

Tragedy Khadafi

"The Truest"

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[Tragedy Khadafi] Yo, yo, I'm like Montana in Scarface while credits is running Foes stretched out on a pool of blood, trust me I'm gunning Most underrated, highly influenced, I'm rap's truest More than an artist, my style embodies a whole movement Me and mic form an intimate relationship, Monogamist Knowledge's, I done touched more women than Gynecologist A lot of this my adolescence stages Now my mind is focused on billion dollar wages Haze in the bloodstream, life is like a dream Moving at the speed of light in my mind but going nowhere From the East but still need a pass before you go there Challenge me? Don't get yourself massacred I'm just a G from a dark continent in Africa You can find my rhymes on the livest walls up in Attica When I was young fell in love with Hip-Hop so I married her She got abused by some bird niggas so I carried her Hood Messiah till I expire black cotton attire Live wire climbing charts like Tobey Maguire (Chorus) Tragedy I'm the truest I'm the truest [Tragedy Khadafi] Yo, yo, yo, it's just a G'd up presentation Savior to the culture, Black Jesus My revelation I write is prophetic My style is the truest, far beyond industry credit Yet I neva knew this child of the ghetto would grow so rich To influence so many lives wit the rhymes I spit School system said I was mentally incompetent That was nonsense I'm just dealing wit a higher conscious Foreva G tho my Tek still blow Exclude the roof off the magnum sipping on merlot Tell my enemies that they can come get it But a gun come wit it Tie my pride uptight so I can run wit it Having fun wit it like when B.I.G. Pac & Pun did it If I neva made a dime I'm still being loved wit it Challenge is the inner demon fighting for my aura Don't get it twisted a King is far greater than a balla Mahdi hood Noble Drew Ali, Black Soprano My swagga is like the Jenever's at the roundtable Back when niggas pushed jettors wit the spoiler kits on it Use to pull a jux snatching nigga chain running pointing Things change like finding out your man's an informant You don't know I'm ill like the AID virus laying dormant Trust me this ain't a mockery, my moms died from it 2-5 on my bicep bullet wounds in my stomach Use to

putting hammers to a cowards head tell 'em run it Now
my mind is in the right zone plus I'm quiet grown The
greatest lines escaped from my mind when the mic's
on (Chorus) Tragedy

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