

The Lord Is Testin Me

TRU

I think the lord is testin' me
Whatzup y'all, hello world, this C-Murder
I'm bout to put you in the mind of a crazy
Fucked up in the head muthafucka (this nigga sick)
You know what I'm sayin?
One of the muthafuckas you see in the
News everyday, for doin' all types of crazy shit

Chorus: Master P

Sometimes, I think the lord is testin me
But I'm a TRU nigga
I can't let none of these niggaz
And bitches get the best of me
(repeat 4X)

[C-Murder]

Muthafuckas just don't understand the shit that I be goin' through
I wanna kill myself, but I know, I gots to stay TRU
Be gettin' my fuckin' hustle on, and stack my fuckin' dividends
Cuz if I ain't got no money and I'm broke, fuck friends
I feel like, I'm paralyzed cuz my own baby, won't hug me
My momma, won't let me in the house cuz she talkin' bout
She scared of me
The only reason I sell drugs is survive
The only reason I kill, is to stay alive
I'm constantly watchin' my back cuz playa haters act like hoes
But they don't wanna fuck with me cuz i turn bustas into John Does
I'm not a role model so keep your kids up out my face
Talkin' bout, I'm sellin' drugs ain't doin' nothin
But killin', my own race
Police can't catch me, betta kill me, ain't gon' let 'em arrest me
They don't, understand I draw my nine faster than Jesse
I've been know to have a temper, and I click quick, like this
Befo' I was crazy, but now I'm strapped and I'm sick
187 killin' murder's a hobby
Thank God, this be the charge, six counts armed robbery
Back in the free world same shit, (ain't gon' change)
Call V, say he got weed, but fuck, I need clothes man
Damn, shoud I get that ski mask G?
Should I rob him, try to get a job?
Damn, the man's testin' me

Chorus x2

[Silkk]

I keep visualizin' jail cells, and closed caskets
Put a credit to the grave he blastin
Fill my coffin laughin', chewin tobacco
I'm just a gangsta livin' day to day, tryna survive
Try to stay high to realize why my homies out there die
Now why you keep on testin' me, sendin' these cops to arrest me
Put me in bad situations, but I won't let life, get the best of me
I was born in a fucked situation, but I'm not a born killa
But I've seen some shit in my time, that escaped a grown nigga

Wonder if, it's a test, see how much I could hold up on my shoulder
T-R-U 'cross my stomach, on my back, a fuckin' soldier
It just don't seem right, it just don't seem right
The shit a nigga go through, makin' me wanna scream like Mike
It stresses me, it's only after this
I wants to know, if it's a in if I kill a nigga, over self-defense
Most of my people don't like me
And a lot of 'em can't stand me
But I wonder if it's a sin if I kill and rob to feed my fuckin' family
It's suvival of the fittest, you be my witness
I don't give a fuck about the money
Cuz I can't take none of that shit with me
If it's a test, then let me know
But if it's my time to go then let me go. Amen

Chorus x2

[Master P]

My record went gold, my family started money trippin'
I could look into the eyes of a nigga that wants to catch me slippin'
Somebody hollered "Don't go out like Tupac!"
That be the same nigga tryin' to fill me up, with buckshots
The game get dirty that's why I'm blastin'
Its plenty niggas out there wanna see the P, in a casket
That's why they spread rumors, lies, I died
Niggas don't wanna see another nigga get a piece, fo the fuckin' pie
My friends trippin' cuz I got ends
Niggas don't wanna see a black nigga rolin', in a fuckin' Benz
My old lady say I'm stuck up
I got to sleep with one eye open, this whole world is fucked up
Got me poppin' dono
Ask Bo but he don't know what P know about the ghetto
You ain't got no dollars, you got no friends
If I go to jail how many y'all niggas gon' visit me in the pen
But if I die it be a million niggas at my funeral
They wanna see me knocked out like Tyson, did Bruno
If I wear red or a blue, then I'm a gang banga
If I make gangsta rhymes, huh, then I'm a dope slanga
Every nigga I used to know that didn't make it
Think I owe 'em somethin'
Every nigga I know in the ghetto, huh
Ask me to front 'em somethin'
My own company, niggas, want me to sign them up
They don't think I could work for this shit
And how hard it take to come up
They too busy, throwin' tesses (tests)
Got me strapped with pistols wearin' bullet proof vesses (vests)
Every hoe I fuck, hope the rubber pop
The media spread rumors I smoke too much weed,
I guess they wanna see me smokin' rocks.
Heh, I think the Lord is testin' me
Either this a bad dream or my fuckin' mind messin' with me