

## Maestro

### "GOD We Trut"

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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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