

Down & Dirty

TRU

Yo we ridin' dirty, you don't know me bitch

Chorus:

Silkk and Mercedes together
Mercedes, Tru niggaz down and dirty
(repeat 2X)

[Silkk]
Watch your back when I be ridin
Cause I'm known to get down and dirty
Or should I say I'm bout it, bout it!

[Silkk]
See I'm, always sulkin like a bad kid
AK's under the mattress, automatic for static
Watch your back when I ride
Cuz I, roll with the tech and blastin will be uncivilized
Hat, like y'all niggaz heard me
I'm known to get down and fuckin dirty
Y'all bustas just ain't worthy
I live loose adn live frightless
I'm in a crowded room, cut the lights off, turn em back on
I got everybody's rings and necklace
Check check this, hop on the block, nigga
Stop, nigga out my mind, thinkin like a glock nigga
It's a risky business, ask Boz he'll tell ya
Ask P, he'll tell you niggaz, six deep is how us G's ride
On some gangsta shit
I'm down to kickin your fuckin door
But I'll spray this shit, y'all ain't feelin
I'm doin it for a meal
Stop pause for a sec, I'm ridin dirty, guard your grill

Chorus 4X

[Silkk]
I'm on some Beamer 740 shit, crazy retarded shit
Some rum bacardi shit
When I bust, niggaz run, cuz they know, I hardly miss
Potnas be trippin ever since I first made it
I'm bad like a first grader
Face like a eight grader
I'm on some shit that'll make the niggaz wanna jump out the game
I'm down to act bad, dude I got through, to make some change
By any means me dream is on the triple beam
Schemes twice a week to get my money of my cream
Y'all bitches ain't feelin, how I do it, how I won it
If you did it, I done done it, dope I count less than hundred
Got one of my block retaliatin, till we all fall
I'm out the supersport, bumpin, dumpin on all y'all

Chorus 4X

[C-Murder]
Nigga, I'm ridin dirty, like U.G.K. homes
If you can't respect the fact that I'm strapped, keep your ass at home

I'd rather be in the pen, more than the motherfuckin grave
And have my picture on the news, instead of the motherfuckin front page
I'm TRU nigga! so act like me to the fullest
I gots my finger on this trigga, and you know I'm ready to pull it
C and Silkk, commenced to bustin and that ass
Don't try to play me boy, we leave you layin up in a body bag
With P dog, the colonel of No Limit
That's my label bitch, so I gots to represent it
Like, Martin Luther King, I gotta dream
To be a, multi-millionaire, make hits and stack cream
With TRU tatoood on my back and my arm
Don't bury me a G, cause I plan to live long
Much love to my homes, dead and in the bushes
Reminiscin, pour our 40's, and smoke mad Swishers
Straight out the gutter, like G-blood
Silkk, C-Murder, TRU, down and dirty
We run this motherfucker