

# Truth Is

Marlon Craft

They introduced her to the world  
Used to watch her unfurl  
She a lil like belief but she elusive and more thorough  
She was my muse, always told me make it hard for 'em  
Said "When you spot a weak rapper, set the bar for 'em  
Keep some bars for 'em, What is fire? Spit Mars for em  
Curtains up, industry puppets and play guitar for 'em with the same strings  
that they dancin' on"  
Tend to see more, so I got an advantage on all these blind mice in the rat r  
ace  
Let America castrate just to get their cash straight  
It's been a while since her and radio had their last date  
She'll love any orientation long as your facts straight  
I wouldn't recommend crossin' her, no  
Though she might throw you some cheeks if you an optimist though  
She told me "Set 'em free"  
She told me "Bring it to the booth"  
It's been too long since y'all seen her  
I want y'all to meet The Truth, for real

"I'm glad you said that, cause I am  
Like, I'm so focused on what needs to be said and what needs to be heard  
Excludin' what the industry standards want you to do  
You know, I've sat down with folks and we've sat down and looked at myself a  
nd said, 'Ok, what are you gonna be about? What are you sayin'?"

Lately I'm not inspired  
It seems greatness is not required of these people we admire  
We just relyin' on liars  
So how shallow is the waves we surf is?  
But beyond surface we don't inquire, we just purchase some attire and then t  
hrow it on the web like you Charlotte  
Meanwhile the pigs in the cut waitin to start shit  
More innocents slain and most my peers can't see past the mass privilege mad  
e  
It's harder to critique the makin of decisions from pain  
That context make us uncomfortable  
Why the fuck are all these concepts so unfrontable?  
A wise man told me you could have the best hands but ain't a single man who'  
s alive that's unjumpable  
That's America, ain't it?  
No such thing as fair ones  
Uncle Sam jumpin' in soon as you throw your hands up  
Tellin you to man up, but afraid of true empowerment  
Guess that's why we confuse manhood with coward shit  
I was never really in it to be out of it but I done shook hands with the dev  
il, he got a power grip  
Quick to send dudes up top, the ultimate power trip  
See a rose in the concrete and deflower it  
Shit, I just wanna tell the truth  
I just wanna, I just wanna tell the truth  
I just wanna tell the truth  
I just wanna tell the truth  
I just wanna, I just wanna tell the truth  
  
See, it's style over substance  
No wonder we divided

Ironically these problems multiplyin  
Like look at all this state-  
sanctioned violence, see the cops is with the shits too  
From Michael Brown to Freddie Gray, color still the issue  
Them petty little beefs, by comparison miniscule  
Steal the spotlight and influence dudes  
Man, all this lavish lifestyle talk it ain't applyin' to me  
With all these ghost writers, don't even know who's lyin to me  
Yo I swear I ain't tryin' to preach  
This ain't no sermon but I'm watchin college loans turn thinkers indentured  
servants, I ain't tryin' be that person dude  
I'm tryin perpetuate that real that my tv seem so allergic to  
Shit, my pen precision is surgical, my verbal moves'll murder dudes careers  
they'll have to search for clues they'll never find  
But see, I ain't concerned with ooohs and aaahs  
I'm more worried if you and I will ever learn the truth