

## Liar

## Bizzle

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