The Truth

Mishon

Uuh, shawty Things are gonna get easier Uuh, shawty To get brighterI'm focused all on the vision That's the piece that was missing I ain't doing no dissing This is self innovation Yeah, nigga was trippin' So much time I was spending Fell in love with these hoes And not in love with my business Said, I'm in love with the crown In the roof, they don't mind If you let this politics to get you every time It got me smoking on that weed Drinking off that Chev till I looked upon the mirror And I asked myself what happened? Oh, what happened to that nigga??? What happened to that lone nigga that's getting all them hoes? What happened to my lone nigga that's been posting at home? What happened?

What happened to that young nigga he used to go so high? What happened to that lone nigga that sang from his heart? What happened to that lone nigga that used to give to his hoe?

What happened?

It's just the truth, y'all

I let the shit take my passion,

I got it back now, oh yeah

I remember I was fifteen, Pharrell told me

Keep showing these niggas they can't do what you do

That's how I knew this shit was real

That this shit was destined

Did it do what imagined? Put my shit on the shelves
They told me I wasn't ready, the shit is bad for my health
I sent a letter to Ashley asking where was the help?
If you ain't fucking with it, I'ma do this shit by myself
They decided to drop me, sponge the fire inside me
I'ma make this shit happen when all day was a homie
I'ma make this shit happen with the hoodie right behind me

I'll put it all on the line, I'll do it all for the family

And now I'm bringing back that lone nigga that's rocking all of these shows

I'm bringing back that lone nigga that's fucking all of these hoes

I'm bringing back that lone nigga you see upon the TV

That lone nigga that made a million four time fifty

So, next time I'm in LA, you see my dad on???

Tell that nigga no more worries, I'ma throw one more million

Throw one more million, throw my mama a million

'Cause she quit her carrier to make sure I was filming

I was on the TV, niggas know I was killing

Made a million in my teens, them niggas know I was killing

But what happened? What you do?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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