The Truth

Trae

Now see I try to keep the peace
But your lies is killin' me
Yo ass is in these streets
On them bogus late night creeps
You said you was with your boys
Then you tried to switch it
Go head with the bullshit
'Cause I ain't none of these bitches
The truth is coming to get cha
Pain is about to split cha
You done put your hands on me
And Dre is about to get with cha
I done messed around and spotted you
Like you was famous
Now you got that dumb look on your face like
What cha name is?
Nigga I know what cha game is
You done lied to me so much it's painless
Boy you took mommy's first seed for granted
Now your cheating ass is about to be strained
'Cause most of y'all niggas can't deal with the truth
Be hatin' when you woman start hittin' you with the truth
Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the truth
And you always running away from the truth
You lied till you make yourself think it's the truth
Undress the lie tell me what you got, truth
Should have been up front and just told the truth
But instead you wanna go and try and hide the truth
Now see time and time again
You gotten away with murder
The bitch calls here again
See I'ma have to hurt her
Fool that you roll with
He be hittin' on me
You so busy partying
Your too damn blind to see
You don't think that I know the scheme
You messin' with the intelligence of a wise ghetto queen
Boy it ain't much you can get past me

I won't leave yo ass crying take it from me
'Cause most of y'all niggas can't deal with the truth
Be hatin' when you woman start hittin' you with the truth
Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the truth
And you always running away from the truth
You lied till you make yourself think it's the truth
You, undress the lie and what you got it, truth
Should have been up front and just told the truth
But instead you wanna go and try to hide the truth
Mommy listen up you got me confused
Told you I was out smoking with my dudes
Then we pop Cris right after we hit the swiss
Then later on that night you ain't gonna believe this shit
There was a knock at the door
Now check it I'm bout to hip ya
The door opens what about ten or eleven strippa's
The first thing I did is went into a room to pick up
A phone to call you but no said the liquor
And now I got the hiccups hands up like a stick up
Got to come up up in here and hear your ass bicker
And after all that what make this shit the worse
Even though I'm wrong I admit the truth hurts
See some of y'all niggas can't deal with truth
Be hatin' when you woman start hit you with the truth
Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the truth
And you always running away from the truth
See you lied till you make yourself think it's the truth
You'll undress the lie tell me what you got it truth
Should have been up front and just told the truth
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