

# Truth Or Consequences

Lil Rob

When it comes to my hustle, you're on the man  
Gotta keep all my money in rubberband  
God, our sins  
Plan to make hella dough  
I could fuck with some weed, I could shovel snow  
I just gotta lay low when I'm doin' thangs  
Got the cards in the grip, and my momma's been  
True to this  
I don't ever get caught up in  
Foolishness, snitches can talk with the rugers  
It's Judases  
Reprosession, I do this shit  
Follow rules, I don't ever do stupid shit  
I don't talk on a tone, they ain't catchin' me  
Don't be askin' me, prices, I guarantee  
You get hung up or probably get run up on  
Have the game figured out til the other mourn  
There goes S.W.A.T.s when they kicked in my shit  
Cause now I'm in county and facin' the consequence

We hope for the best and prepare for the worst  
For sometimes, it don't go as planned  
Aware with the rules when it blows in your face  
And you facin' the consequence  
(2x)

Roll the purple buds, blaze the bubble hash  
Watch me rip you or paint out my troubled past  
I don't care what they say, we ain't free at last  
All my life, I've been treated as second class  
I ain't lookin' for sympathy, kiss my ass  
I'm a hustler, homie, I get that cash  
Pass my salary  
Duck Physically turnin' my dreams to reality  
This goes on in the hustler's mentality  
I see hate, I see greed, I see jealousy  
Seen the worse situations turn positive  
Broken dreams, broken hearts, broken promises  
If successful, the demons come test you  
Catch you slippin', they come to oppress you  
If you guilty, then prove 'em you innocent  
Guess I'm guilty for being a Mexican

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For sometimes, it don't go as planned  
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And you facin' the consequence  
(2x)

I'm runnin' and duckin' through alleys and hoppin' fences (Aw shit)  
Gettin' consequences for livin' my life too reckless  
A lost direction  
And I went in the wrong direction  
Gotta find a better way than let out my aggressions (Fuck that)  
I fucked up  
But I never learn my lessons (Never learn my lessons)  
No matter what, they don't get a confession if they question (Fuck no)

And I be lyin' if I said I wasn't stressin'  
I'm not restin', it's been fuckin' up my complexion (Yeah)  
And I don't look the same in my reflection  
Haven't got no sleep in about a week, and I'm beat (Shit, I'm beat)  
And I can barely rise to my feet  
I'm tired, of having to hide out on the street (On the street)  
Cause honestly  
I ain't got nowhere to run to  
I done did it now  
And I don't know what I'm goin' to do (What the fuck am I gonna do now?)  
I'm in a fucked up position  
When they said, "Don't do it, Rob" (Word)  
Rob didn't listen

That's right, Ese Lil' Rob  
Yeah  
Brown and Romero from Clika One  
That's right  
Go for the best  
Prepare for the worst  
Cause sometimes  
Shit just don't go as planned  
Understand  
Yeah