

## **TRU (Master P) "Final Ride"**

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-yo, big mann, what's happenin?  
-just out here chillin, dawg  
-shit, nigga, what you chillin, what you thinkin about?  
-nigga, I'm out here reminiscin, lookin around, nigga  
-reminiscin on what?  
-bout how shit done changed, dawg  
-all these niggaz dead we grew up with bro baby,  
daniel  
-damn, bro, this shit daily, constantly happenin  
-so what, we next or what?  
-nigga, we tryin to come up and raise them little ones  
-well, let's find a way out this shit  
-well, let's do dat there

[master p]

Niggaz dat want to space age hustle  
Catch that rocket to the fuckin moon  
That be yo final ship, bitch, cause yo ass is doomed  
Ain't no comin back, livin in the dope game  
Cause once you die, nigga you slangin rocks, then  
that's yo name  
On the wall when they run up,  
I got killas coming trough with bubble ups to pick up  
double ups  
And put him in that muthafuckin long black hearse  
I mean, once you gone nigga you layin in the dirt  
Ain't no love in new orleans,  
All the way to richmond, california  
Niggaz livin for ghetto dreams  
And the ghetto get so crazy  
I seen a little bitty baby suckin on daisies  
Caught two to the chest, one to the head  
5 niggaz walked behind him dressed in red  
With ski masks, but niggaz thought it was a clown show  
Witches in the st. bernard projects, downed a hoe  
And it's sad cause niggaz claimin 3rd ward  
9th ward and niggaz claimin 10th ward  
All my homies be dyin down south  
Run around, talkin shit, killas with gold in they mouth  
But I'm a soldier, a rolla, give me ten  
I'd rather die than go to the fuckin pen  
My partna bos looked to my eyes and said, "nigga

Is it time for change, niggaz ain't livin in this dope  
game"  
So we jumped into this rap game  
And laid it down to all my killas  
That tried to teach my nigga the game  
Cause once you gone, ain't no comin back  
Talked to randall and t-dove  
They say, "p, the streets ain't all that."  
I mean the calliope projects done change  
Right from roges tablet you find the fuckin police man  
And niggaz still servin bubble ups  
Big mo in the projects rappin, and niggas=z tryin to  
come up  
And with this new wave dope game,  
I mean this rap game, niggaz tryin to get out to make  
some change  
But down south my homies dyin, niggaz fryin  
But stories we ain't buyin

Chorus: repeat 2x

Who (2pac gone, but what rapper) gon be next  
To take that final ride (I hope it ain't me who)  
Get cashed like a bad check (slammin cadillac doors)  
Black hearses when they should be 6-0's

[silkk]  
I often wonder wonder if there's a heaven or a hell  
Rest in peace to my niggaz that died  
Too bad when they died they couldn't come back and  
tell  
If they really is another side, I seen his mother cry  
I just wanna know where he went when my cousin died  
That last step, then it's yo debt, yo last breath  
Then it's the moment you fear  
Just think, by the day over, one of us ain't gon be here  
Used to ride with a bunch of niggaz, now he's ridin solo  
He's dressed up in a suit, when he used to wear polos  
I wonder if there's a heaven for a gangsta, a killa, and  
a shoota  
I wish some nigga gunned john gotti had went in the  
chamber  
Moms say my days are numbered cause I live wrong  
Even scarface made a song, gangstas really don't live  
long  
I'm tryin to live to a rock candy painted cadillac like  
outkast say  
Ride on them thangs like mack 10, from back side to  
side like u.g.k.  
Convertible lexus like eightball, mjpg  
500 like my brother master p, I'm a shock the world if I

see 23

Maybe not today, but tomorrow off into the funeral  
parlor

Take pause to bury my boy, as we roll up to the grave  
yard

Who gon be next...to take that final ride?

Chorus

[c-murder]

I done seen mo crime than a crime lord

Sometimes I sit back and think I seen more death than  
god

Just last week a nigga got shot up and burned

But me I take heed to shit like that, and I learned

How can I not end up like that nigga?

What the fuck I got to do not to get banged up by that  
trigga?

Cause in the projects, ain't no love

Niggaz will split yo wig cause they gon on drugs (her-  
oin)

I hope you feel me, cause I feel the pain of others

I feel for every nigga that got to go on without they  
brother

But like the game, what goes around comes around

Next week that could be your muthafuckin hearse ridin  
through that town

That could be yo mama cryin in that steeple

Better yet, that could be you mornin the death of yo  
people

In the hood, I'm known for peelin caps, so I'm a cap  
peela

The police know me for sellin drugs, so I'm a drug  
deala

I reverse the game cause ain't no love for a black man

13 years old, my little cousin got juvenile life for takin a  
stand

It's a never endin game of death, do or die

So if you kill, be prepared for that final ride

Chorus (2x)

R.i.p. 2pac, nigga, eazy-e, segram, mr. c

And my little brother kevin

Miller, and all y'all tru niggaz and bitches

That done died out there on these streets

And took that final ride

Y'all niggaz ain't forgotten

Cause tru niggaz live forever

Tru niggaz like us

Ya heard me? it's real nigga  
We gon see y'all fools in the crossroads

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