

## **Gangstarr**

### **"Moment Of Truth"**

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[some jamaican gwal]

No matta wat we fyace

We mus face de moment of trut baybe

Chorus: guru

They say it's lonely at the top, in whatever you do  
You always gotta watch motherfuckers around you  
Nobody's invincible, no plan is foolproof  
We all must meet our moment of truth

Verse one: guru

The same sheisty cats that you hang with, and do your  
thang with  
Could set you up and wet you up, nigga peep the  
language  
It's universal, you play with fire it may hurt you  
Or burn you, lessons are blessings you should learn  
through  
Let's face facts, although mc's lace tracks  
It doesn't mean behind the scenes there ain't no dirt to  
trace back  
That goes for all of us, there ain't nobody to trust  
It's like sabotage, it's got me ready to bust  
But I can't jeapordize, what I have done up to this point  
So i'ma get more guys, to help me run the whole joint  
Cultivate, multiply, motivate, or else we'll die  
You know I be the masterof the who what where and  
why  
See when you're shinin, some chumps'll wanna dull ya  
Always selfish jealous punks, will wanna pull ya  
Down, just like some shellfish in a bucket  
Cause they love it, to see your ass squirm like a worm  
But just as you'll receive what is comin to you  
Everybody else is gonna get theirs too  
I ain't no saint, therefore I cannot dispute  
That everyone must meet their moment of truth

Chorus: guru

Actions have reactions, don't be quick to judge

You may not know the hardships people don't speak of  
It's best to step back, and observe with caution  
For we all must meet our moment of truth

Verse two: guru

Sometimes you gotta dig deep, when problems come near  
Don't fear things get severe for everybody everywhere  
Why do bad things happen, to good people?  
Seems that life is just a constant war between good and evil  
The situation that I'm facing, is mad amazing  
To think such problems can arise from minor confrontations  
Now I'm contemplating in my bedroom facing  
Dark clouds over my head, my heart's racing  
Suicide? nah, I'm not a foolish guy  
Don't even feel like drinking, or even getting high  
Cause all that's gonna do really, is accelerate  
The anxieties that I wish I could alleviate  
But wait, I've been through a whole lot of other shit, before  
So I oughta be able, to withstand some more  
But I'm sweating though, my eyes are turning red and yo  
I'm ready to lose my mind but instead I use my mind  
I put down the knife, and take the bullets out my nine  
My only crime, was that I'm too damn kind  
And now some skankless motherfuckers wanna take what's mine  
But they can't take the respect, that I've earned in my lifetime  
And you know they'll never stop the furious force of my rhymes  
So like they say, every dog has its day  
And like they say, God works in a mysterious way  
So I pray, remembering the days of my youth  
As I prepare to meet my moment of truth

("you should know the truth  
And the truth shall set you free" --> from \_who's gonna take the weight? \_)

Verse three: guru

Yo I got one lyric pointed at your head for start  
Another one, is pointed at your weak ass heart  
Now if I pull the trigger, on these fully loaded lines  
You're gonna wish I woulda pulled a black nine, I mack dimes  
Crack the spines of the fake gangsters

Yeah the bitin triflin niggaz, and the studio pranksters  
Yo lookin at the situation plainly: will you remain g?  
Or will you be looked upon strangely?  
I reign as the articulator, with the greater data  
Revolvin on the tascam much doper than my last jam  
While others struggle to juggle, tricky metaphots  
I explore more, to expose the core  
A lot of mc's, act stupid to me  
And we have yet to see, if they can match our longevity  
But anyway it's just another day  
Another fake jack I slay with my spectac' rap display  
Styles, smooth but rugged -- you can't push or shove it  
You dig it and you dug it cause like money you love it  
The king of monotone, with my own throne  
Righteously violent prone my words bring winds like  
cyclones  
Stormin your hideout, blockin out your sunlight  
Your image and your business, were truly not done  
right  
Throw up your he-allah-i now, divine saviors  
You got no hand skills there's no security to save ya  
No pager, no celly, no drop top benz-y  
I came to bring your phone hip-hop, to an ending  
My art of war will leave you sore from the abuse  
Cause you must meet your moment of truth

First chorus

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