

Anything Goes

TRU

Eenie, meenie, minnie, moe
You don't know the game 'till you f**k
That's how it goes

Young nigga tryin' to get rich
Posted up with this shit
On the grind tryin' to slang that muthaf**kin' shit
Servin' the fiends the ice cream
You mean that crack

Bullets can't man tag, one time for the gat
Can he make it, will he fake it
Fiends call him Betty Crocker

Cause he got the bacon

You get a loc like that blueberry dope, that yaho
Choppin' it up like fat, gettin' hit on that pager
Cause it's all about the skrilla, nigga
Pockets gettin' bigga
Pockets gettin' swolled, but gettin' dubbed by a gold digger

Now some choose to pimp hoes, and some hoes pimp them
Whatever it may be, everybody against them

Niggas hittin' the bass, straight playa
But you gotta watch your back for them f**kin' hatas
If I were a football player, i'd probably be Lawrence Taylor
Blockin' these hatas off, be mad
Cause they know Master P's got it goin' man
That's why I f**k your bitch, but she ain't shit
And everybody in the hood know the hoe suck dick
But you cause you lame
But like Ice Cube said, "Let's cut out the little man"
You need an ounce of this real game
It ain't a thang to these TRU niggas, cause we let our nuts hang
I got love for you, fool you got love for me
But there's always some sucker talkin' 'bout wrong P
You need to jump off that glass dick
You look like a dope fiend and sound like a bitch
You want it cooked
I got baking soda for your bitch ass, huh
Cause that hoe shit won't last

Comin' from the Bayou, a triple by the dosage
Tryin' to dodge rats, but tend to find cock-roaches
We flip g's, no good deeds
Down on your knees, kidnapped by g's
Forties with the clip, shit float to your forehead
King pay dues, f**k you a dead bitch
Flip pure game, like the Og's taught me
Tryin' spit game when i'm talkin' on a for-ty

It's nothin' but the G in me
I have a question
Big Ed is on a funky G lesson
Now, how many G's in the house tonight

And how many G's spin them gold thangs tight
It's nothin' but a G thang ba-by
I gotta twank on a fubic, but can you fade me
Nigga, cause Big Ed be like TRU to it
Always wearin' Nikes' cause I just do it
Got more bounce to the ounce
Get you drunk like some liquor
Gotta ???
Cause he's rollin' on my ???, like a weather got my action
Grabbin' on my nuts like my name was Micheal Jackson
So nigga
Who ride, I ride, slide

But they can't touch ya

With my TRU niggas on my side

And you know I got 5 on it
But we gotta do this one here for my dead homie

A nigga tip toe through the do'
You know I'm bout 6'4" plus mo'
So I had to get low
And niggas lookin' shady
I shook some shell up in my ass, somebody older
Y'all bitches better pay me
You want me to say it's all good in my hood
Well I can't
And anybody that told you it is, they be lyin'
Cause it ain't
I hopped in my ride, started fish tailin'
Seems I caught a flat, so Silkk started 3-wheelin'