

## Kashtin

### "True Story"

Visit "[True Story](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: King Just (Shyheim)]

From the top (uh) hehehe, yeah (Shyheim, nigga)  
KJ (Yeah, now we got King Just, nigga)  
10304 way (this the grain, man, you ain't shit to beef)  
In the hallway

[King Just]

I heard them young boys coming up, I heard them old  
dudes  
Givin' up, or takin' later, and they still want King Just  
Is it a miracle? Nah man, he's lyrical  
Physically fit, cuz, trust, it get's physical  
It prescribed in the biblical, burn the ritual  
Down to his very last mineral  
I will finish you, with a finishing move  
Gotta show and prove, and give Stella 'back her  
groove'  
Always want to push a CL smooth, on the Staten Island  
Ferry  
Love boat, it's where we cruise  
Keep 'em in two's, like Noah did, the flow'll spit  
With a car, that'll talk back to your ass like Kit  
Michael Knight two thousand and four, can you endure  
The north shore, what the fuck, you think we came for?  
Ain't no standin' around, you clown, we get down  
All you unidentified aliens, head out of town  
Cue mix down, pass the Remy round, Bottom Up  
King Just, I still hold my crown, I'm next up, what

[Chorus: King Just (sung)]

You ain't got nothin' for us  
You can't see Shy or King Just  
Why actin' like you wanna start some beef?  
You betta stay in your place now  
You ain't got no wins, no how  
We are the hottest shit that's out the streets

[Shyheim]

I was on the run, gettin' drunk, smokin' wet, poppin'  
ecst'  
With two outstandin' fugitive warrants for my arrest

Owed a debt to society, one day I will pay  
But I fell in love, in L.A., and decided to stay  
Livin' on the edge, the Dom 'Cino, wired me bread  
Til' he got snatched by the feds, it fucked me up in the  
head  
He kept it thorough, he ain't tell 'em, I invested dope  
for the dough  
He told me keep flowin', cuz for him it ain't no hope  
Now this is real conversation, and for little to next to  
nothing  
Conversation, RZA let me spit on compilations  
I'm like, "Cool, but how ya'll gonna put Snoop and not  
me on The W?"  
It was political as usual, and I hated it  
So I got my weight up with my pen, and made some  
greater hits  
Now the whole world say my shit  
Livin' on the borderline of life or death  
Livin' to die, dyin' to live, life or death  
Don't except shit, but a funeral of kisses and flowers  
My own homies don't love me, they just respect my  
power  
Started wildin', moms paid drugs more attention  
Ended up down state, B-Block reception  
But The Source and XXL ain't mentioned it  
Clan ain't holla at the God and send me out  
Guess that's the same reason, Dirty with The Roc now  
But I'm home on the grind, with a rhyme and a nine  
With some paper set aside, for ya body and son  
It was about time, my nigga, we definetly gon' pop  
And thought you just gon' deal with the cops?  
Chill Shy, but I can't hear it, cuz the dust sepa'  
Ran it for my mind, and my body, for my spirit

[Chorus]

[Outro: Shyheim]

How we gon' keep it going like this, man?  
I remember back in the days, man  
Before this Wu-Tang shit, man  
I used to have to sneak into -- to the Hill and shit  
Put my hood on and shit, go up to Just's house  
And we can write rhymes and shit, knowwhatimsayin?  
Just, you my nigga forever, nigga, let's go to the top,  
man  
Bottom Up, nigga, knowimean?  
And it's love, loyalty, trust, respect and honor  
Always hundred, 'cross the board, nigga  
Let's do it

