

Purveyors of Truth

Diamond District

(Verse: Oddisee)

Sidewalks and troubles absorb my footprints
It's my fault, hustlin' to be hood rich
To die for?! Well, how can I put this
On yo heart, in yo eyes, in the charts?
Three feet high, in the rough, midnight mirage
Dream is tribe(?) too, but we like the dope god
Ah, my thoughts will murder, like Nat Turner
Pick up and shoot, like the fast learner
Buddle and budge(?), do we bottle to the woody length theory eventually
Three stars collide about Ben's theory
Keep it 100 till we celebrate by ?
Hottest in the city over artists ?
To me? Lookin' up to God like this for me?
Against custom made like the rod that split the sea
Triple team with a back in diamonds
Triple beams saved my life cuz we was fightin' capers
Shitty schemes, gassed up to preach down in a nokey box
Sit the dream, fear to prepare, prepared to fail
Shit ain't what it seems, be it what it be
The in-crowd, nigga disagree
Nigga in the team, Diamond D
Chan' me a ring, this a champion's dream

(Hook)

I learned a lot from the Purveyors of Truth
Was in the noose, until persuaded I was one of em troops
For the time, being blind, seein' betta than youz
Better askew'd than accused to be enclevered elusive
When the system of gettin' the self-wealth for self
Forget yourself on the mission to else, can nothin' help
Bless is a loss and the loss like death for a check
It's the 12th step addiction to the next, to the wealth

(Verse 2: yU)

Hotter competitor, and nature's pockets try to have you
Knockin' down the ladder of your neighbor over paper stashin'
It ain't even back by road, that's some old magician
Which hand switched (?)

And then you missed your high
I guess the hand is quicker than the eye
The poor can't afford to buy while the rich barely expend to die(?)
Time spend writtin' that riddle bridle line
While your pockets might determine whether you got your head up high
That first went into jail by tellin' em little lies
And leave em inside ties that could make fault legitimize
With some folk income, load em, they hit em high
Don't shake the hand of Uncle Sam, he ain't a friend of mine
A lot in common with em dominate forces
When I mark corners, gone in this re-dourness
Alive and vive and opposite of that girus
District Diamond grimin', it's called capitalizing

(Hook)

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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