

Yeah! truDeezy
With the two thousand and tweezy
To all you playa haters
Hate the playa, not the game, baby
Uh, we goin' put it on ya
Make it loud n clear
All of my shorties
Whether far or near
Since the last (truDog)
It's been three long years
So we goin' make it loud
We goin' make it loud n clear
I'm goin' make it clearer
Than a Southern California day
And even louder
'Cause the song I sing will never fade
You really thought that T-R-U TO D-O-G was ending?
Listen, homie, you don't even know me
This is just beginnin'

Ten-year veteran
Servin' up the medicine
I rock a mic
You rock a trike
Oops! Your diaper's wet again
Uh!
'Stop Truey! (what!) I wear Pull-Ups, and I'm tellin'! Daddy!'
we goin' put it on ya
Make it loud n clear
All of my shorties
Whether far or near
Since the last (truDog)
It's been three long years
So we goin' make it loud
We goin' make it loud n clear
we goin' put it on ya
Make it loud n clear
All of God's soldiers
Whether far or near
Since the last (truDog)
It's been three long years
So we goin' make it loud
We goin' make it loud n clear
Truett!'
'Dad, he's the one that wanted to have a freestyle battle.'
'Truett, he's three-years-old.'
Well maybe thats why he got served.
And for the record it's dont hate the player hate the game.