

TRU (Master P) "I Got Candy"

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This for all y'all niggaz dat tru to the g-zame.
From master p and the whole tru click. it's time to hook
ya ice
Cream up and turn it into candy.
Mo b. dick: oh!

Chorus i: I got candy!
Mo b. dick: I can serve you on the block
Cocaine, cream, or rock, it takes over fiend
I got candy!
Mo b. dick: I wanna know
If you feel it, too, just like I do.

[silkk]
I hits the block non stop, rocks in my sock
Pause for a second when I see the cops
Rocks of candy, whatever you wanna call it
But when I get you hooked, it's like a muthafuckin
alcoholic
I stay ? ? ? around like a poster, watch fiends follow like
a toaster
Candy I have move em fast like ? ? ?
Knick knack paddy whack, give a fiend a fast sack
9 times outta 10, he'll tell his friends and they'll be
right back
Whole bunch a niggaz, and just one fiend
They come to me for less cut, cause I boast bigger
cream
And them fiends come back cause they understand
me,
I open up shop, open up shop cause I got candy

Chorus ii: he's got candy! yo eyes roll in your head,
Mo b. dick: you toss and turn in yo bed
Cause I only sell the best to you,
Mo b. dick: indeed I do!
Simply put I'm the reason why
Silkk: why?
Everyday you get high,
Mo b. dick: real high!
And you know I got that crack for you
Mo b. dick: indeed I do!

Just for you

[silkk]

I'm sittin on the post, choppin game with this bitch,
I see ya later ho, I gots money to get
Cause as long as a fiend with dream, I got cream
Money moves everything around me, kn'what I mean?
Cause as a ? ? ? with a dolla, I'm sittin on a drop and
parlour
On some gold thangs, watch all them hoes follow
My money makes stacks and real deals
I keep my cash, nigga taj, I can't chill, I gots to pay bills
And these niggaz can't stand me
Got this ho that said she wanna suck my dick for candy
Gotta watch out for these dope fiends cause they be
runnin tricks,
\$3 what they gon come with, \$3 what they gon get
I hold the block like a 7-11(7-11), kick yo door in like taj
(taj)
Cut the shit up like machetti, chop the shit up like grass
Cause I'm a stay hustlin till they fuckin can me bitch,
Because it's monday, tuesday, wednesday, thursday,
friday, I got
Candy

Chorus i

[master p]

Uuuunnngggghhhh! I smoke weed cause I'm a drug
deala
I sell candy on the block fool, to make my fuckin scrilla
7 grams for \$2.50,
Got niggaz in the hood on hold, tryin to get with me
I keep a stash for the drought,
But the shit I sling daily in plastic out my mouth
My homies use code names,
Like l.d., big champ, slim, t dove, and big mann
I take penitentiary chances to make a livin,
Every 1st of the month, is like thanksgiving
Fiends hug me like they miss me
Hoes see me rollin in my car, and wanna be with me
I get my candy from california by the keys
Ship it in boats and trains back to new orleans
And open up shop like mr. rogers,
But sell mo hits than the dodgers
And fiends holla "ungh!" cause it's all good
From the triple beam, straight to the neighborhood
And when you sellin candy trust nobody
Cause niggaz even snitched on john gotti
Niggaz stay tru to the g-zame,
Never front on muthafuckin candy in the dope game

And never go to the fedz on ya folks
Cause punks get fucked with the soap

Chorus iii:

Mo b. dick: I got that real good cocaine (cocaine) each
and

Every day, all real tru soldiers, on these streets I gotta
get my pay.

My game so tight, so good, so good, yeah!

Mo b. dick: cocaine, he-roin, that fire ass weed

Values and boulders, just tell me what you need baby.
oh!

Cotton candy, candy!

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