

# Moment Of Truth

## Gang Starr

(some Jamaican gwal)

No matta wat we fyace

We mus face de moment of trut baybeChorus: Guru

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 truthVerse One: Guru

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 jeopardize, 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 truthChorus: Guru

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 truthVerse Two: Guru

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? )Verse Three: Guru  
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 truthChorus: Guru  
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

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