

## Leif Garrett

### "Testimonies"

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\*(Swoop G talking)\*

Mobb shit bitch, that's all them raps in my notebook  
finally paid off.

Testimonies of a gangsta. 9-7.

Verse 1\*(2 Scoops)\*

Most fantasise, I despise a nigga  
who violate the game, by casting dirt upon my name  
cuz I've been summoned from the vallies of hell  
at the same time them shells dropped them niggas fell  
you claim you ballin but I can't tell  
about your bitch you fit  
now you can't afford bail  
like I dispose of toilet paper, I dispose of them fists  
you can't fuck wit this Mobb-stylist so keep bitin yo lip  
niggas wanna see me lose but ain't no room for error  
finally got a thick bitch, now you scared to share her  
there's a coward among us I detect his sent  
I won't point no fingers nigga, but I said what I meant  
ain't no snitches in my streets, Chris I come wit slugs  
nigga wash, Tide an Bleach can't fade this thug  
give it up  
live it up playa expose your heart  
at my best I rip flesh like a Great White shark  
that's real  
po-po raids and barricades can't stop us  
as a shout out beg center, for AK's and choppers  
in the Bay I must pray for the municable jury  
there's no way man can survive the decent of my fury  
I married Nina Ross  
cuz she's my hoodrat pal  
we got engaged the day I pulled her out that bathroom  
towel  
I be ridin on that highway to heaven cuz I paid the toll  
it costed more than a dollar so I gave my soul  
the pain from my past it can't be disguised  
I been baptised in fire, watch the flames in my eyes  
nigga  
2 Scoops assembling soldiers to ride in unison

PD's got AP's out for all us hoolagans  
the dirt I've done I'd be willing to do again  
as long as the bitch ass niggas I'd love to shoot again  
mama raised me well wakin up to them grits  
kept it real, and made all the playas praise my shit  
got discovered like a fossil or the secret of the ooze  
I had to steal because I refused to wear them Payless  
shoes  
teacher told me she'll be back in a minute  
I think she knows  
my optimst prime lunch pale  
my twamp sacks in it  
I'm gettin suspicious  
niggas  
they askin too many questions  
they know my new Pope 100's be my prized possession  
streets has got these niggas heartless  
they ain't got no manners  
when we run out of chronic do we resort to the  
bammers  
sometimes I wonder my mama don't approve of me  
humiliated by the fact that her son's a G  
heaven has an admission and your hearts to feed  
spotlight, would you please shine bright on me.

\*(Chorus- Bart)\* x2

As I get violent and physical  
wit my strap to your mental  
soon as I enter the reconstruction wit this 12 gage  
pistol  
we handle the ghostrider  
we live and die through these hardcore raps  
heaven will find a way to follow us down this dark  
course path.  
Testimonies.

(Swoop G talking)\*

I would like to take the time out to give credit to the  
cities of  
Frisco, Vallejo, Oakland, Sacramento for  
manufacturing so many talented  
niggas, and giving us money-motivated hustlas an  
oprotunity to pursue a  
legitamate career, in this twisted game called life. I  
truley hope after  
hearing my album, my songs will influence my fans to  
retire, smoke  
bigger, hope for better. Don't be content wit the  
circumstances, cuz

most of these circumstances are only temporary. Can't  
nobody hold you  
back from changin them. Music has given the  
testimonies of us gangstas a  
voice. Amen.

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