

The Truth

Nas

Can't bury you with your money
Can't bury you with your bitch
Born alone, die alone
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah, burn the whole place down

No more foul plays
Housin' mentality, shoot 'em down days
Goin' out of town with a couple of pound plays
Always the one you call your friend but then his style changed
Hard time for non-violent crimes, that's a outrage
We need a meetin'
Money and fame is fleetin'
You never really know the reason why two people is beefin'
Bloody murder
In the '80s, he had suede Louis seats in the 'burban
Did dirty, his sentence start turnin'
Look at life, took advice from the streets of Vernon
Nothin Nice, John Boy Ice, his death undetermined
Pick an island anywhere for your happy soul or return it
When I'm gone, I pray my family don't get the cash and burn it to the floor
Black 4's laced up
Galactica glaciers, eighty-eight carats, immaculate paystubs
Them niggas do a crime, I drop a rhyme, it's the same rush
And they been sending shots a nigga way but they ain't struck
Can't fuck with me
I been outside, since a buck fifty was the only way to get your face done
Doggystyle CD, turn that "Murder Was The Case" up
Thinkin' when I drop my first shit, I'm leavin' they face scrunched
Black from the dark side of Vernon, draws from the dime block
They had it clickin' but today, it's some new slimes out
Instagram trickin' the hood
What they cryin' 'bout?
Petty crimes, bitches, and money, that's what they lyin' 'bout

Niggas ain't tellin' the truth enough (No, uh-uh, no)
Y'all don't look like the truth to us (Hype off that lil' dirt you did, that
ain't shit to the kid, whoa)
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Now you got your marching orders
This shit will make your mouth water
Like food grilled with wood chips
Woolrich, button-up flannel
Lookin' wolfish, my hair wolfin'
Central bookings, simple lessons
One foot on the curb, one foot in the Lexus
My style is eclectic
Eat you pussies for breakfast
Then I offer refreshments
Look all that fly shit y'all harpin' on
They take the watch from your arm
And cops do nothin' about it, that's what's goin' on
Many changes, more races

When I was tourin' the nation with warrants on probation
I was a small kid amazed with the thought one day I'll be bankin', IV from d
rinkin'
Papi to Abu Dhabi
Prolly polly with Saudis
Crank the engine on a '74 Chevy Chevelle
Shorty friend is a snake
I told her her bestie ain't real
You gotta watch that
As the lobster crack, I spray the Baccarat
Your reputation, you can't clean that shit up at no laundromat, sucker
See, somebody has to say it, the boy still ain't graduated
I must say they cap the greatest (Be real)
My team is mature, the bags are secure
Surrounded by addicts addicted to having more

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