

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