

THE TRUTH

Tobe Nwigwe

Look, I'm ten toes down when you see me in my city
I'm the truth, I got juice, I keep tools when there's friction
My flow ignant, my flow nasty, every beat I touch a casket
My flow choppa, I'm boombastic, ain't too many cut from this fabric,
look

Ouu, I have been hand-selected by Ya, I merely comply
In host to be ascribed he can cherish, ouu
My hood see me as a god and they know I keep that .5
All those who care us, not that we perish, ouu
I know that my bars are esoteric, ouu
Lowkey I just had my second ares
My flow the rarest, it deserve some merit
I am inherently barbaric when it comes to spittin' I eat generic, ouu
Look, yeah, big paul on me, not real life, but it stop traffic
Ouu, yeah, don't teeth, but I keep the Cardi B clothes, that's a loud
ratchet
Ouu, yeah, gotta keep the heat while I move my feet down the road to
Damascus
Ouu, yeah, honor every word I speak, treat the beat like the Pope do
the Sabbath

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How the vocabulary flips at the record like it was Guinness
And they see me track, go to hit 'em like it was tennis
If you timid then the flow get to runnin' like it's a scrimmage
Lyrically I murder for hire, let me beat this man down
Who gon' get him up, try to sit him up
Thinkin' 2Pac "Hit 'em Up" how I lit 'em up
Eat a rapper any day, when I finish, spit 'em up
Track god, this the heaven flow, 'bout to send 'em up
You get the beat, I feel the speak, make the retreat
Put 'em asleep, I'm in their face, look at the pace
Flow is nasty like a freak, never defeat
I am an attempt to repeat, I am [?]
How you fashion nothin' cheap, nightmares like I was meek
This the W, I use it for wins, [?]
Truth is never ended up sick, and I've been a beastly reality
To pull up and give 'em my business dress
Yeah, my words bulletproof, you would think we livin' in the abyss

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Ay, straight up, man, I'ma be honest with you, man. Ay, look, the har

dest thang to do in this day and age is stay ten toes down, you feel me? Everybody with that high cappin' and bumpin'. It is what is, but it's hard to stay ten toes down, you feel me? Out the mud, out the gutter, you feel me? Huh? Come on, man. I ain't with all that tongue wr estlin' and gun bumpin' either, man. Straight up. I talk fly teeth, a ll our teeth, you feel me? That's how it is.