

Maestro "G.O.D. We Tru\$t"

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(yo yo, yo yo)

Yeah

Here's some food for thought

(you love to hear the story, again and again)

[Chorus]

This is the shit that niggas die for

The shit they breath for

Sweat and cry for

Sacrafice their life for

Civilized turned to savages

Mainly out for lavish gifts

Check the story, check the story

This is the shit that niggas pray for, every night

And take bullets ricochet

Some would even slay for

Civilized turned to savages

Mainly out for lavish gifts

Check the story, check the story

Yo, I knew a brother named G

G was heavy weight

Niggas tried to emulate

Sellin' weight's how he did it

Out to make another G

Never finger-printed

Neighborhood drug lord, he'd make you say

(G) how'd he do it?

Had the blocked locked down

Pullin' levers out for treasures

Like black ceaser with the ledges

G smoked Benson off his hedges

Crack conisour, ghetto godfather

Got you checkin' out the saga

I remember when he made a few bucks

They called him Poo, but

That was way before he blew up

He grew up

But still he wasn't easy

G was movin' speedy

His team started to say

(This mother fucker's gettin' greedy)

Already had a Lex, man Dan was vexed

Didn't like the way he started to flex

(what the fuck

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