

# Tru Master (with Inspectah Deck & Kurupt)

## Pete Rock

Your highness, live from the bricks, one six  
Pete Rock bang your head, break the drumsticks  
Verbal assault, rhymes rippin' through the mix  
Specialist, with the smash hits that can flip  
Savagely attack this, clash with, accurate aim  
Spark the flame, burn this inside the vein  
Ride tracks like the Soul Train, hold ya brain  
In the state of shock, make 'em drop hits of cocaine  
I bang with the big boys, those who hold  
name  
Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains  
I swing blades, best bring grenades against  
A tru master, way beyond your freshman attempts  
Spit rounds on the floor, evidence of the war  
It's on 'til the death, 'til we settle the score  
You can never measure, to the standard, of the most  
Popular demanded, rap classics  
Pop corks while the style knock your tops off  
Ghetto summer jam's got the streets blocked off  
Plots to knock me off get stopped short  
Armed with my thoughts, move the world with an unknown force  
Aiiyyo, we had the bass pound  
speakers, shell toed Adidas  
Original rap with new school leaders  
(True)  
Graffiti art names with fat gold chains  
Shock the world cousin, while hip-hop remains  
I'm a true master, you can check my credentials  
Master in the MC field  
Master, preacher, poet, a teacher  
From the master from the master  
Yo I drop jewels like hail, rap rides the third rail  
Transmit def styles with sign language in braille  
In hot pursuit of Donald Trump rap loot  
Produce what you feel with Navy Seal mic troops  
Spark the S-P, slaughter, Pete Rock of Gibraltar  
Miraculous lyrics that tread water  
A rap nigga, show respect, write rhymes that connect  
Collaborate, break bread with Kurupt and Deck  
Keep my feet blessed, fresh with the Scottie  
Pippen's  
In the game of life, I play all positions  
Stop look and listen, total package, yes a true master  
Produce rhymes, slang hits faster  
The master of the game, solo artist by name  
Paint the masterpiece that lies inside the frame  
Passionate bright colors, the number one Soul Brother  
All eyes on us, guard your grill and take cover  
Aiiyyo, we had the bass pound speakers, shell  
toed Adidas  
Original rap with new school leaders

(True)

Graffiti art names with fat gold chains  
Shock the world cousin, while hip-hop remains I'm a true master, you can check my credentials  
Master in the MC field  
Master, preacher, poet, a teacher  
From the master from the master I'm the epicenter of this natural disaster  
I'm disastrous with smashes, cold and hot flashin'  
Masters of self, a whole carload of explosives  
Like Zorro your host is Death with the intellect from wizards to warlocks  
I'm sore ock, I'm raw ock with four glocks, smallpox  
More ways to get paid, more ways to display  
More rhymes to say, more AK's to spray God is good growin' up in the hood  
Done some things bad, done some things good  
Me and Pete is like rhymes to chemicals, clash  
Atom bombs to mustard gas We intervene, I break ya, take ya to a whole difference scene  
AR-15's and beams Got em jumpin, like  
I swallowed a gang of jumpin' beans  
Explode and reload, we dumps machines Radical in war, Kurupt's a mad star  
I'm a hard dogg, raw dogg, hog with the gold paw Dogg Pound Gangstaz  
I'm a Dogg Pound Gangsta  
I'm a Dogg Pound Gangsta  
Inspectah Deck and Kurupt and Pete Rock to drop the beat Masters of art  
Be the sharpest motherfucker  
With the beats, with the rhymes  
Check this out

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