

TRU (Master P) "Don't Judge Me"

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Chorus x2(silkk)

Times are shady for a g
The streets got me crazy, trying to stay free
The ghetto raised me, I can't sleep
Once citizen as a baby, now look at what y'all made me.
So don't judge me

Verse 1 (silkk the shocker)

Don't judge me on how I dress and the niggas who I
hang with
Just cause from my pants sagging, I wear rags, I'm on
some gang shit
Used the hood for us wealth, it got that good for
myself
Think about all these niggas in the hood couldn't help
Now I expect y'all to doubt me
Cause my own family doubt me, told me I'll never
amount to shit
They probably fight, cause all I wanna do is go ounce to
bricks
Hang around with the clique, probably catch me
bouncin the six
Go to a party at night, find some tight,
Probably leave the party with a chick
Now as a kid ain't the same thing come back,
remember when
Is all my four-five pourin' liquor out on town
While I reminice about my friends
Trying to avoid penitentiaries and cemeteries, ain't no
fucking fun
They got are hands up on the gun, they got a nigga up
on the run
Trying to forget the bullshit, gotta pull quick,
My enemies know me, I know them
Always left on the field, death is always there, I just
never know when
So till you how I live, you can't judge me, on the streets
you love me
You can make me famous, till a never change me
Still live dangerous, how is it you blame me

What

Chorus x2

Verse 2 (popeye)

I take what you want, suppose every individual thug
See a nigga walk away, delay the miserable drug
Nigga we burnin' every bridge in the city, committy
prisoners
Suckers who took a pistol in hand, my shit be vicious
I travel with the narrow shit, you follow within the gun
play
Pretty future for none of us, make it before the sun lay
Cause living off the pistol pull, pull it's to murder they
farm
Back up within the halls of they calio, pistol kate warm
Today storm between the dark earth, inside the gun
flame
Presence so close to touching us all before the sun
came
Supported smoke rise above us, burning my energy
Open triggers receiving whatever my father sent to me
Cause living got the weather flow
We raise our kids beside the better grow
You better leave, you better let her know
Keep a focus, part in your vision, inside the lord
Hanging within the trigger my nigga, cause time is
hard

Chorus x2

Verse 3 (c-murder)

My life ain't the same, I want change, I maintain
So much pain got me praying, and constantly saying
Don't judge me, just trust me, sometimes just hug me
How come these niggas mug me, why don't these
niggas love me
The ghetto raised me so don't blame my people
Cause ah from day one y'all know y'all never treated
me equal
It's like my skin tone had y'all mind gone
Gave me a bad name like dope, like I was herion
Ya'll feel me, damn they kill me, left me in the streets
to die
Till the day I wonder why, I even open my eyes
It's like I'm cursed cause I had to snatch a purse to eat
They wouldn't give me a job so I took it to the streets
And made a dollar out of nothing, not even fifteen
cents

Sleeping, pillow to post, wishin' bad luck come to an
end
It's wicked how these streets turn they back on you
dawg
When they the main motherfuckers that made you fall
Don't judge me

Chorus x2

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