

# The Truth

Beanie Sigel

I speak the truth  
Truth , nothin but the truth  
Y'all know what I bring to the game I speak the truth  
The truth , nothing but the truth

I hope you got an extra mic and a fire proof booth  
Cuz you know I'm known to metal wire or two  
You need a fire engineer when I lay this blaze  
I melt down cracks that's real to save  
Hit the studio , jars of dro , bars to blow  
B. Sigel with that arsenic flow  
Fuck that , don't hold me back  
I roll with crack , y'all cats told Mac to rap  
Y'all don't realize y'all released the beast untame  
Speech all flame , streets y'all blame  
It should be an honor for y'all to speak my name  
I could go before your honor he couldn't and peep my game  
Gotta laugh , y'all acted like ya' spit it the same  
Why you motherfuckers can't get in the game  
I come from high school , and go straight to the league  
Who you know who can spit at the Sig

Nigga the truth , every time I step in the booth  
I speak the truth , y'all know what I'm bringing to you  
I bring the truth , you motherfuckers know who I be  
I be the truth , when I speak cell set you free  
Nigga the truth

Aint nothin changed with Sig I'm still stuck in the kitchen  
So what I'm signed , that's fine still stuck in position  
You motherfuckers know me well , couple court cases from jail  
Couple 4-4 shells from hell  
Stuck on this mission , go home , my girl fussin and bitchin  
Motherfucker won't you change your life , I'm thinkin  
Motherfucker won't I change my wife  
Ignorant bastard laughin like fuck the rap shit  
It's just another hustle , another way for niggas to touch you  
Now they know the face of Beans  
Now they , see my face on screens and I aint even chase this dream  
I feel sorry for those who did  
Y'all niggas can't stop the boar , whether rock or raw  
I'm slingin coke in a rock valor  
You niggas know what block I'm on , glock in palm  
You wanna get shot , karate chopped or stabbed this song  
Motherfucker

Black Friday management , and Roc's the label  
And I still hit you niggas with shots that's fatal  
That bullshit vest can't save you  
I had a doc open you up from chest to navel  
See my face on cable , and have flashbacks of that cold ass table  
And them hoes I gave you  
I'm that nigga that'll come and pour salt in your wound  
At the hospital , while the cops guardin your room  
You gotta see what I've seen , look where I've looked  
Touch what I've reached , and take what I've took  
You gotta go where I've gone , walk where I've walked

To get where I'm at to speak what I've talked  
You gotta lay where I've laid , stay where I've stayed  
Play where I've played to make what I've made  
You gotta move what I've moved , use what I used  
Use tools how I use , use fools how I use