

Kool G. Rap And Dj Polo "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 taken
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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