

TRU (Master P) "Don't Fuck With Tru"

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[c-murder]

What now? (stupid motherfucker) what now
motherfucker?

I told you bitches, stop talkin all that motherfuckin shit

I'm not gonna send niggaz out fiendin

I'm comin for ya myself bitch!

I told you motherfuckers don't fuck with tru

It was a dumb move nigga

Mow I'm fuckin wit you, now try your lives

While I put this fuckin bullet in your dome

You dumb nigga, I told y'all to leave us alone

How many niggaz got a dolla can't top my shit (my shit)

All these bitch motherfuckers, quit ridin my dick (my
dick)

You run your motherfuckin mouth like you a broad or
somethin (bitch)

Niggaz actin like they motherfuckin hard or somethin

Yeah, you ain't shit with your clique nigga

To me you a bitch, I'm a real nigga

Jumpin your shit fuckin you wit

Throw them hands or them hot thangs

It's all on you, check my back of my own

Fool I'm nothin but tru c-murder bossalinie of this rap
game (rap game)

Bitch I'm rich nigga you know my motherfuckin name

Big bee hive boy and p and bossalinie (bossalinie)

On the tank that'll make you wear smelly

And we don't give a lily fuck about the laws (fuck the
laws)

We got big balls (big balls) ghetto supastar drivin big
cars

Now if you eva in my hood nigga holla at me (holla at
me)

And if you eva wanna fight then throw a dolla at me (ya
bitch)

Now the tank will decide if you wanna live or die (die)

Just run your fuckin mouth and i'ma take you for a ride
nigga

Fuck what you sayin, it's all on you fool

I told you motherfucker (nigga) don't fuck wit tru

[chorus]

I told you motherfuckers don't fuck wit tru
It was a dumb move nigga, now we fuckin wit you (don't
fuck wit us)
Now try your lives while I put this fuckin bullet in ya
dome
You dumb nigga, I told y'all to leave us alone

[silkk the shocker]
I told you niggaz don't fuck wit us
Now I'm makin you niggaz gettin clowned
Tell niggaz is bitches
Some of y'all niggaz be pissin, sittin down
Y'all too small, you know what i..
Do to y'all (ooh) my crew ball
And plus bitch look, we do it all
I don't fuck wit (who) him
And I don't fuck wit dogs
So what the fuck you think?
If you fuck wit him, I'm gonna be fuckin wit y'all (never)
See I'll put this gun back nigga
And I'll bust ya all
I ain't give a fuck what ya name is
I ain't give a fuck what y'all call
Niggaz wanna probably just... bust for fun
Niggaz ain't gonna ever ever, not bust no guns
Niggaz is way down the street talkin bout what the fuck
y'all done
At the most niggaz, probably wanna cuss and run
Now we self made million-aires
We make the money, money don't make us (make us)
If y'all was us, and we was y'all then I would hate us
(ehehe)
Y'all talk about how y'all wanna be us
Y'all ain't nuttin but a bunch of hood critics
It's cause we rap now, shit y'all still would hit it

(chorus)

[master p]
Tru niggaz gone ride wit me
The ghetto's the nba and I'm the lottery
Pick from the streets... from the south to the east
You the beauty I'm the beast
Fuck these niggaz they know who p
From rags to riches, from quarter to seven-fifty
Holla hoody hooo and my niggaz gonna deal with ya
I got the game from my homies
And y'all haters, y'all can't hold me
Niggaz rappin bout niggaz on records like the 80's,
Nigga y'all niggaz phony

(repeat chorus to fade)

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