

Ugly Truth (feat. B.o.B)

Trae tha Truth

Yeah, you know they say the truth can get real ugly
I feel that I've seen the world
Done it all, had my cake now
Diamonds, brilliant, and Bel-Air now
Hot summer nights mid July
When you and I were forever wild
The crazy days, the city lights

The way you'd play with me like a child
Will you still love me when I'm no longer young and beautiful
Will you still love me when I got nothing but my aching soul
I know you will, I know you will
I know that you will

Will you still love me when I'm no longer beautiful
Yeah

I'm in the hood looking at life feeling so lost
I'm from the place where everything is fucked up
They say a prayer to the father with something tucked up
They only fear premonition of getting brushed off
They never thought about living only hoping they wouldn't die
Knowing death is around the corner, ignoring them like a lie
Turn back, even if they could they wouldn't try
Hoping they could sneak their way up in Heaven but couldn't fly

Lord come help us
I was looking for a blessing but felt like he left us
I was calling and reaching for him
So many they ain't even know 'em
Knowing that life I'm living here where he kept us
I sit and think about the truth and know many hate 'em
Cause he ain't pretty on the cool he was ugly as hell
That's fucked up, don't nobody wanna look in his face
They rather end up giving up or go sit in the cell
Sometimes I sit and still wonder what they love the truth
For everything we've been through

But life ain't easy, these lies we live is what they choose to accept
Knowing soon they going to crash they don't wanna believe me
I know they will, I know they will

All these nights out here for going to get that steel
Ain't nothing the same but the battle on the field
I tell them do better wishing they could know it's real

Uh

Laid back in a five fifty with a
Fine dime brizzle rollin' five swishes
She already know my intentions with her
But she stayed down like a wine cellar
Cause she rather be under my umbrella
Cause the sky might fall that's some violent weather
Twenty five years, this is what I found out
Live it up, live it up 'til your time out
This is real life I don't know what they lyin' 'bout
Ballin' so hard you know what they cryin' 'bout
I pull up about nine bitches climb out
All different kinds from Dubai to makia
All bow at the line when you arrive at the hideout
And it's looking like a try out
A young nigga way off the meat rack little nigga welcome to the grind house
It's a whole different type of game
When it ain't about what the price 'bout
A young prince take time this is more than a vaca
This is more than a time out
But niggas so fake who these days
Shit should be a crime now
Real niggas chime in, fake niggas chime out
Bad bitches tuned in, Bobby Ray signing out
The world, lit it up as my stage now
Channeling angels in, the new age now
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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