

TRU (Master P) "What They Call Us?"

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I swore (ya heard)
that I'd never rap about another nigga on a record
(that's what stayin tru 2 da game is all about)
that I'd never borrow from another nigga, aha
and I'd never work for the white man (never)

some say we dealers, they call us killas
who we be
TRU niggaz
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who we be
TRU nigga
some say we dealers, they call us killas
who we be
TRU niggaz

got more game than the average
on the street I'm a savage
trying to flip this motherfuckin cornbread into cabbage
ain't got no time for no motherfuckin bustas
my old lady want clustas
I'm out here with hustlas
flippin change into dollas
got the money and the power
got fiends walking up, beepin me
every motherfucking hour
but this Gotti, going through change
got me sittin, thinking to myself
I'm in this game and I'm twisted
I'm having psycho thoughts
peelin my motherfucking neck apart
but that'd be some hoe shit
I get down for my skrilla
cause I'm a killa
and if I kill my ownself
? hoe nigga
real about my paper
tryin to slip some vapor
get some skrilla
but these niggas wanta undertake you
undercut you with these fiends
try to serve your cream

and when you ain't lookin
try to hit you with that laser beam
some nigga you was tru to
punk motherfucker try to get me, he'll get you
suckas don't live on these streets
I'm from the ghetto
grew up on eggs and luncheon meat
and not niggas tellin me fuck the hogs
when your best friend play you like a fucking dog
but I don't trust nobody but my tru niggas
I mean my brothas, I mean my real niggas
Silkk, C-Murder, and Master P
If it ain't blood nigga, it might be your enemy
cause we try to teach niggas to be real
but that's the same niggas that'll get you with that steal
I mean I taught ya'll niggas that never in the game
what ya'll done missin
my ghetto heroes is dead and gone and well missin
plus suckas, hatas, imitators, want be
motherfucking regulators
but ya'll cowards
end a nigga, kill a nigga when he ain't lookin
and nigga shoot a motherfucker when he ain't watchin
now who stoppin ya'll suckas
I swore to be a man, killa
but ya'll niggas just don't understand
that the ghetto is so wicked
these hoes wanta kick it
but these bitches addicted to money and paper
lay you on the stretcher, like a bitch
then rape ya
Bill Clinton be the president
but bitch I never voted
I'm out here on the streets motherfucker, tryin to
represent
ya'll real niggas by staying independent (tru to the
game)
making money, staying true, and still in it

some say we dealers, they call us killas
who we be
TRU niggaz
some say we dealers, they call us killas
who we be
TRU niggaz

they call us killas and drug dealers
what the fuck do they know
want us to jump when they say jump
just cause they done said so
fuck that, I keep my hand on my chrome gat

and if its on, let it be on
if it's on, let it be on black
cause see my whole world is evolved around rounding
up
a fucking tight hoe
I'm like a time bomb
I be cool one second, but you'll never know when I
might explode
shit, how you gonna look through my ???? with no gun
only thing I have in this world are my balls and word
and I'ma brake those for no one
niggas want me to fail, some niggas want me to fall
it's like me against the world
my back up against the wall
when money come, that's precisely, it's all coming
see they don't respect the company cuase it's black
if it was owned by peeps that was white, everybody be
runnin
see in order to survive, I stick to ghetto tactics
I keep my ?, get tighter than rush hour traffic
see ? wanna know what make Silkk's
mind tick, my mind click, at the sight of blood (why's
that)
cause ain't no love up in this bitch
see niggas be trippin, I cooks my rocks
but ya'll be on the outside lookin in
that's why we killas

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I beez a TRU nigga till I'm dead
if I die, bury me
but bitch I'm a four-five, I mean my 9
I'm on a ? to killing and drug dealing
I'm under surveillance, they tapped my phone
but they ain't feelin me
cause if them fedz only knew
they'd probably to jail
and lock me up with no bail
this murderistick click that I hang with
is sick and ready to hop into some gangsta shit
who we be, we be some tru niggas
with TRU across our stomach and countin legal drug
money
nationwide, but runnin this underground
with KL, Mo B, Craig B, Beats by the Pound

fuck with one, you fuck with us all
you get kidnapped if you a ?
leave your blood up on the wall
No Limit be sick
sick like the movie
from New Orleans to California
bring you bitch and sure I'm on her
my record sales increase every week
so fuck the police that keep stoppin me, jealous
some say we dealers, some say we killers
they didn't ask one thing
we be some TRU niggaz

some say we dealers, they call us killas
who we be
TRU niggaz
some say we dealers, they call us killas
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representin from New Orleans to Richmond, California
to the midwest to the world nigga
TRU nigga

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