

False Prophets

Guru

Bars are sick, I spit flem in the form of gems
Listen how I kiss it, watch the storm begin
Harsh winds, and never coming, downpouring
Cats be faking jacks, don't know what they're down for
The seven and a half combine, over the frontline
The ten percenters, promotin slander in the airtime
Bear in mind jewels be the tools of the trade
Sharp veins heavenly praise and dues are paid

They placed him on pedestals, named him the hottest
A dawn with riches, women and gold object
They spoke confederate, and not to the people
Trying to numb off thought, like shots from a needle
I peep these cocksuckas, their ways and actions
The center of attention, the main attraction
If they were authentic, you think the fame would trap 'em
Now cypher, they all up in the game just acting
The worst thing for them is when one does emerge
That exposes that fake shit and rattles their nerves
A lot of niggaz switch sides 'cause its convenient
They frontin like they down for the hood but they don't mean it
I seen it, suckas with their hidden agendas
Turning their backs to the streets, while they're living in splendor
And this right here is no small topic
Trickery is in the air, so beware of the false prophet

Ad they laugh and smile and sip on their drinks
They disgust me, they can get spit on an ink
I sit and I think, how determined they made me
Demonic rap clowns from the PJ's, they hate me
Greedy as hell, always showing fake love
Scared of the real ones, even worse they fake thugs
Somebody gave 'em money and a platform to kick it from
They speak real well, but I still don't get it son
Eventually they doomed to fall
And they should get no space to breathe, no room at all
From a long time ago, up to this very moment
They been twisting the truth, now I'm their opponent
They take the people's trust and misuse it for power
I'm 'bout to pull the plug and refuse these cowards
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