

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 da
mn 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 sa
me
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 i
n it
And all these women got a lot of babies born
When the fuck did seventeen as a mother become a norm, I contemplated walkin
g 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 with 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