

Maestro Fresh Wes "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 wifes into wenches
Renlentless
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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