

The Truth

Beanie Sigel

I speak the truth
Truth , nothin but the truth
Y'all know what I bring to the game I speak the truth
The truth , nothing but the truth

I hope you got an extra mic and a fire proof booth
Cuz you know I'm known to metal wire or two
You need a fire engineer when I lay this blaze
I melt down cracks that's real to save
Hit the studio , jars of dro , bars to blow
B. Sigel with that arsenic flow
Fuck that , don't hold me back
I roll with crack , y'all cats told Mac to rap
Y'all don't realize y'all released the beast untame
Speech all flame , streets y'all blame
It should be an honor for y'all to speak my name
I could go before your honor he couldn't and peep my game
Gotta laugh , y'all acted like ya' spit it the same
Why you motherfuckers can't get in the game
I come from high school , and go straight to the league
Who you know who can spit at the Sig

Nigga the truth , every time I step in the booth
I speak the truth , y'all know what I'm bringing to you
I bring the truth , you motherfuckers know who I be
I be the truth , when I speak cell set you free
Nigga the truth

Aint nothin changed with Sig I'm still stuck in the kitchen
So what I'm signed , that's fine still stuck in position
You motherfuckers know me well , couple court cases from jail
Couple 4-4 shells from hell
Stuck on this mission , go home , my girl fussin and bitchin
Motherfucker won't you change your life , I'm thinkin
Motherfucker won't I change my wife
Ignorant bastard laughin like fuck the rap shit
It's just another hustle , another way for niggas to touch you
Now they know the face of Beans
Now they , see my face on screens and I aint even chase this dream
I feel sorry for those who did
Y'all niggas can't stop the boar , whether rock or raw
I'm slingin coke in a rock valor
You niggas know what block I'm on , glock in palm
You wanna get shot , karate chopped or stabbed this song
Motherfucker

Black Friday management , and Roc's the label
And I still hit you niggas with shots that's fatal
That bullshit vest can't save you
I had a doc open you up from chest to navel
See my face on cable , and have flashbacks of that cold ass table
And them hoes I gave you
I'm that nigga that'll come and pour salt in your wound
At the hospital , while the cops guardin your room
You gotta see what I've seen , look where I've looked
Touch what I've reached , and take what I've took
You gotta go where I've gone , walk where I've walked

To get where I'm at to speak what I've talked
You gotta lay where I've laid , stay where I've stayed
Play where I've played to make what I've made
You gotta move what I've moved , use what I used
Use tools how I use , use fools how I use