

Planet Soul

"O.G. Talk"

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[Hook: Guru] - 2X

Used to run with the older dudes
That's how I know the rules
Notice how these fools talk gats but can't hold the tool
What I know is true, I do what I'm supposed to do
Open you, you kids ain't sposed to speak till ya spoken
to

[Tef]

Tell me what the fuck a hood do to make a young buck
get dumbstruck
By the sight and the sound when the gun bust
Nigga tell me how to, fuck I know the smell of
gunpowder
So well that when the shell spits sniffin it'll rouse ya
Why you send me like this to live a life with such malice
In the streets bound by the vows of marriage
To the game, I'm a hustler
Shellshocked from lettin the shells pop from the
muffler
Get knocked, get bailed, with the bell heart just to
touch ya
Fuck ya, I done paid all my dues in spades
and know the tools of the trade
Nigga fuck the police, I done spent life up in the streets
Ain't got plans for comin up in this peice
To give a nigga, every side of my struggle
To show y'all mothafuckas all the real ill shit they put a
thug through
And they wonder why I let my pants hang, fuck with
hoodrats
Cheap nigga and won't give up a God-damn thang

[Hook: Guru] - 2X

[Guru]

I sat by the door, but never call me a spoof
Go head and, call on ya troops, we'll have you callin a
truce
I got here on pure guts, carve diamonds with pure cuts
Still the king of underground, you toilet tissue, pure

butt
And just incase you wanna spread rumors
Me and Tef'll give you lead to the head tumors
Used to rock blue and red Pumas
I went to Farrakhan speak when I was 12 years old
He said, "Create your own job, know yourself, don't
fold"
My uncle Clarence, rest in peace and do your music
For Giovanni, rest in peace, I hear guns in the Buick
Big Shug told me, "Boy you know we got talent"
I was always wylin, still iller than the most violent
From O.G. pimps, businessmen, to jazz niggaz
I learned how to, think past niggaz, and how to outclass
niggaz
Your buggin dukes, yeah I know you got thug in you
And I got love for you, but all that shit ain't nothin new

[Hook: Guru] - 2X

[Don Parmazhane]
This can only get old, swear to God I was born in the
ghetto
Where fiends fight all night, dogs bite like pedal
Been on the streets and yo, I shoulda worked the hustle
then left
Twenty years old, 100 G's on the set
Tell me how long, must I take this struggle
All I know is to hustle, livin in this never-endin struggle
Why, problem after problem, cope with one half then
doubles
Blast with hot glocks and whoop nigga'z ass with
knuckles
Fuck the hard times, protect the jewels that the dog
mined
Niggaz get stupid, so my nines stay cocked at all times
Going to court, for assault with the chrome nine
You "bout it?" Now you in jail, you bout to hold mine
Feel like I been to Hell four times
Fightin with the mothafuckin demon, I can't see him cuz
I'm so blind
He spoke to me, in a voice that was so calm
Said I was dead already, killed by my own kind

[Hook: Guru] - 2X

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