

TRU (Master P) "They Can't Stop Us!"

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[master p](talking)

What's up niggas?

I told y'all it's about to be on, nigga

We drop shit anytime we want to huh

Fell this nigga

It's real (explosion)

[verse one]

Flippin' the the game

Niggas that got that 'cane

Murder mr. dopeman still in this rap game

It's 1997, my niggas gone to heaven

Rest in peace 2pac from master p, doin' 2-11s

187 khadafi, murder

Puttin' niggas in six foot motherfuckin' gurters

If you fuck with this tru clique

Nigga you gettin' your wig spilt

Who run this gangster rap?

(no limit runnin' this!)it's 'bout to be it

187 khadafi

Jumpin' on ghetto dope with these gangster topics

Still makin scrilla

Your neighborhood drug dealer

Ice cream slaingin'

Tattooed up real nigga

In the rap game pushin' quarters

Flippin' the water, from texas to florida

Choppin' game to the knuckleheads

And spittin voodoo on the motherfuckin' chickenheads

Down south hustlin', to the west coast

Got nigga choppin' game, I mean this rap shit in to
dope

Puttin' them in packages, independent spittin' shit

Standing on stages with bullet-proof vestes, lookin' for
other cliques

But who gon' be the next nigga to die in this rap game

Or drop a hit on the wrong man?

'cause they talkin' shit about other niggas

Now it's a war zone, in this rap game

(chorus)

But they can't stop us tru niggas

They can't stop us tru niggas
They can't stop us tru niggas
They can't stop us tru niggas

[verse 2]

'cause if y'all kill one, they'll be a million other niggas
in line
With ghetto dope, bustin' ghetto rhymes y'all
Running from the one time not mines
Posted up, hostin' up like soldiers!
Down south huster, throwin' bolders
Ready to block like a football player
Got these 17 rounds for y'all haters
So jump on this ghetto shit and come get this wicked
shit
And jump up on this rap game and watch a nigga spit
Killer, murder topics
Put my goals if y'all think y'all can stop it
Hardcore bangin', hangin' slaingin'
Nigga down for whatever that's why we bangin' on wax
Into traps
Got beats by the pound like niggas slaingin' sacks
In the 'hood, up to no good
Got niggas bout it, from baton rouge to st. louis
To cincinnati
Got niggas lined up in atlanta like addicts
Gotta have this gangster shit
This real shit
>from this motherfuckin' tru clique
Ain't givin' up, living raw
And if we die, fuck it, sell my 'dro
To the next gangster nigga
Rest in peace easy-e., but I'm out here makin' scrilla!
So fuck y'all white laws
And y'all motherfuckin'police cars!!
Comin' through with gangsters and killers
Long like the motherfuckin' drug dealer
'97 to 2000 a.d. little kids wanna be me
'cause I'm bout it, I'm rowdy
The government and the press, them motherfuckers
want me outtie
For runnin' my own shit
Niggas sellin' their company like the slaves sold their
souls to 30 cents
Break bread
Don't you know 15 percent of what you made?
You a sucker, a clucker
So stop rappin hardcore, you hip-hop motherfuckers
And stay true to the gizzame
Be about your paper, nigga fuck the fizzle
Third ward nigga, runnin' the hill

It ain't no limit to this gangster shit, blunt smokes and
keepin' it real

Y'all can't stop us tru niggas
Y'all can't stop us tru niggas
Y'all can't stop us tru niggas
'cause if y'all kill one, they'll be a millon more tru
niggas

[slikk the shocker]

Bitch it be slikk choppin' and kickin' shit like karate
Fast like a mazzerothi
Crime boss like john gotti
Look into their face, niggas afraid of me
Look deeper into their eyes, they scared, yeah y'all
busters scared of me
'cause I flow like water
Run shit like ki-jana carter
Tell 'em, i'mma be there watch (? ? ?) like the french
quarter
Down for whatever
Bow down nigga never
Buck like a beretta
Wet you up like bad weather
Got fangs like a cobra
Now I got range like a rover
You don't fuck with us whether you fucked up like a
hangover
From the city where busters lie
From the city where suckers die
Make way for p and silkk, two of the baddest
motherfuckers alive
Bitch it's your time
Bitch I want the whole nine
Bust one line, and make niggas change their whole
rhyme
I'm the shocker
Yeah, I got them
It's tru motherfuckers, and y'all can't stop us
And it's on

(explosion)

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