

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 masterof 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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