in if I kill a nigga, over self-  
defense  
Most of my people don't like me  
And a lot of 'em can't stand me  
But I wonder if it's a sin if I kill and rob to feed my  
fuckin' family  
It's suvival of the fittest, you be my witness  
I don't give a fuck about the money  
Cuz I can't take none of that shit with me  
If it's a test, then let me know  
But if it's my time to go then let me go. Amen

Chorus x2

[Master P]

My record went gold, my family started money trippin  
I could look into the eyes of a nigga that wants to catch  
me slippin'  
Somebody hollered "Don't go out like Tupac!"  
That be the same nigga tryin' to fill me up, with  
buckshots  
The game get dirty that's why I'm blastin'  
Its plenty niggas out there wanna see the P, in a casket  
That's why they spread rumors, lies, I died  
Niggas don't wanna see another nigga get a piece, fo  
the fuckin' pie  
My friends trippin' cuz I got ends  
Niggas don't wanna see a black nigga rolin', in a  
fuckin' Benz  
My old lady say I'm stuck up  
I got to sleep with one eye open, this whole world is  
fucked up  
Got me poppin' dono  
Ask Bo but he don't know what P know about the ghetto  
You ain't got no dollars, you got no friends  
If I go to jail how many y'all niggas gon' visit me in the  
pen  
But if I die it be a million niggas at my funeral  
They wanna see me knocked out like Tyson, did Bruno  
If I wear red or a blue, then I'm a gang banga  
If I make gangsta rhymes, huh, then I'm a dope slanga  
Every nigga I used to know that didn't make it  
Think I owe 'em somethin'  
Every nigga I know in the ghetto, huh  
Ask me to front 'em somethin'  
My own company, niggas, want me to sign them up  
They don't think I could work for this shit  
And how hard it take to come up  
They too busy, throwin' tesses (tests)  
Got me strapped with pistols wearin' bullet proof  
vesses (vests)  
Every hoe I fuck, hope the rubber pop  
The media spread rumors I smoke too much weed,  
I guess they wanna see me smokin' rocks.  
Heh, I think the Lord is testin' me  
Either this a bad dream or my fuckin' mind messin' with  
me

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