

Truth Be Told

Audio Push

This is what you ride to,
Sit back and just vibe to.
What you rock ya best fitted
And Jordan 5's to.
This ain't what you used to,
Or what you call a truce to.
See this is what you sit back and
Just tell the truth to.
So truth be told.

I'm from this team named BOW.
You prolly heard about.
You most likely said
Some hateful words about.
And that's cool,
But we bout to make it gruesome.
Cuz these legends keep on dying,
I think we gon be the new ones.
So yeah,
You bout to hate us.
I swear you bout to hate us,
Cuz every girl you checking for
Is always tryna date us.
And no, we're not the New Boyz,
Please do not mistake us.
And nah, that ain't a dis,
But I mean listen,
They just ain't us.
This one for my phone,
That I constantly be on.
Telling my girl that don't
Believe me until she see me on TV,
Or hear these songs.
And yes, she was wrong,
Cuz this is what I love to do.
Look at me girl,
We ON!!
I swear I told you.
I told you, I told you.
And if you ever hated boy,
I promise I don't know you.
And if I ever knew you,
That would never mean I owe you.
I told you we the niggas,
And I promise Imma show you.
I'm not a rookie,
Not interested in freshment.
I'm doing what I want,
Got 'em second guessing they dressing.
And Cash try and talk to me,
Try and give me some gestures.
But I know I got a gift,
And it's time I show you my presence.
So this
This is for all them bomb Whoas
That be at all them Kendrick and
Them dime shows.

That's prolly here now,
Rocking wit me.
Never liked me.
Now they love me,
And they think my smile pretty.
I promise to god,
It's all a facade
To you popping.
Boyfriends hate you
Cuz they know
They girl watching.
But in this club a million times
When everybody was.
But nobody cares,
Until everybody does.
So now that you you do,
I pray you listen forever.
You arrived a Lil late,
But better late than never
Listen,
Love it.
You feel it?
You see it?
That's why I never say I'm really real,
I just be it.
I appreciate y'all coming to make history tonight
And the next nigga you about
To hear up on this mic
Is the only other nigga
That can give it this nice
I know him as Larry Jackson
But y'all can call him Price

One time look
Real rap
I'm giving y'all real raps
I made it out the hood and
Still a nigga feel trapped
All I hear is lies,
Show me where the real at
I just tell the truth
And all the real niggas feel that
Man
I can feel the pressure moving in
Now I'm at the top and they like
"Price, what you doing here?"
Don't be stressed, Baby,
Don't be losing hair.
Just live your life,
Cuz it's too many nigga's losing theirs..
And since when did
a hustler ever sleep in?
And since when did
Snitching become a street trend?
And since when did
Doing a dance make you
Ineligible to rap?
Man I'm killing it,
Till the beat ends.
Better yet,
Imma give y'all dudes a beat.
Seeking until I'm sleeping
Y'all sleeping,

But I ain't weeping.
I'm creeping,
To the top I'm reaching.
Y'all speaking,
But y'all ain't decent.
Y'all better run to y'all deacon,
Once them blood suckers leeching!
Imma tell 'em 'fall back'
Ain't no love for ya
Oh, you a fan of us, Baby?
I got a hug for ya.
And to my brothers
Watching Crips
Shed blood for ya
If I got it, it's yours,
I give my last dove for ya.
I.E. yeah we looking the best.
This world is just a class,
You being put to the test.
In these streets,
I got stripes and I ain't hugging a ref
And to my brother double I
Boy, I love you to death.
For real.
I'm having a moment,
A nigga is on it.
And yes,
I shatter opponents,
As soon as I go in.
I'm blessed.
And you ain't touching my team
Homie, so why try?
B.O. Dubb,
We out here head first,
Skydive.
Raise your glass, man
I'm giving a toast.
You always got that one Ex
That you're missing the most.
But I ain't tripping,
I'm chasing that Mike Jackson
'Beat It' dough.
With that I.E. Toe
Bend see the flo
Shout out to my son
I teach him
Never to comp the haters
I got my family counting on me
like a calculator.
But the pressure is cool,
Cuz I'm going far.
Just pour the brown and
Then I sit in my car.

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