

Fadensonnen

"G.O.D. We 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
Mainly out for lavish gifts
Check the story, check the story

Yo, I knew a brother named G
G was heavy weight
Niggas tried to emulate
Sellin' weight's how he did it
Out to make another G
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
G smoked Benson off his hedges
Crack conisour, ghetto godfather
Got you checkin' out the saga
I remember when he made a few bucks
They called him Poo, but
That was way before he blew up
He grew 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
(what the fuck's he gettin' vexed?)
Club hoppin', takin' his whip shoppin'
G'd forgotten his team, now his teams plottin'
To stop him
Making mad dough like Pablo
>From sellin' mad blow
But he didn't wanna share the cash flow
So the same old niggas that rode and strolled wit' him
(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)
Making pesos
Every single time an H-O would give felecio
(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
Met a freak on a Sunday, buy her a chocolate sundae
Have a fun day, by Monday, she's on the runway
Then he met a chick named Candace by the Church of
St. Agnus
Planned his attack, now little Candace sports spandex
Crazy pompous, he never had a concious
When Candace fucked his money up, Candace was
unconciuous
The nigga flipped on a dime
(What'd he do, son?)
He gave the girl more lumps than Thelma's outmeal
from good times
When she came to, that was it, she was fed
(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
Knew how to make papes, but he didn't know the ledge
Made a pledge to be the top baller

(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
His estate was lavish
Coke up his nasal passage
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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