

# Truth Be Told

Audio Push

This is what you ride to,  
Sit back and just vibe to.  
What you rock ya best fitted  
And Jordan 5's to.  
This ain't what you used to,  
Or what you call a truce to.  
See this is what you sit back and  
Just tell the truth to.  
So truth be told.

I'm from this team named BOW.  
You prolly heard about.  
You most likely said  
Some hateful words about.  
And that's cool,  
But we bout to make it gruesome.  
Cuz these legends keep on dying,  
I think we gon be the new ones.  
So yeah,  
You bout to hate us.  
I swear you bout to hate us,  
Cuz every girl you checking for  
Is always tryna date us.  
And no, we're not the New Boyz,  
Please do not mistake us.  
And nah, that ain't a dis,  
But I mean listen,  
They just ain't us.  
This one for my phone,  
That I constantly be on.  
Telling my girl that don't  
Believe me until she see me on TV,  
Or hear these songs.  
And yes, she was wrong,  
Cuz this is what I love to do.  
Look at me girl,  
We ON!!  
I swear I told you.  
I told you, I told you.  
And if you ever hated boy,  
I promise I don't know you.  
And if I ever knew you,  
That would never mean I owe you.  
I told you we the niggas,  
And I promise Imma show you.  
I'm not a rookie,  
Not interested in freshment.  
I'm doing what I want,  
Got 'em second guessing they dressing.  
And Cash try and talk to me,  
Try and give me some gestures.  
But I know I got a gift,  
And it's time I show you my presence.  
So this  
This is for all them bomb Whoas  
That be at all them Kendrick and  
Them dime shows.

That's prolly here now,  
Rocking wit me.  
Never liked me.  
Now they love me,  
And they think my smile pretty.  
I promise to god,  
It's all a facade  
To you popping.  
Boyfriends hate you  
Cuz they know  
They girl watching.  
But in this club a million times  
When everybody was.  
But nobody cares,  
Until everybody does.  
So now that you you do,  
I pray you listen forever.  
You arrived a Lil late,  
But better late than never  
Listen,  
Love it.  
You feel it?  
You see it?  
That's why I never say I'm really real,  
I just be it.  
I appreciate y'all coming to make history tonight  
And the next nigga you about  
To hear up on this mic  
Is the only other nigga  
That can give it this nice  
I know him as Larry Jackson  
But y'all can call him Price

One time look  
Real rap  
I'm giving y'all real raps  
I made it out the hood and  
Still a nigga feel trapped  
All I hear is lies,  
Show me where the real at  
I just tell the truth  
And all the real niggas feel that  
Man  
I can feel the pressure moving in  
Now I'm at the top and they like  
"Price, what you doing here?"  
Don't be stressed, Baby,  
Don't be losing hair.  
Just live your life,  
Cuz it's too many nigga's losing theirs..  
And since when did  
a hustler ever sleep in?  
And since when did  
Snitching become a street trend?  
And since when did  
Doing a dance make you  
Ineligible to rap?  
Man I'm killing it,  
Till the beat ends.  
Better yet,  
Imma give y'all dudes a beat.  
Seeking until I'm sleeping  
Y'all sleeping,

But I ain't weeping.  
I'm creeping,  
To the top I'm reaching.  
Y'all speaking,  
But y'all ain't decent.  
Y'all better run to y'all deacon,  
Once them blood suckers leeching!  
Imma tell 'em 'fall back'  
Ain't no love for ya  
Oh, you a fan of us, Baby?  
I got a hug for ya.  
And to my brothers  
Watching Crips  
Shed blood for ya  
If I got it, it's yours,  
I give my last dove for ya.  
I.E. yeah we looking the best.  
This world is just a class,  
You being put to the test.  
In these streets,  
I got stripes and I ain't hugging a ref  
And to my brother double I  
Boy, I love you to death.  
For real.  
I'm having a moment,  
A nigga is on it.  
And yes,  
I shatter opponents,  
As soon as I go in.  
I'm blessed.  
And you ain't touching my team  
Homie, so why try?  
B.O. Dubb,  
We out here head first,  
Skydive.  
Raise your glass, man  
I'm giving a toast.  
You always got that one Ex  
That you're missing the most.  
But I ain't tripping,  
I'm chasing that Mike Jackson  
'Beat It' dough.  
With that I.E. Toe  
Bend see the flo  
Shout out to my son  
I teach him  
Never to comp the haters  
I got my family counting on me  
like a calculator.  
But the pressure is cool,  
Cuz I'm going far.  
Just pour the brown and  
Then I sit in my car.

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