

# Truth Be Told

Styles P

You frontin' on the 'gram, I'm frontin' on your man  
He was actin' sideways, he was frontin' on the plan  
Now they at the juice bars, backin' up the vans  
Gotta shit load of fruit, we ain't packin' up the spins  
We packin' up the stores, thugs you adore  
'Cause we keep the hood healthy, give it to 'em raw  
Wife had the vision and the pharmacy was born  
Made a couple sales, now the pharmacy is on  
Enough about that, back to the raps  
Yeah, you learn to adapt when your finances lack  
Some get a job and others get a pack  
Couple niggas lose their way and they never get it back  
They ain't even dead but they ain't livin' life  
So, me I double up, yeah, you know I get it twice  
Came from the dark so you know I get it bright  
And I did a lotta wrong so I'm tryna do it right

Let the truth be told, let the lies be told  
Know the good die young and may the wise get old  
On a hot summer day, they make your life be cold  
You can either play killer or the Gandhi role  
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You could try to front, me, I'm tryna punk  
Reminisce on the past, no lights for a month  
No food in the ridge, fuck life in this dump  
Got a nigga real pissed, act hype if you want  
You can get a shot to your body, a knife to your lung  
Shit is gettin' dark, yearn for life in the sun  
Burn weed, burn money, every bullet in the gun  
Every tire on the whip just to get a lil' crumbs  
With the yardie's eatin' jerk, smokin' pot, drinkin' Rum  
I call my African cousin for dope in the drum  
I call my Latin homie for coke in the slums  
We went from white to green 'cause none of us is dunce  
Feds goin' get you or the lead gon' get you  
Or a grimy bitch that give good head gon' get you  
If you thirsty for fame, the bread gon' get you  
If you walk on the ledge, the edge gon' get you (Ghost)

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