

The Truth

Caskey

Ay yo this one for my old man, miss you

This "The Truth" part 1

Ay yo I been having trouble going to sleep at night lately I just

I guess I got a lot on my mind, yeah

Maybe they just don't understand where I'm coming from damn

Been alone, age seventeen, life's in my hand

Grab the phone like, "What up homie tell me something positive

Cause God damn, life been feeling like it's the apocalypse"

Real shit, I need progression I still spit

But something bout this rap game left me with steel fists

Boxing, these cats worst than some toxins, lot of janky shit

Deadweight motherfuckers trying to anchor this, I can't have it

I been sailing ships every since them days out at seas with my father God damn I miss it

Shit missed you for a minute, my hardest times I ain't go forget it

He told me play the game smart that was the beginning

Probably should of listened harder cause a lot of things missing

A lot of things different, a lot of complication but my mission still the same

And I'm in it til' I'm filling in a grave, these days feel I'm in a maze

Everybody want the cheese, but don't really want the taste

It's bitter-sweet, I'm outside in this killer heat

Probably got some killers contemplating bout killing me

But fuck it the though, my girl ask why I'm ducking so

Whenever this troll pull by, I say, "It's nothing ho"

But damn, she call me out clam I'm bluffing so I cut it short

Say, "The topic ain't up for discussion folk"

It's cold, but so is my heart, and really I mean froze

Cause my mother never really like the path that I had choose

And farther choose a path that left us both

Staring at the ceiling like where the fuck he go

I'm praying to my pops, and ain't never spoke back

And people got the never to ask me why I smoke that

Or ask D why the fuck he in a dope trap, trying to get paid

And theses streets ain't got a lot of ways

Especially when living as a black man I understood that

Cause I been out of place yeah trying to rap damn, and that's the facts

In vain the world was born in it, If God made it why he put so many storms in it

And all these women got a lot of babies born

When the fuck did seventeen as a mother become a norm, I contemplated walking to my dorm

Same time thinking bout a college that I can't afford, I'm struggling

My mom clam that it's necessary, my suffering

But nothing necessary bout me loving it

Half her paycheck steady going to the government

And all she do is teach, how the fuck they expect us to eat supper

Yo and who the fuck is God, and how come he don't speak to me

Some say he in my head, really trying to speak through me

Sound like some bullshit, taking all the credit

Use to love the church, I ain't trying to say that I regret it

Just wised up visualized my life, individualized

In all the clone shit got me feeling simplified

Been on my own ship building me a enterprise

Got to take the time to initialize, this could be the end time

Don't know if I'll end the sky or if I'm a end up chilling at the world cent

er I'm
In this game of life trying to make myself a winner
But I'm looking like some beef to these cats wanting dinner
So I'm questioning a lot God
Shit its not that I don't believe, just trying to keep track
I just think it's fucked up that you don't never speak back
Like why the fuck I'm here praying on my knees that
I can get a buzz inside the streets that'll make me just a little bit
A little is all I'm needing to survive, and why
When I needed a farther he just needed to get high
I'm crying cause my sister in the same boat
Swimming in the same water, hanging on the same rope
And I'm doing all I can trying to keep my fam float
But these hands only do so much mane I hope, that's why I learn to cover wit
h the smoke
And escape to another place, in another world where I'm straight
And fuck these hatters trying to hate
If they want it they can get it but they getting in my way
Cause I be talking bout more than getting paid
But they said I wasn't deep enough that's all I got to say