Truth Is (feat. Black Ice)

Pete Rock

[Black Ice]
Hey yo
When you look at me and my brothers what's your first impression
Does the sight of us leave you guessin or do you understand the stressin
The aggression, the look of no hope on me and my niggaz faces
Like the lord overlooked us when he handed down his graces
You see embraces, fall short on the numb tips of street entrepeneur fingers
Still stuck in the walls of the project halls where the coke smell still lingers
External blingers is all we can be cause on the inside we been given nothin to shine on
And a record deal's harder to get than coke, so my niggaz get they grind on
Cause the TV tells us, aim high nigga, make all goals lateral
But see that takes paper that we don't have so, niggaz put they souls up as collateral
Now, some niggaz reclaim 'em, some blame 'em, make an excuse to sell 'em
But when a nigga goes from not doin to doin, what can you tell him?
Not to be a nigga? Shit I gots to be a nigga, that's how I pay the bills
And I'ma do that whether I got to sling this coke or exploit these rhyme skills
See America makes you an opportunist, and at the same time they institutionalize you
So the fact that niggaz get, big record deals
big money and go to jail shouldn't surprise you
That's what lies do, you see most of these guys
do have raw talent just an infinitile education
So the business feed you all the weed and ecstasy
and a little bit of paper to provide some pacification
from all the bullshit frustration they serve you
Meanwhile they corrupt your perception of what the real is
See they takin all our businessmen, and givin 'em the mindsets of drug dealers
Took all our messengers, made 'em rappers
just flappin they jaws afraid to admit their treason
Took all our soldiers for the cause, made 'em killers for no reason
And bein fucked up, well that's in this season
So, if you're negative you're positive, and if you're positive you're called a hater
But I maintain control of my soul cause I know it gets greater later
And I told y'all the last show shit, a nigga no hater, I just know what the truth is
Been intertwined in this puddin for 'bout a year now so I know where the proof is
See, it lines these midtown Manhattan skyscrapers
where former hustlers like myself sign papers
and pull off fucked capers like, 16 infamous stars of the time
They got us choppin and, baggin and
servin that shit to niggaz 16 bars at a time now

The crime is undetectable by the feds
cause in heads of our kids is where the track is
And music is potent it's straight to the soul
so it's much more addictive than crack is
Now, the high is just an illusion all lies and confusion
But to feel that rush just once, my young bucks'll go through it
So in essence, they still floodin the streets with the thugs, drugs and the killing
They just usin these record labels to do it
Takin our hearts off demos, puttin us in limos
tryin to fuck up divine direction
But, young black men have been trained to chase money
and pussy, so we fall victim to our own erection
And begin to convince ourselves we're on our way somewhere where we're not goin
But ignorance is bliss and niggaz love this so, niggaz take pride in not knowin
We not growin, nigga I give a fuck how slick you flowin
if you ain't showin nuttin to these kids or addin nuttin positive to the earth
Black Ice been destined to touch the world ever since I was born
To be real, fuck a record deal, God gives me what I'm worth
"Soul Survivor" nigga {*echoes*}

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

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