

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 race
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 and 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 throw 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 made
It's harder to critique the makin of decisions from pain
That context make us uncomfortable
Why the fuck are all these concepts so unconfontable?
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 devil, 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