

Tabloid Truth

J. Dash

If I rap about pain and I might make a million
Rap about 'cane and I might make a million
Rap about fame and I might make a million
Rap about God It's "silence in the building"
You don't know the feeling (you don't know the feeling)
Cause' people only cheer when you're talkin' 'bout SIN
And when your baby mama trippin'
And your bills ain't PAID
You'll say about anything to keep the food up on your plate
And the Coogi on your back
And the tat up on your chest
And the rims under the chevy
And the chain around your neck
"I'm so tired of living right, I'm so tired of taking heat"
Should I roll with God or keep hugging this streets?

I scream "Oh God! My God! Oh God!"
Can you take this thorn from me
'Caus I thought I was reborn
But my life is just as torn
As when it was when I was in these streets
Keep callin' "Oh God! My God! Oh God!"
(Streets keep callin')

Can you take this pain from me?
Streets keep callin' (streets keep callin')
'Cause I thought I was reborn
But my life is just as torn
As when it was when I was in these streets

Battle and the ennemy is killin' me
And ain't nobody feelin' me 'cause everybody lost
Everybody follow anybody who don't follow anybody 'cause everybody thinkin'
that he's the boss
Nowadays everybody wanna be a shark
Everybody got what everybody got
Everybody got cash, everybody got whips
Everybody got ice, everybody got heart
What ever happened to another man's soul
Doesn't really matter what that other man did
Y'all don't understand 'cause it takes real man to suck it up and take care
of another man's kid
But that never got nobody up in VIP
50 Yard line super bowl box seats
Super long money with a guarantee
Let's see how many hats can I wear on me
Now these hats startin' to wear on me
As far as I see 'cause I paid my tithe and offerin' but pastor need a bentl
ey
I made ammands but I'm through with these fair-weather friends
That smile in my face
I got diabetic momma and a life full of drama
Sometimess all I really wanna say is...

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Streets keep callin'
But I just keep runnin'
Runnin' from the devil
But he just keep comin'
Comin' from the bang'em
Where they just keep gunnin'
Gunnin' for ya soul
Now everybody cold

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I put my hands on the wheel, then gripped it
Put the pedal to the metal, then whipped it it never touched
First gear I skipped it closed my eyes then let God drive
Ind if anybody's listenin' that bet that I was gonna disappear
You better tell'em
J.Dash in the building and he bet his soul that hes never gonna fold
'Cause I'm here, and I'm loose
"No fear, no troops"
Just me no proof (All I got is my world)
And that's the "Tabloid Truth"