

TRU (Master P) "Miller Boyz"

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Silkk talking:

Silkk the shocker nigga, c-murder nigga, master p gc
nigga, tru what the
Fuack y'all wanna do

Chorus

Halloway

We them down south killer boys

Ghetto commission and them motherfucking miller
boys

Think it's a game we'll fuck around and kill you boy
On the reala for the scrilla we come to get you boy

Halloway

I'm trying to make a million of this rap shit

And blow up like a fat bitch

My entourage is thick

Nigga no limit is the shit

My grandma awlays told me I'd be famous

But she never told that I would hool up with these
gangstas

Body bangers

? ? ? bitch we hungry like? ? ?

I be part of tso until I'm up out the alter

I got ? ? ? ain't no warning me

I'm heartless ain't no running me nigga

Don't ever stunt on me nigga

I'll fucking crush you nigga

Valerio

I'm about to put my foot in a niggas ass physically
abuse

Misuse the but of my pistol to cause a bruise

Beat a mother fucker till a bitch can't move

Tru niggas refuse to lose

Tote guns to murder fools

Coming with rumming

If niggas ain't respecting the flame

Ejecting bullets with nulleets taking niggas out the game

I'm stealing outlaw

Still dodging cop cars

Tso and miller boyz riping niggas apart

Chorus repaeat 2x

T-spade

It's the red eye pistol packing rapping assassin
The last one blasting
Late night outfit ski-masking
I got your backbone subtracting
Itchy trigger finger action got me ducking the law
Hoping to change I bust a brain and cause a flame on it
fo'
It ain't no thing to me fo'
I got the game in me fo'
Tso tank dogs playing you raw
Shit talking nigger crosser
I'ma toss ya, i'ma flip ya, i'am punch ya, i'ma kick ya
Motherfucker get a picture
We real niggas

C-murder

Just a little a ghetto boy
A motherfucking miller boy, killer boy
Put that pistol in a pillow boy
Ans smoke you and your motherfucking mom
Come on and play dumb
And watch me leave you in the rum
Like a old pair cheesy ass shoes on the proch
Crush you like a roach
And burn you like a torch
Pussy ass niggas don't last to long
I'm down south where them real niggas roam

Chorus reapeat 2x

Silkk the shocker

I remember when I used to carry crack, I used to carry
gats
Now they got a fake ass nigga in the hood walking
around carring bats
You know I can't be having that
Lucky I left the heat alone, beef alone or I would have
been buried black
You know the shit I spit bitch ya heard
Ha what sit on on the curb
Niggas think they funny know you can get it six a bird
That's why I flip birds
You fake ass niggas got on my nerves
I'm from 504 we ain't no joke
Nigga give up your fucking dope

Master p

Grab a camera take a flick
Miller boyz and tru click
Bustas get dealt with ho's get some dick
So hail to the streets cause young nigga we run this
See me life ain't nothing but weed and money
A couple cars, a couple houses so we never go broke
Hotboy got the dope
Man ? ? ? in the ghetto
See no limit is the army and we the soilders
The ghetto commission and tru click thought I told you

Chorus repeat 2x

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