

Juvenile F/ Baby, B.G., Turk "Truly Yours '98"

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This I dedicate to the girl I rate
As a ten then again she was probably an eight
Her ass was kinda phat so she moved me yo
When I scoped out her mental was straight said let's
roll
Stared this shorty everynight and everyday
On the rebound around left right and hey
I'm a critical brother when it comes down to broads
But this wop here is like the Grammy Awards
Had style and grace and class a lot of taste
On a slow dance we romance around my place
Like a king from queens is how she made me feel
And if I did dirt it was locked and sealed
No doubt was all about me and my love thing
If the phone called Paul I was lettin it ring
Absolutely, she looped me the hook was good
Niggaz buggin on me buggin in my neighbor hood
Yeah boss, but on course is my game plan and
Shorty wop keep me chillin with the name brand
Kicks and whips, going all out chicks, flicks and tours
Yeah you know who you is kid truly yours

This I dedicate to the mixtapes I hate
Exclusive shit it really holds no weight
Put ya skills on the plate backspin to eighty-eight
Now this I dedicate to a girl I hate
Try to post fly with ya Mabeline eye
Sportin DKNY working on ya alibi
Immitation at best Miss American Express
Dismiss the charge, Kool G Rap and Large Pro
Here to let you know were not the mens
I'm through with you but still talk ta ya friends
Don't stop to say hi or even reply
The position is filled with fresh new material
Keep ya head up, catch some black cat luck
Sped off in my truck not givin a fuck
Lookin At My Front Door, it's locked and closed
So I use the window for all you ninety-eight hoes

Ave yo go head hood rat
I can't see where ya any good at

Put that trash back on tha rack
You a put back a stripper
Just like a chicken peckin wherever wood at
You sewer rat better be careful where you step ya foot
at
You might get snapped, caught in the trap
Sneekin bout a cheese stack so sewer that and ease
back
You fleece that it's G Rap many cats wanna be that
Better believe that iced up, find me where it's below
zero degrees at
Skis at see the G stack puffin on scarface and garcia
vegas
G Rap and Pete Rock we bond papers
Both of us together we bomb makers bottles of Dom
breakers
Many mansions on farm acres pushin porsches with
four doors
Diamonds with no flaws with the pretty mamas
on beaches of bahama shores
Pinky ring is like a stone age without the dinosaurs
Comin from me G Rap yo, truly yours

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