

Zulu, Truthfully

Me tell you truthfully, me not no gangster, man
The FBI calls me nerd in the burbs with the street connection
But don't think seh me no keep protection
Me say de word and the deed occurs, just how me give direction
Now really, answer this important question..
The men who talk never do and the ones who do they never
talk and the one who speaks in riddles, man that ain't no
middle man
Him have de master plan, in other words the Don,
You think me crazy when me tell you seh me don't discriminate
Now what the youth deh upon?

To make a million, that aint no thing, but the question is
How can you keep it clean? You see?
Dem want you rot inna jail about 200 years
Two uncles shot down in cold blood, I can feel the tears,
Me know the way to the top don't have no thug appeal,
This hustlin' not going stop till I'm Elysian Fields.

We taking over the game, If you don't know you better ask somebody
(So get ya mind right)

You talk that killa shit, me tell you truthfully, killing is bad for business
It's better that you be done in a car accident, that way my hands are clean
I'm at your funeral with a thousand dollar wreath

But there's no profit in beef an otherwise running smooth operation
Caught up inna de controversy, and dealing with these police will make you
Long for the days of eternal money, and everlasting peace

Not sure if you realize just who you're dealing with, you run that B S with us
We get it over quick
We've come too far now to quit, so either we'll handle it like gentlemen,
Or we'll get into some gangster shit.

Me tell you truthfully, I don't like talking you see. Me na go tell you one word
Without my legal team. With every stroke of the pen I have to think about
The statute of limitations when it's running out.
But you go ahead tricking off all that game on dem tracks, What it be essentially
Is like you snitching on wax
This is for my dogs in the pen. Yea we doin' it for them, I got some guys in the FED
They wouldn't appreciate that.