

# The Truth

Kevin Gates

You gotta think  
I make a lot of music about the struggle  
I don't mind going through the struggle  
This just another one, ya heard me  
(Say Kevin bruh, man what the fuck I'm hearing?)  
I will not be disrespected  
(What's going on out there?)  
Nigga or bitch  
(Damn bruh you dropped the ball)  
I know, I know, I know, I know  
(Man you ain't representing me)  
Imma shake back

Man in the mirror you way out of order  
Go to jail who gonna look out for your daughter  
All on the news bout what happened in Florida  
Posted on Worldstar a iPhone recorded  
She grabbed my dick overreacted, I'm sorry  
Two or three times I had already warned her  
Edit that part out, I don't Like to argue  
My children go with me to every performance

Wrong you should have respect for yourself  
You a queen and you wasn't respecting yourself  
Ever been disrespected, you know how it felt  
You don't have to like me go love someone else

Father forgive me I fucked up a blessing  
When ever I fall you the only one to catch me  
Let's change the subject; I gave a confession  
You put me back in it I bet I go extra

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SauceLord Rich way they got me feeling  
I don't get tired, I got ten jobs  
I am Zuse bumping Lito when I'm chilling  
Imma Breadwinner that is my religion  
Don't comment on twitter let you know I meant it  
I might like her picture  
I'm like nigga really?  
I'm like Bobby Fisher eat my competition  
I'm ready to die, You gone have to kill me  
With you right or wrong, Don't believe in switching  
Nasty from the shoulders watch how I switch positions  
Put him in a blender my heart been December  
Put him in a spitter, can't be reassembled  
I'm a real nigga, really made mistakes  
Never ran away, I am not pretending  
High school back when I was at McKinley  
I still fuck with Scooby, shout out to lil Brittney  
Stay with black guys, niggas always pickin' on a bright nigga  
I am really with it  
Damn my homeboy always in his feelings

This ain't bout him, I'm just reminiscing  
He was cracking jokes, always being silly  
I was doing me fuck a public image  
Passionate I can be extra sometimes  
Brasi turn back into Kevin sometimes  
Ain't right in the head, look back up in jail  
Lord don't let us get put back in the cell  
Washing clothes in the toilet water (Damn)  
Drinking out the faucet had to use your hands  
Gunna on the phone "They got you looking bad"  
For a punt return they gone run it back  
Deal with it, Kevin stand up in they chest  
This the same girl was pulling out her breast  
Got them on the line tryna get a check  
Remember who you are, they envy your success  
Diamonds in your mouth all around your neck  
Black and Hispanic the worst you could be  
I think to myself they must hate Puerto Ricans  
Father Moroccan my mother Boricua  
Daddy a Muslim, My mother a Christian  
I read from the book, a lot I don't remember  
Santeria beads Karma comes along  
Now they want me gone like I'm Farrakhan  
Praise you when you up; kick you when you fall  
Throw you to the vultures, sniper pick you off  
In a court of law brought you to the floor  
All my young rappers that can fit with me  
Learn from my misfortune don't get in your feelings  
Be an individual you go to prison  
I just took a stand with my saggin pants  
I just tell the truth like I'm Jesus Christ  
Meant to say Jesus  
I'm who they don't like  
Imma move around I don't like the vibe

God up in heaven you know that I need you  
To the polices just make me invisible  
To all my haters just make me invincible  
To the police just make me invisible  
To all my haters just make me invincible  
I just thank you to all my haters you make me invincible