

Speak The Truth

Rio Da Yung OG

Ooh, Sav killed it
Ghetto Boyz shit, nigga
Aight

I ain't gotta lie to y'all, I'ma speak the truth
Call the drank plug, tell him "I'm seekin' juice"
He had a pint, I bought fourteen, let him keep a deuce
Made a legal two hundred on house arrest, it's unbelievable
Just set a goal you wanna reach, it's achievable
Bitch, you better feel special if I sleep with you
Pop up out a nigga trashcan like "Peek-a-boo"
Yellow Trans-am with black stripes, look like Pikachu
Don't tell me if them other niggas hatin', that's what people do
He was the first to shoot, got jammed and told, it's believable
I'm toxic, tell every bitch I fuck "I wanna be with you"
The sex boring, I'm tryna try some new shit, let me pee on you
Money make the world go 'round, time never mattered
Took a plea for five, I ain't wanna tell, the time never mattered
Yeah, I see you got a cute bitch, but mine's even badder
I see you got a roll, but I got on Girbauds, mine even fatter
You call me with the pills, ain't gotta run, I told Peezy grab 'em
I'm bringin' trap back, talkin' 'bout crack, they think Jeezy rappin'
But the bricks ain't seventeen-five no more
My bitch blew it tryna argue, I'm not even high no more
I just drunk my whole pint and I can't even find no more
Bought a brick and cut the wings off, it can't even fly no more
My bitch think she Aaliyah, I let her ride the boat
Four funerals in one month, I can't cry no more
Take four percocets, they relieve the stress
Money don't matter, I know some millionaires that's depressed
Nigga said I can't hit his bitch, that's a bet
Hold on, the motor in the back of the car, that's a Vette?
Yeah, it's a C8, it's a 2020
I got all these racks from shit talking, this ain't funny money
Girl, them niggas buy the whole bar, they got MONEY money
That's what the hoes say, we walked in Truth with a hundred on us
Monkey nuts on the PLR, it's a hundred on it
You wanna find the pills I just stuffed? Cut her stomach open
Mix the wockhardt with the red, that's a different potion
All the hoes I fuck call me Willis, I be different stroking
When lil bro ain't have no bread I threw a biscuit on him
Tape two thirty clips together, it's a sixty on it
I'm still shocked the way she suck dick, she left a hickey on it
This an SRT Durango, I spent fifty on it
I'on just be shit talking, I'm a vocalist
Morton Grove or Akorn Hi-Tech, I don't want no Tris
She steady on my head tryna fuck, I don't want your bitch
Riding with a Glock, the police get behind me, I'ma throw this bitch
I know she got some good pussy, 'cause her shoulders big
Said I was done with this pint, I'ma open it
I got a pretty bitch with a fat ass, she lotion thick
Bitch, I feel like EastSide 80's I want this shit