

Maestro

"G.O.DWe 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
Check the story, check the story
Mainly out for lavish gifts

Yo, I knew a brother named G
Sellin' weight's how he did it
G was heavy weight
Out to make another G
Niggas tried to emulate
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
Crack conisour, ghetto godfather
G smoked Benson off his hedges
Got you checkin' out the saga
They called him Poo, but
He grew up
I remember when he made a few bucks
That was way before he blew 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
Club hoppin', takin' his whip shoppin'
(what the fuck's he gettin' vexed?)
G'd forgotten his team, now his teams plottin'
To stop him
Making mad dough like Pablo
>From sellin' mad blow
So the same old niggas that rode and strolled wit' him
But he didn't wanna share the cash flow
(what'd they do, man?)
Put a fuckin' hole in 'em

[Chorus]

I knew a brother named O
A super pimp nigga
Had hookers on the stroll
He'd make you wanna say (oh oh)
Every single time an H-O would give felecio
Making pesos
(to who?)
Every Tom, Dick or Pedro
Wit' a sentence
I seen him turn a seven day eventess into an
apprentince
Many wives into wenches
Renlentious
Have a fun day, by Monday, she's on the runway
Met a freak on a Sunday, buy her a chocolate sundae
Planned his attack, now little Candace sports spandex
Then he met a chick named Candace by the Church of
St. Agnus
Crazy pompous, he never had a concious
When Candace fucked his money up, Candace was
unconcious
The nigga flipped on a dime
(What'd he do, son?)
When she came to, that was it, she was fed
He gave the girl more lumps than Thelma's outmeal
from good times
(What'd she do?)
pull out a twenty two and shot him in the head

[Chorus]

I knew a brother named D
Livin' on the edge
Made a pledge to be the top baller
Knew how to make papes, but he didn't know the ledge

(and) street baller
Made cash in large portions
A fortune of extortion
And embezelment
D was never hesitant to stage a heist
He'd raise the price to take a life
Jewelry always glazin' nice
Leavin' folks in broken arms
D was always totin' johns
(did he ever read the bible?)
Nah, D was never po' in songs
Strictly out for makin' cabbage
He'd break and damage
Coke up his nasal passage
His estate was lavish
One day, he sat and realized the lives that he took
For the first time in his life, even D got shook
He went on hands and knees
And asked forgiveness from Johova
But it was too late
He'd mixed the coke-stra with the nose-stra
He tried to leave the city
Tried to run from his job
He tried to turn his life around
He couldn't run from the mob
They found him, tied him up, 'bout to fill him with led
But before they took his life, check the words that they
said

[Chorus]

(yo)
(G...O...D

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