

## Stay True

Ghostface Killah

Oh yeah, motherfucker  
It's real  
Y'all niggas hold your guns  
Throw your guns down, put 'em down

Yo, 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'll steal all your techs  
But wait, roll cameras, Babyface money blowing like beach nut  
Call off the mutts, it's me again  
Ghost, your host this evening  
(Ladies and gents I'd like to thank you all for comin out tonite)  
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, vending machines  
I sip Alize' compliments of E&J

The streets is rough out here  
Crack game came and had us years  
What is a man to do? (Brother)  
(Stay true, stay true)