

TRU (Master P) "Last Dance"

Visit "[Last Dance](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(c-murder)

Sometimes I think the lord is testing me
Don't want to go to jail
I'm tired of getting arrested g
I know I'm spitting when I'm sell crack
But to a young nigga like me
A g ain't no turning back
Trying to settle down is hopeless
When a nigga and a old lady and a baby
I can't cope with it
A chance is something that I never had
I'm standing on this corner
I got my rocks in a skittles bag
Can't make a move without my boy
I wear a bulletproof vest
And watch my back because I'm paranoid
You know the ghetto is a trap
I'm not tupac but these jealous niggas got me strapped
Raise like a criminal but born a bastard
Visions of a jail or a grave
A closed clasket
Reminizing about my murder friends
But I'm proud of selling drugs
Providing my family with these dividends
My nose bad nigga like a rock star
Tired of swelling dope
Everytime I see a cop car
Can't leave this spot
Till all my fuckin crack gone
Six rocks never asked the lord to let me make it home
Cause I'm a nigga on the run
If you talk that shit
I'm going to have to get my damn gun
Cause I can't take no chances
Either me or you going to die
I guess that will be your last dance

Chorus (master p)

Your 187 dance, 187 dance, this will be your last
dance, 187 dance, 187 dance,
Fool this will be your last dance, last call for alchol, I
mean blood's spill

On the wall

(master p)

Blood on my palm

And I pack a glock

For these suckers and bitches tryin to bet me on my
fuckin rock spot

(mia x)

But mia x got your back p

Cause ain't no bitch nor these kince

Aren't ever going to fade me

(master p)

And if you step to us killers

Then you dead

Cause I sleep with a hk

Tre-8 then missed it in for red

(mia x)

Another braud ass nigga

On this back then if it is on your mind

Then we got this second line in for you

(master p)

In for you

What about you and you

Don't fuck with my crew

Cause I'll do your hoe too

Bust caps on whoever, whenever, however, wherever

(mia x)

So the crowd better start ducking

Cause these no limit tru soldiers

Still ain't finish fuckin busting

(master p)

Won't leave no witnesses to talk about it

Mr. serv-on got life insurance

And I'm bout it bout it

(mia x)

Now don't talk about the way we do this

And bitches think they prepared to do this

Prepare to eat some bullets

(master p)

So come dance with the devil with the gold teeth

Ain't no butterflyin on the floor

But may you rest in peace

Chorus

(c-murder)
I'm waking up in cold sweats
I just realized
It wasn't a dream
I shot that fool in the drive by
Another victim of the dope game
That nigga tried to rob me off my heroin and cocaine
A lot of pride
A lot of heart
So how you figure
My rep was on the line
Of course I had to kill that nigga
Crepped up on him playing basketball
Rolled down the window
And I shot that bitch with my sould off
I'm kind of crazy you can't get me
A lot of niggas scared to stand in the same room with
me
I'm bout the dope pushing money grope
Just got out of jail
And already back slanging dope
My daddy wasn't there for me g
And my mom left me in the house abonded at the age
of three
So don't ask me why I'm heartless son
Cause I was raised by some killers
So I guess I gots to be one
I'm down for whatever
Murder, selling drugs, and robbery in any kind of
weather
My girl said I won't live long
I'm sick because I itilize scarface and al kapone
Won't none of these niggas don't understand me
Master p, king george, and silkk and cali g
So don't fuck with tru man
And if you do
This will be your last dance

Chorus

Visit [TRU \(Master P\)](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.