

Moment of Truth

Gang Starr

No matta wat we fyace
We mus face de moment of trut baybe They say it's lonely at the top in whatever you do
You always gotta watch motherfuckers around you
Nobody's invincible no plan is foolproof
We all must meet our moment of truth The same sheisty cats that you hang with and do your
thang with
could set you up and wet you up nigga peep the language
It's universal, you play with fire it may hurt you
or burn you, lessons are blessings you should learn through
Let's face facts, although MC's lace tracks
it doesn't mean behind the scenes there ain't no dirt to trace back
That goes for all of us, there ain't nobody to trust
It's like sabotage, it's got me ready to bust
But I can't jeapordize, what I have done up to this point
So I'ma get more guys, to help me run the whole joint
Cultivate, multiply, motivate, or else we'll die
You know I be the master of the who what where and why
See when you're shinin, some chumps'll wanna dull ya
Always selfish jealous punks, will wanna pull ya
down, just like some shellfish in a bucket
cause they love it, to see your ass squirm like a worm
But just as you'll receive what is comin to you
Everybody else is gonna get theirs too
I ain't no saint, therefore I cannot dispute
That everyone must meet their moment of truth
Actions have reactions, don't be quick to judge
You may not know the hardships people don't speak of
It's best to step back, and observe with couth
For we all must meet our moment of truth Sometimes you gotta dig deep, when problems come
near
Don't fear things get severe for everybody everywhere
Why do bad things happen, to good people?
Seems that life is just a constant war between good and evil
The situation that I'm facin, is mad amazin
to think such problems can arise from minor confrontations
Now I'm contemplatin in my bedroom pacin
Dark clouds over my head, my heart's racin
Suicide? Nah, I'm not a foolish guy
Don't even feel like drinking, or even gettin high
Cause all that's gonna do really, is accelerate
the anxieties that I wish I could alleviate
But wait, I've been through a whole lot of other shit, before

So I oughta be able, to withstand some more
 But I'm sweatin though, my eyes are turnin red and yo
 I'm ready to lose my mind but instead I use my mind
 I put down the knife, and take the bullets out my nine
 My only crime, was that I'm too damn kind
 And now some scandalous motherfuckers wanna take what's mine
 But they can't take the respect, that I've earned in my lifetime
 And you know they'll never stop the furious force of my rhymes
 So like they say, every dog has it's day
 And like they say, God works in a mysterious way
 So I pray, remembering the days of my youth
 As I prepare to meet my moment of truth
 ("You should know the truth
 And the truth shall set you free" -- from Who's Gonna Take the
 Weight?)
 Yo I got one lyric pointed at your head for start
 Another one, is pointed at your weak ass heart
 Now if I pull the trigger, on these fully loaded lines
 You're gonna wish I woulda pulled a black nine, I mack dimes
 Crack the spines of the fake gangsters
 Yeah the bitin triflin niggaz, and the studio pranksters
 Yo lookin at the situation plainly: will you remain G?
 Or will you be looked upon strangely?
 I reign as the articulator, with the greater data
 Revolvin on the TASCAM much dooper than my last jam
 While others struggle to juggle, tricky metaphors
 I explore more, to expose the core
 A lot of MC's, act stupid to me
 And we have yet to see, if they can match our longevity
 But anyway it's just another day
 Another fake jack I slay with my spectac' rap display
 Styles, smooth but rugged -- you can't push or shove it
 You dig it and you dug it cause like money you love it
 The king of monotone, with my own throne
 Righteously violent prone my words bring winds like cyclones
 Stormin your hideout, blockin out your sunlight
 Your image and your business, were truly not done right
 Throw up your he-Allah-I now, divine saviors
 You got no hand skills there's no security to save ya
 No pager, no celly, no drop top Benz-y
 I came to bring your phony hip-hop, to an ending
 My art of war will leave you sore from the abuse
 Cause you must meet your moment of truth They say it's lonely at the top in whatever you do
 You always gotta watch motherfuckers around you
 Nobody's invincible no plan is foolproof
 We all must meet our moment of truth

