

# T.R.U.E

## Inspectah Deck

Ooh, na, na, na, na, no  
I will stay true, we will make  
We will make it through, I know Yeah, yeah, yeah  
It's like every day bullets over Broadway  
Pumping out the hallway  
With small change, this is how we live It's pop city, gritty ditty bop  
Got the glock with me  
Shots if you not with me  
This is what we give Born by the liquor store  
Used to hit the store for Mr. George  
Where them playas  
And them pimps trick the whores  
Saw the dope tracks, I sold crack  
Phone taps from Kojak  
The old trap, send the fiend through  
Before your home's jacked Chrome clap, shopping through the gate door  
Killas can't escape war  
Get rich or die trying to make more  
Corner store, cop me a four with the egg and cheese Hancock and evergreen, stop cop from  
SMDs  
Young me, used to wheelie the block  
Mountain bike, Nike Dunks, skunk, Phillies and gwap  
I watched the older heads shake those dice, same night  
Watch them, pull out the gauge, when he aced out twice I mean, everybody searching for the  
same thing  
Trying to make a name ring and claim king  
The lifestyle the game bring  
Sick whips, linens and crocks, thick women in flocks  
Or just a cellblock and prisoners pop  
People change like seasons do  
(People change like the weather)  
You know I always stay true  
(Stay true, say me) It's like every day bullets over Broadway  
(Though this life ain't promised to you)  
Pumping out the hallway  
With small change, this is how we live It's pop city, gritty ditty bop  
(In the hardest times will make it through)  
Got the glock with me  
Shots if you not with me  
This is what we give At 16 I hit the Ave with a brick, smashed with the chicks  
Dipped fast on them dicks, zip bag full of nicks  
I was bad on the strip, deuce, deuce in the booth

Blue goose with the troops, fruit juice and a loose  
On the roof with the city on watch  
Got that brown bag of chocolate from up top, fifty a pop  
Since the OGs told me how to get me a knot  
Since then it's been impossible to get me to stop  
In the PJ's, where the fiends stay leanin' for days  
And the V's stay gleam, blades gleaming the raise  
Where the G's play, they don't need a reason to blaze  
And the D's stay schemin' to take me to the cage  
'Cause I'm living it, deep in this life and I'm a  
love it a lot  
'Cause anytime grim reaper could strike  
Another homicide, it's ironic, son, got it  
Same corner where his father died  
Hard to hear his momma cry, why  
(People change like the weather)  
My people, this is for the struggle  
(You know I always stay true)  
It's not for the ballers, it's for the struggle  
(And though this life ain't promised to you)  
You know I got you, it's not guaranteed  
(Na, na, na, no, i  
In the hardest times will make it through)  
We gon' ride though, we gon' live, hold your head

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>