

Inner City

"Moment of Truth"

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[some Jamaican gwal]
No matta wat we fyace
We mus face de moment of trut baybe

Chorus: Guru

They say it's lonely at the top, in whatever you do
You always gotta watch motherfuckers around you
Nobody's invincible, no plan is foolproof
We all must meet our moment of truth

Verse One: Guru

The same sheisty cats that you hang with, and do your
thang with
could set you up and wet you up, nigga peep the
language
It's universal, you play with fire it may hurt you
or burn you, lessons are blessings you should learn
through
Let's face facts, although MC's lace tracks
it doesn't mean behind the scenes there ain't no dirt to
trace back
That goes for all of us, there ain't nobody to trust
It's like sabotage, it's got me ready to bust
But I can't jeopardize, what I have done up to this point
So I'ma get more guys, to help me run the whole joint
Cultivate, multiply, motivate, or else we'll die
You know I be the master of the who what where and
why
See when you're shinin, some chumps'll wanna dull ya
Always selfish jealous punks, will wanna pull ya
down, just like some shellfish in a bucket
cause they love it, to see your ass squirm like a worm
But just as you'll receive what is comin to you
Everybody else is gonna get theirs too
I ain't no saint, therefore I cannot dispute
That everyone must meet their moment of truth

Chorus: Guru

Actions have reactions, don't be quick to judge
You may not know the hardships people don't speak of
It's best to step back, and observe with couth
For we all must meet our moment of truth

Verse Two: Guru

Sometimes you gotta dig deep, when problems come
near
Don't fear things get severe for everybody everywhere
Why do bad things happen, to good people?
Seems that life is just a constant war between good
and evil
The situation that I'm facin, is mad amazin
to think such problems can arise from minor
confrontations
Now I'm contemplatin in my bedroom pacin
Dark clouds over my head, my heart's racin
Suicide? Nah, I'm not a foolish guy
Don't even feel like drinking, or even gettin high
Cause all that's gonna do really, is accelerate
the anxieties that I wish I could alleviate
But wait, I've been through a whole lot of other shit,
before
So I oughta be able, to withstand some more
But I'm sweatin though, my eyes are turnin red and yo
I'm ready to lose my mind but instead I use my mind
I put down the knife, and take the bullets out my nine
My only crime, was that I'm too damn kind
And now some skanless motherfuckers wanna take
what's mine
But they can't take the respect, that I've earned in my
lifetime
And you know they'll never stop the furious force of my
rhymes
So like they say, every dog has it's day
And like they say, God works in a mysterious way
So I pray, remembering the days of my youth
As I prepare to meet my moment of truth

("You should know the truth
And the truth shall set you free" --> from _Who's
Gonna Take the Weight?_)

Verse Three: Guru

Yo I got one lyric pointed at your head for start
Another one, is pointed at your weak ass heart
Now if I pull the trigger, on these fully loaded lines
You're gonna wish I woulda pulled a black nine, I mack
dimes

Crack the spines of the fake gangsters
Yeah the bitin triflin niggaz, and the studio pranksters
Yo lookin at the situation plainly: will you remain G?
Or will you be looked upon strangely?
I reign as the articulator, with the greater data
Revolvin on the TASCAM much dooper than my last jam
While others struggle to juggle, tricky metaphots
I explore more, to expose the core
A lot of MC's, act stupid to me
And we have yet to see, if they can match our longevity
But anyway it's just another day
Another fake jack I slay with my spectac' rap display
Styles, smooth but rugged -- you can't push or shove it
You dig it and you dug it cause like money you love it
The king of monotone, with my own throne
Righteously violent prone my words bring winds like
cyclones
Stormin your hideout, blockin out your sunlight
Your image and your business, were truly not done
right
Throw up your he-Allah-I now, divine saviors
You got no hand skills there's no security to save ya
No pager, no celly, no drop top Benz-y
I came to bring your phone hip-hop, to an ending
My art of war will leave you sore from the abuse
Cause you must meet your moment of truth

First Chorus

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