

# Tha Truth

Dizzy Wright

Yo what happened to hip hop  
When people used to write for days  
Now everybody wanna be Lil Wayne  
Wanna freestyle a track  
Don't even think about the lyrics they rap  
And always talking about busting a cap  
What happened to role models  
Keeping kids away from the cell  
But half of these rappers on radio always going to jail  
But we try to teach these kids to be positive  
And turn around and be the opposite  
And when someone acknowledge it, oh now he wanna start beef  
And claim he was raised in the streets  
See I was in the streets, literally I was in the streets  
Asking God to give me a place to sleep  
But I ain't sell weed  
I sat back and believed that I was gonna be one of the coldest brotha's on t  
he beat  
But shit is getting weak  
The game ain't what it used to be  
You used to have to have talent, musically  
No matter what you look like people used to be contenders  
But we made it O.K. for pretenders to be remembered  
We have considered to just listen to the beat  
And not listen to the lyrics that they speak  
So now we like to party, so of course we need party music  
But real music, no one hardly do it  
I miss good music, even realistic hood music  
When niggas talked about real life  
And now people try way to hard to be the hardest  
Too many rappers, not enough artists  
Too much money, is making niggas fearless  
Beats is getting better, but I don't hear lyrics  
I shrug my shoulders like, "I don't even wanna hear it"  
Fuck a major label, I'm a stick to independent  
Cause I ain't in it for the fame, I'm in it for the love  
Some in it for the girls, some in it for the drugs  
Some in it for the sex, But I'm a stay focused  
And I refuse to sell my soul to get noticed  
People get signed, and you would never know it  
Knock them to they lowest, and they won't even show it  
Or you could get a deal, and get a lot of fame  
And all of that fame, could make your life change  
First single was good, second single was whack  
Now the rest of your career you spend paying it back  
Because nobody cares nothing about you  
They only believe that they can get some money out you  
But if you ain't generation how they generation  
Then it leaves a nigga stimulated  
Cause you know your own talents, but you won't hold  
And contracts make you controlled  
And you can be cold  
But if you decide to get bowed  
You could get sued for everything you own  
So listen  
Yo  
See this is how the truth sounds

I let it out, so I'm cool now  
And these tattoos express what I'm into  
The life that I live and the shit that I've been through  
People say I'm crazy you know that's a sin dude  
But it's also a sin to judge my temple  
So I'm a do me, and you can do you  
And I'm a let God judge the things I do do

Yeah  
Hip hop  
It's from the heart man  
You know what I'm sayin'  
Real hip hop real lyrics real music  
It's something we lacking these days  
Something we need to get back  
We giving passes to these people man  
Shouts out to the artists  
The real artists  
Rappers take notice  
Everybody doin' it