

# Truth

III Bill

(Hook)

Check one-two, one-two

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(Verse 1)

Ayo, I've seen it all

From what the truth should be, to what the truth is

As we evolve from what we used to be onto some new shit

We write the blueprint, with true grit

Students of moving bricks and full clips

Or otherwise we just threw fists

Been breaking bad, ever since before I became a dad

Or made in in rap

And truth - I still cater to that

Root for the villain getting paid in full

Spraying the gat on the roof of my building

Getting brain, taking it back

I was a projects professor

A white kid not just five-percent of lessons

I got from the brothers selling incense

Extensively, studying Rakim and all the emcees

Eventually discovered I spit rather intensely

Now here I am, speaking to everybody that be listening

The hardcore hiphop with heart, like nitroglycerin

The type of rap you feel in your cardiac

The grimey, illmatical boom bap, mathematical goon rap

(Hook)

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(Verse 2)

Ayo, I rise and laugh at the lies, analyzing the science of things

In the land of the blind, the man with one eye is the king

The path of the divine crashing to gunfire and brimstone

Adapt and survive, spilled blood dries when the wind blows

Look to the past, see the future staring back at you

Holdin' a gat, holdin' you back

And bearing ample fruit and opportunity

Get rid of fuckin feelings with unity

We stand tall,

What the fuck could you do with the assault literary

Slaughter cult military

Necronomicon Don

The cold visionary

Conspiracy hoes, behold secret mystery scrolls

Seen black, satanic lesbian, titties explode

Fuck livin' on your knees, I rather die on my feet

Rise in the street, fist fights with riot police

These lines are wrote potent like lines of coke

A kaleidoscope of the violent poem

That