## **Moment Of Truth**

## **Gang Starr**

No matta wat we fyace

We mus face de moment of trut baybeThey 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 truthThe 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 truthSometimes 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 would 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 doper 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

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 truthThey 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

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/