

# The Truth

Chris Travis

They mad at me, I think they mad at me  
But if I don't give a fuck then I will die happy  
I do it for my city, yeah my country ass family  
Suspended from school cause I got caught gambling  
Put my pain in my music cause I can't handle  
Put the pieces together then I dismantle  
Women are the subject money is the predicate  
The ecstasy in her body, yeah she let it settle in  
Bitch don't let the devil in, even if you bring a gin  
Please got forgive me of the sins I commit to win  
I'm just trying to get a Benz and a bitch to drive me in  
I'm just trying to make some ends working for my life and rent  
Please let a nigga vent  
Fuck that damn government  
Broke as fuck, hustling  
Famous but I'm struggling

I let the pain go, never stay the same though  
The niggas that came with [are] the niggas I'ma ride for  
All these women on me, half of 'em phoney  
I'm just the looking for the independent or the lonely  
I'm tryna' be the greatest and you can up and hate it  
But you ain't fucking make me, so fuck your music ratings  
And I've been in the cages for my time awaiting  
But I'm just getting impatient so here come all the raging  
And all these rapper basic, I'm feeling so complacent  
I'm feeling so hungry, these rap niggas baking  
Garcia Vegas, roll it up, then I'm baking  
High out my mind, feeling like my brain cell skating  
You can't compete with me, Hip-Hop speak to me  
Niggas say I'm changing  
Bitch if feel different frequently  
Now let the demons speak, now let the demons creep  
And let demons watch this while I stay underneath