

Markus Meier

"Moment Of Truth"

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Here we go again, prepare to meet your end
Just looked you up on Facebook, you have zero friends
This kid's a loser yo, he ain't even kissed a girl
You write her love letters I buy her ice and pearls
So how you like me now?
Even Roxanne's in the background saying 'Wow, Bling's
got style'
I'm off the gold chain
If you're a rapper why is Kris your backup dancer
Like an extra on soul train
I see your mommy and your daddy in the front row
They must be embarrassed for you bro
You're not a real M.C.
You should quit hip-hop
Now be a good bus boy and go get your mop

Bling, you don't wanna battle
You're the snake without the rattle
You're the boat without the paddle
You're the duck without the waddle
You're the horse without the saddle
The ranch without the cattle
The day without the shadow
Son, I think you should skedaddle kick gravel
Sayonara punk arrivederci
What language do I have to say it in for you to hear me
clearly
Adios amigo, you're over with, finito
This clown couldn't rap anything but my burrito

Kid, you have to hold your mommy's hand before you
cross the street
You have to sneak out the house just to clean and
sweep
And now you look queasy, I made him go mute
Put your camera phones up so you can post this on
YouTube
Truth's got a screw loose he's terrified to bust
So lightweight that I can blow him over with a gust
You're weak like Seven Days, you deserve boos
You should walk around in some high-heeled shoes

You should rock pigtails and a skirt
You're shaking in your boots
Are your feelings getting hurt?
Well, maybe I should hurt more than your feelings
Maybe I should rip the roof off the theatre ceiling
Maybe you should start kneeling his eyes are getting
misty
You're so wack, if you were me you couldn't diss me
Kissy kissy Roxanne, did you miss me?
I'll take you out to dinner after I've eaten this pipsqueak
And when we're on vacation I'll let him house sit
Here's a couple of bucks, buy yourself a better outfit

You know what? You don't have a stack of cash or a
flashy pad
I saw you last week driving a taxi cab,
Your secret's out and now they know sport
We'll call you if we need a ride to an airport
In fact you can drop me off at home after this
Then you can take your couple bucks back but as a tip
You're playing yourself like Solitaire
Telling everyone that's here that you're a millionaire
You're not a baller, you're a phony
I bet your whole crew is a bunch of rent-a-homies
And now you lie in bed lonely, your persona's a
façade
The only girls you get are in the pages of a catalog
Here stands Lord of DaBluff
His lies were legendary till the truth made him hush
And what's funny is your truth is enough
Why'd you have to make up all the money and the
stuff?
I guess it's easier to play the role and act hard
'Cause you don't have the guts to tell us who you really
are
So you can keep a trophy that you don't deserve
I might be a bus boy but you just got served

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