Stay True

Ghostface Killah

Oh yeah, motherfucker
It's real
Y'all niggas hold your guns
Throw your guns down, put 'em downYo, we in the fields with heat
You fake niggas, eat kid meals to meat
We street referees, we rock
Jean jackets, thick shirts over turtlenecks
Certified doctors in hoods steal all your techs
But wait, roll cameras, Babyface money blowin' like beach nut
Call off the mutts, it's me again
Ghost, your host this evenin'
(Ladies and gents, I'd like to thank you all for comin' out tonight)Tucks tight, all sharp, light up a bark, let's mingle
Fetch me a Remy Martin on diamonds
Flair-laided Gucci joints, I never wore
I might give 'em to my brother-in-law
Fitzpatrick, ribs battered, worth more than Egyptian marrows
Borrow the God jewels, Gucci goggles
That's how the God do, Motown twenty-five
My office like Smokey's voice, little moist, but choice
We guzzle Dom's, smoke the scratchy throats
Live on the edge, bracelets, shades and classy coats
Jungle in the club, we play Colombo
Frost eat a snowman, frozen as the milky way
Ice on the floor, El-Producto in the sleeve
In the seam of his mink, he said "Don't drink"
Think before he talked, he walked like he ordered
Champ room down in Vegas, vendin' machines
I sip Alize' compliments of E and JThe streets is rough out here
Crack game came and had us years
What is a man to do?
(Brother man, stay true, stay true)The streets is rough out here
Crack game came and had us years
What is a man to do?
(Brother man, stay true, stay true)

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