

TRU (Master P) "No Limit Soldiers"

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Whazzup with all y'all tru niggaz
Uh, at ease and truettes
Rest of my soldiers out there, Kevin Miller
This ya motherfuckin' colonel

Rest in peace Tupac
Of the motherfuckin' team
And all y'all up there soldiers
Whazzup Big Boz, nigga

Master P, I got C-Murder with me, T-scot, L.d.
Silkk The Shocker, Big Mo
Gangsta T and you know what? Big man

We no limit soldiers
I thought I told ya
We no limit soldiers
I thought I told ya

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We no limit soldiers
I thought I told ya
Mr. Serv On, Mia X, Klc
Mo B. dick, Craig B, Hope nigga

So, bitch, get ya mind right
I thought I told ya
So, bitch, get ya mind right
I thought I told ya

Kane and Abel, skull duggery
We no limit soldiers
I thought I told ya
We no limit soldiers
I thought I told ya
T-R-U, all y'all motherfuckin' Tru soldiers

Nigga, I'm bustin' me locs but I'm hittin' 'em down with
jokes

Y'all niggaz on the rope, got your hoe on da scope
Bitches watchin' me, jockin' me, nigga blockin' me,
cockin' me
'Cause I'm the hardest motherfucker, out here rockin'

I got the game in shades, got the niggaz in blades
I got them hoes on a raid, because the nigga gettin'
paid
I've got, niggaz from coast, slangin' my dope
Got niggaz and g's and rollin' keys keys to record sto's

Get paid wit' fatals, niggaz harder than cato
Nigga turnin' the tables but niggaz livin' like potatoes
Get chopped up in game, niggaz runnin' my name
Master P up in chain, is he dead he's a man

But I be bustin', hustlin', niggaz ain't trustin'
I'm a soldier, that's why niggaz ain't trustin'
No bitch or no nigga, hoe or no sucka
Fiend or no clucker but ready to hustle

With boulders, bigga than yo' shoulders
Runnin' from the rollers, gone on that doja
Cause cowards despise, soldiers we ride
Killers with attitudes but ready to die

'Cause chickens get plucked, hoes get fucked
Turkeys get stuck and niggaz get cuffed
Ready for combat, my gat with my hard hat
Strapped with my crew and my niggaz and all that

Down for whatever, niggaz straight rowdy
Ask any motherfucker in America they'll tell ya, we
'bout it
Soldiers out there tech, bustin' don't think
Lose ya life if you blink
Fuckin' with them soldiers on the tank, 'cause

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Let's get ready to rumble, them niggaz stumble
Hit 'em with left blows, fuck it got death blows
Ready to got to war? let's go
We killas and realas, drug dealers and killers, fuck it

No limit soldiers, close your eyes
Now picture me foldin' dollar bills
I stay fuckin' tru, nigga fuck it, nigga do ya
Nigga, I come to life and I scare
All y'all bustas like Freddy Kruger

Gangstafied nigga, true to the game nigga
Stay fuckin' pullin' triggas, fuck up all y'all niggaz
'Cause I'm so fuckin' T R U, representin' I thought you
knew
'Cause killas, killas, killas

That's all I be around, nigga fuckin' fool
About face, this no limit soldier
One to the two to the three
(Hah hah)
Nigga I tried to told ya

Everybody quiet while I load up this rifle
(Attention)
Now all my soldiers start fightin'
It's time to go deep cover
Get to whoopin' like Danny Glover, smother like jelly

Really, go deep like Jim Kelly
Fuck it, all y'all bustas open up y'all belly
Think we playin' bitch, well we ain't
I heard we had drama motherfucker

Put up the Benz and now we drive the tank
'Cause all I want to be was a soldier
All I want to be was a soldier, soldier

We no limit soldiers
I thought I told ya
We no limit soldiers

I thought I told ya
We no limit soldiers
I thought I told ya

I'm a no limit motherfuckin' soldier till I die
We run this place and I say the same shit with a gun up
in my face
I ain't scared to die, bitch like I said before, hoe
3rd ward, I'm from that motherfuckin' calliope

Projects supported worldwide by drug dealers
Transformin' wimpy ass niggaz into killers
Taking over, worldwide, doin' shows oversea
Bringing bitches to the telly, put them hoes upon they
knees

Gangstafied, like my motherfuckin' homies Kane and
Abel
No limit, the world's number one fuckin' rap label
(Worldwide)
Competition get smoked like we smokin' blunts
I take a playa hata and knock out his fuckin' fronts

Dope slanga, now I'm slangin' cd's
A million records, it used to be some quarter keys
(Platinum)
Tru tattooed on my back bitch thats my click
Ready to hop into some motherfuckin' gangsta shit

I say no limit loud, 'cause we ain't scared of nobody
Organized by p or should I say, John Gotti
Real niggaz, put ya guns up if ya feel me
But if ya talk shit, bitch ya betta kill me

Like skull I'm a hoodlum 4 life, I told ya
We be some motherfuckin' no limit tru soldiers

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Hard times got my mind on cock
And massive thoughts be the plot
Top priorities the family dope and royalty
My loyalty, fiends with a gang of true niggaz

No colors, just a bunch of ignorant motherfuckers
Trust my pen is an infrared

Hollow-tips be my lyrics dipped in venom when I send
'em
They split ya head wide open
(Psssh)

My rhymes on fire blood but you can't smoke ne'er a
one
Don't try to come, don't even touch the mic
My shit so tight, it's more correct than right, when I
recite
Absolutely, you booty-ass hoes and niggaz

Perpetratin' behind water gun triggers
Hurry up and figure out that studio
Gotti's catch hotties to the mouth
Who got that clout, don't act surprised
'Cause it's that bitch from the south

Mia x hoes, you don't want no problems
Get so much respect, even yo' niggaz call me momma
The biggest one to come stompin' out the N.O., the
crescent
Testin', chin-checkin', wreckin' when I'm flexin' on your
whole crew

Who wants to go to war with this lyrical arsonist
Ya talkin' shit, I'll having ya runnin' for the thesaurus
'Cause I'm walkin' wit' the big dogs without hesitation
Unlady like as ever full of verbal annihilation

Escaping, po-po's chasin', want ta catch me but they
can't
I made 'em think and now they too scared to run up on
the tank
No limit, you can start it but we niggaz is the hardest
To deal wit', keeps the steel and the plastics to peel wit'

In reach, so we can touch yo' ass
And leave a 'bout it scarf on ya face, we soldiers

We no limit soldiers
I thought I told ya
We no limit soldiers

I thought I told ya
Tru niggaz wave ya guns, show ya tattoos
Soldiers foe life nigga jumpin' off the tank
Stay true to the gizame

