

# Truly Yours

Diz Gibran

Yeah here we go, just go with the flow  
I wanna say something about this girl I know  
She tried to play me out, though, check it out This I dedicate to the girl I hate  
It's a piece of my mind rhyme put on a plate  
So yo, go ahead swinger, I'm putting up my middle finger  
I'm not sad or mad, I don't feel anger  
You're not all that fly trying to play the role  
I had girls that looked better on the hoe stroll  
Working night patrol, you know what I mean?  
I get cash and still wear Jordache jeans  
You thought your drug-dealing man was much better  
Because he always came and got you in a plush Jetta  
Or an Audi, a Benz, or a Jaguar  
You didn't think G. Rap was going that far  
I'm here to tell of, because you thought I fell off  
And now if you're riding the tip, just get the hell off  
You wanted to leave because you didn't believe that I would achieve  
Cause you had something up your sleeve  
Perhaps you might have thought I'm a dreamer with a fat head  
Now you're stuck with a baby from a crack head  
Come to my shows, you want to check to see if I wreck it  
The only record your man got is a jail record  
I know you like him a lot because he's a big shot  
The only picture you got is his mug shot  
I'm on a label with well know singers in it  
Look, your man's getting booked and fingerprinted  
Polo drives a Benz from state to stae  
By the way, guess who made his license plates  
Thought I was finished, down, going through the blues  
Here's a hundred dollars, go buy some new shoes  
Go ahead good looking, you can keep booking  
>From my recital I'll never get my title tooken  
So you got a little 9 to 5, so what?  
What do you do for a living, slice cold cuts?  
You look slick, but you know every Tom and Dick  
You're more quick than a chick from a porno flick  
While you scrub floors, I go on tours  
>From me, G Rap, yo, truly yours (Yo G man! You should diss her man. I heard he's a homo jimmy man!) Listen up money, or should I say honey?

You're looking more sweeter than a Playboy bunny  
Fingernails filed, your hair is styled  
And the gear that you wear looks hot and wild  
Everybody says is he, some kind of sissy?  
Your name was "Moose" but now they call you "Missy"  
Night or day lights, you fall for the gay rights  
I thought you would stay bright, but now you wanna play fight  
With men, and Len, your real close friend  
But you wouldn't be his friend if his knees didn't bend  
You're not a lady dear, you're a square and a queer  
Berrettes in your hair, bamboo in your ear  
Running in cars, hanging out in bars  
Winking your eyes to guys that wear bras  
Skintight Levi's and even knee highs  
Don't try to lie, sugar, I know why  
In the ladies bathroom, spraying on perfume  
Stuffing your t-shirt with two balloons  
You don't think about the opposite sex at all  
Instead of sugar walls, you'd rather have a ball  
Way back in the days, you was as big as a cow  
But look at you now, at jams you say "ow"  
A sex disease was as common as TB  
But gays today get VD in 3-D  
And that is called AIDS in case you didn't know  
And the only blow I'm giving is this knockout blow  
Switching with your bandana looking like Diana Ross

>From me G Rap, yo, truly yours (Hey yo, finish dissing that girl, man) Yo, do me a favor, and pick up a pen and  
pad

And try and write down the numbers of the men you've had  
So remember when you're putting someone else in check  
Go to the Wizard of Oz and get some self-respect  
Won't say no names, it might leave a permanent scar  
I don't have to go that far, you know who you are  
And if you don't, then everybody else does  
Cause all the fellas be telling me how good you was  
I can't accept a girl with a ruined rep  
I'm like a chef, I just cook up the stew and step  
Off with her clothes, like Moby Dick, there she blows  
She wanna throw like the girls from the peep shows  
Your man was large, but now he's getting kinda tiny  
And you run up behind me trying to get pregnant by me  
And in a year, I'll bet you'll be on welfare  
Don't cry for help dear, you put yourself there  
The way it looks, you'll end up in Playboy books  
While your man is in Manhattan snatching pocket books

Bugging and mugging with a big 12 guage  
Starving so bad I can see his ribcage  
Yo, you used to tell me all the time that you would be a model  
Later in life, you're living in a crack bottle  
So when you're begging on your knees because I'm clocking G's  
You'll be in zero degrees getting processed cheese  
Wearing Dungaress, yo baby I don't need a girl with broken hands  
Cause his man's a woman beater  
So when you get sores, from giving up drawers  
Remember Kool G Rap said "Truly Yours"Yo, I don't even know why you tried to play me honey  
Now I'm down with Warner Brothers getting Bugs Bunny money  
(Word, now you wild females know how G rap lives...)

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