

Maestro Fresh Wes, G.O.D. We Tru\$t

(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 wives 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 unconcious
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 forgivness 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)