

# 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'