

TRU (Master P) "Tru 2 Da Game"

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Haaa, uuuugggggghhhh
This is for all the g's ou there
We bout it, bout it
And g-ettes, I ain't forget about y'all, uuuugggggghhhh
Gold look like this here

Today I have a half an ounce
Tomorrow I'll have a key
And if you tryin' to get some ice cream
Won't you call me, or won't you beep me

Looked out the window
It must be the giggidy first of the month
Cause everybody in the ghetto is smilin' and dressed
up
Little kids havin' fun in my neighborhood
And fiends walkin' up, talkin' bout it's all good
See I'm a g, ? ? ? ? ? I got that 2 for 3
And y'all a know that I slang, that i-c-e
And everybody in the ghetto use nicknames
Like v-90, master p, boz, and big man
My little homies posted up
Some hang, hang, and some slangin'
Others gang bangin'
I'm tryin' to make it out the hood with this gangsta rap
And stay tru to the game, and put the town on the map
But haters hate me and niggas try to talk shit
Cause I done made, a dollar out of 15 cents
On the curb, posted up with them bouldas
And servin' fiends, a-1 yola
And still tryin' stay true with my frist meal
Cause in the ghetto, you got money, you might get
killed
And stayin' tru to the game, is a part of life
And if you don't player, you might lose your life

-chorus-

Tru 2 da game, tru 2 da game
Ain't nothin' changed but my bank account
I'm still the same

[silkk the shocker]

Tryin' to have things major, they can't fade me
Cash the chips like casino
Today I'm a keep it real, and chill, and get blitzed like
marino
My girl be fussin', she be tussin', constantly buggin'
Askin' me why I be hustlin'
I got money to make, so motherfuck it
I'm a keep it real, if it kills me
Y'all gonna feel me before I'm done
Ball till I have it all, I want the whole while
If not, I don't want none
Why I hang with the same ol' niggas
That's what they ask me
I be like, I'm the same ol' nigga
But 'stead, right now, I gets my sacks free
I gots to stay tru fool, about my motherfuckin' mail
I'll be a rich ass nigga, y'all gonna be visitin' me in the
jail
I gots to ball, can't fall, gotta have things major
If you don't believe me, next year round this time
Its silkk up on his pager (then ask me)

-chorus-

[big ed]
Bustas can't see me, they blind
I claim tru, I thought you knew
My foes catch elbows, cause I'm on em like a tattoo
Man I'm layin' low like the eyes of a danked out china
man
Stayin' gangstafied
While I'm tryin' to make a million
But politicians run for office
They rather me bust a cap in a rat, cause they both
gonna try and stop
This
Gangsta rap is what they call it
But I gots to come with the realness
So all my folks can feel this

-chorus-

[mr. serv-on]
Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the lord that my momma will never weep
And let her live in peace and stop spendin' a hundred
g's up in her sleep
When will it stop
I guess when they leave me lyin' on the block
With tears on my glock
A pocket full of lemon drops, laughin' at crooked cops

I guess I'm doin' what I gotta do
As long as I stay tru, until they put me through
I know it's a shame, things'll never change
I hope I live long enough to see my daughter spell my
name
I'm tru 2 da game

-chorus-

[master p]
Still the same
Master p, the whole tru click (y'all gonna feel this)
Tru to the gizame (tru to da hood)
Money can't change you, it just can make you
(never forget where I came from)
No limit records, down south hustlers (independent
black owned)
And the west coast bad boyz
And I told y'all, I can drop something anytime I want to
Y'all done realized by now, the haters done fell off
Cause they ain't tru 2 da game
I could never forget where I came from
I'm from the ghetto
But I won't ever change
Cause I'm tru 2 da game, believe that
Keepin' it real, keepin' it real
Never sell out, can never sell out
Tru 2 da gizame

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