

Kool G Rap

"Truly Yours"

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Yeah here we go, just go with the flow
I wanna say something about this girl I know
She tried to play me out, though, check it out
This I dedicate to the girl I hate
It's a piece of my mind rhyme put on a plate
So yo, go ahead swinger, I'm putting up my middle
finger
I'm not sad or mad, I don't feel anger
You're not all that fly trying to play the role
I had girls that looked better on the hoe stroll
Working night patrol, you know what I mean?
I get cash and still wear Jordache jeans
You thought your drug-dealing man was much better
Because he always came and got you in a plush Jetta
Or an Audi, a Benz, or a Jaguar
You didn't think G. Rap was going that far
I'm here to tell of, because you thought I fell off
And now if you're riding the tip, just get the hell off
You wanted to leave because you didn't believe that I
would achieve
Cause you had something up your sleeve
Perhaps you might have thought I'm a dreamer with a

fat head

Now you're stuck with a baby from a crack head

Come to my shows, you want to check to see if I wreck
it

The only record your man got is a jail record

I know you like him a lot because he's a big shot

The only picture you got is his mug shot

I'm on a label with well know singers in it

Look, your man's getting booked and fingerprinted

Polo drives a Benz from state to stae

By the way, guess who made his license plates

Thought I was finished, down, going through the blues

Here's a hundred dollars, go buy some new shoes

Go ahead good looking, you can keep booking

>From my recital I'll never get my title tooke

So you got a little 9 to 5, so what?

What do you do for a living, slice cold cuts?

You look slick, but you know every Tom and Dick

You're more quick than a chick from a porno flick

While you scrub floors, I go on tours

>From me, G Rap, yo, truly yours

(Yo G man! You should diss her man. I heard he's a
homo jimmy man!)

Listen up money, or should I say honey?

You're looking more sweeter than a Playboy bunny

Fingernails filed, your hair is styled

And the gear that you wear looks hot and wild

Everybody says is he, some kind of sissy?

Your name was "Moose" but now they call you "Missy"

Night or day lights, you fall for the gay rights

I thought you would stay bright, but now you wanna
play fight

With men, and Len, your real close friend

But you wouldn't be his friend if his knees didn't bend

You're not a lady dear, you're a square and a queer

Berrettes in your hair, bamboo in your ear

Running in cars, hanging out in bars

Winking your eyes to guys that wear bras

Skintight Levi's and even kneehighs

Don't try to lie, sugar, I know why

In the ladies bathroom, spraying on perfume

Stuffing your t-shirt with two balloons

You don't think about the opposite sex at all

Instead of sugar walls, you'd rather have a ball

Way back in the days, you was as big as a cow

But look at you now, at jams you say "ow"

A sex disease was as common as TB

But gays today get VD in 3-D

And that is called AIDS in case you didn't know

And the only blow I'm giving is this knockout blow

Switching with your bandana looking like Diana Ross

>From me G Rap, yo, truly yours

(Hey yo, finish dissing that girl, man)

Yo, do me a favor, and pick up a pen and pad

And try and write down the numbers of the men you've had

So remember when you're putting someone else in check

Go to the Wizard of Oz and get some self-respect

Won't say no names, it might leave a permanent scar

I don't have to go that far, you know who you are

And if you don't, then everybody else does

Cause all the fellas be telling me how good you was

I can't accept a girl with a ruined rep

I'm like a chef, I just cook up the stew and step

Off with her clothes, like Moby Dick, there she blows

She wanna throw like the girls from the peep shows

Your man was large, but now he's getting kinda tiny

And you run up behind me trying to get pregnant by me

And in a year, I'll bet you'll be on welfare

Don't cry for help dear, you put yourself there

The way it looks, you'll end up in Playboy books

While your man is in Manhattan snatching pocket books

Bugging and mugging with a big 12 guage

Starving so bad I can see his ribcage

Yo, you used to tell me all the time that you would be a model

Later in life, you're living in a crack bottle

So when you're begging on your knees because I'm clocking G's

You'll be in zero degrees getting processed cheese

Wearing Dungaress, yo baby I don't need a girl with
broken hands

Cause his man's a woman beater

So when you get sores, from giving up drawers

Remember Kool G Rap said "Truly Yours"

Yo, I don't even know why you tried to play me honey

Now I'm down with Warner Brothers getting Bugs
Bunny money

(Word, now you wild females know how G rap lives...)

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