

# 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 pedestols, 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  
And this right here is no small topic  
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