

What I want people to know is that don't
Don't support the phonies but support the real
You know what I mean, How can these people be talking
About how they so real that they don't care about our communities
How can they be talking about what they all this the hood blah blah...
They don't care about our communities, you know what I mean
Listen to the words people say in their lyrics
And tell me if that's some real shit
If that's real to you, you know what I mean
Listen to what they're saying
Don't just bob your head to the beat, peep the game
And listen to what I'm saying and hold us accountable for it

Thought to be a rotten egg hatched from a bad block
I found God and came back for the have not's
I can't necessarily brag like I'm that guy
But I refuse to be another one of rap's mascots
They rap about the trap like it ain't a bad spot
But ask when the last time they hand touch a crack rock
It's either a long time ago or never
But if the money right ima rhyme about whatever
They rap about Glocks from a house on the hill
So they never hear the shots at night
You see the loud cries from a mother with a child in the gutter
Apparently doesn't travel that high
I almost wanna cry but you would probably wonder if I'm acting
Because you are so used to rappers that lack passion
Your minds been trained to reject what I'm giving you
The Truth, And it's nothing new it just ain't familiar

The world so cold but for God I'm on fire
So Ima tell the truth even if it makes you look like a liar (a liar)
Even if it makes you look like a liar (a liar) You a liar
The world so cold but for God I'm on fire
So Ima tell the truth even if it makes you look like a liar (a liar)
You just mad I make you look like a liar (a liar)
But they gonna hear the truth from me

See I coulda sit back and let Jay be a liar
And say he diss religion cause he feel that it divides us
And you can sit back and be like it makes sense
But it doesn't in a court where my Father is your honor
Now is it really cause you hate the separation
Enough that you can attack Jesus and make it blatant
But go through your career saying n'thin about the banging
You say it to the church but won't say it to the gangsters
Jesus said love your brother, Banging says slay em with a case
So hatred for separation ain't what we facing
So if he wasn't which he is a mason down with Satan
You can break his statement down and see he ain't who he portraying
His verse wasn't even 'posed to go that route
But when the truth on the inside it flow right out
You gotta listen deeper, You gotta be thinker
And not be ready to eat anything rap feeds you

How's this for the truth

I lived in the booth since 8 with big dreams of getting to the loot
And I figured all these rap spitters were the truth
Looking up to what really was a midget on a roof
They write down BS and give it to the youth
Watching kids go to prison while they sitting in they coups
Tell em you the boss and how your rich off cocaine
Used to be the law, pled the 5th like bro man
We more ashamed of being cops than drug dealers
We holla thug and try to hide the love in us
But I done had some conversations with the hardest
Some of 'em heart big they just trying hard to guard it
And I kinda feel that but I'm trying to kill that
Hide the thug, show the love
Why would you conceal that?
Even if it is real you are too grown
To not know that you wrong, it is what it is homie

Even though I was surviving the thug life
Everybody that was trying to be like me was going to jail
And then finally I went to jail
Even though I wasn't getting shot up
They was all getting shot up
Then I got shot up
And I started saying damn
You know it is my fault
It is... it's not my fault where I made it happen
But it's my fault because I'm smarter than that