Truth Hurts

Dreezy

Now see I try to keep the peace
But your lies is killin' me
Yo ass is in these streets
On them bogus late night creeps
You said you were with your boys
Then tried to switch it
Go head with the bullshit
Cause I ain't none of these bitches

The truth is coming to get cha
Pain is about to split cha
You done put your hands on me
And Dre is about to get with cha
I done messed around and spotted you
Like you was famous
Now you got the dumb look on your face like
What cha name is?

Nigga I know what cha game is
You done lied to me so much it's painless
Boy you took mommies first seed for granted
Now your cheating ass is about to be strained

Cause most of y'all niggas can't deal with the truth
Be hatin' when you woman start hit you with the truth
Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the truth
And you always running away from the truth
You lied till you make yourself think it's the truth
Undress the lie tell what you got truth
Should have been up front and just told the truth
But instead you wanna go and try to hide the truth

Now see time and time again
You got away with murder
The bitch calls here again
See I'ma have to hurt her
Fool that you roll with
He be hittin' on me
You so busy parting
Your to damn blind to see

You don't think that I know that scheme
Your mess with the intelligence of a wise ghetto queen
Boy it ain't much you can get past me
I will leave yo ass crying take it from me

Cause most of y'all niggas can't deal with the truth
Be hatin' when you woman start hit you with the truth
Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the truth
And you always running away from the truth
You lied till you make yourself think it's the truth
Undress the lie tell what you got it truth
Should have been up front and just told the truth
But instead you wanna go and try to hide the truth

Mommy listen up you got me confused
Told you I was out smoking with my dudes

Then we pop Crys right after we hit the Swiss
Then later on that night you ain't gonna believe this shit

There was a knock at the door now check it I'm bout to hip ya
The door opens what about ten or eleven strippa's
The first thing I did was went into a room to pick up
A phone to call you but no said the liquor

But now I got the hiccups hands up like a stick up
Got to come all up in here and hear your ass bicker
And after all that what make this shit the worse
Even though I'm wrong I admit the truth hurts

See some of y'all niggas can't deal with the truth
Be hatin' when you woman start hit you with the truth
Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the truth
And you always running away from the truth
See you lied till you make yourself think it's the truth
Undress the lie tell what you got it truth
Should have been up front and just told the truth
But instead you wanna go and try to hide the truth

Some of y'all niggas can't deal with the truth
Be hatin' when you woman start hit you with the truth
Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the truth
And you always running away from the truth
See you lied till you make yourself think it's the truth
Undress the lie tell what you got it truth
Should have been up front and just told the truth
But instead you wanna go and try to hide the truth, truth

Truth
Truth
Truth
Such you gonna do when the rules get true
Truth
Truth
Truth