

# Truth

Lil' O

[Billy Cook:]

Too many brothers locked, there'll be too many dying  
And if I set it up out, then I'd be lying

[Hook: x2]

You want the truth (yeah), bujt you can't handle the truth (no)  
Us niggaz ain't free, we just running round loose (right)  
They say what monkey see, monkey gon do (oh-no-no-no-no-no-no-oh)  
This song pertains to every thug nigga, even you

[Lil' O:]

My lil' partna stole a half, from a crooked ass law  
He chopped it up and heat it in, it's time he Hilfiger drawas  
See hit the cut before you run, young G's gotta crawl  
And he was hitting every lick, even soaked his ma  
And when he stacked a lil' change, he went straight to the mall  
And bought some POLO and some Guess, to let hoes know that he ball  
But I recall a time when blacks, couldn't buy shit at all  
And when you mention slavery, no one sounded upauled  
They said ay free the slaves, see loves blacks don't believe it  
Slavery came to an end, cause slavery wasn't needed  
New technology, provided quantities at high volume  
Cheaper than maintaining slaves, now we got us a problem  
Cause now we can make these goods, and astonishing figures  
Without the labor tell me, what we gon do with these niggaz  
Should we gun em down with triggas, send em back to they land  
Or should we keep em all in chains, till we get us a plan  
Well here's a plan let's give em jobs, better jobs than we  
No just enough, so they can get the minimal wants and needs  
They'll still be in poverty, but with they hard earned bucks  
They'll make us rich by buying shit, that was made by us you see

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

Now if you worked all your life, but still ain't had shit  
If you seen a man slipping, would you grab his shit  
I'm talking gun a man down, straight robbing and stealing  
Or commit genocide, for pride we straight drug dealing  
And I know you know the feeling, (man I ain't got shit  
Man these whites living good, I got's to have that shit)  
Even though we can't afford it, man we still gotta get it  
Black people love to floss, I swear to God it's embedded  
Now you can curse all you want, you can scream and shout  
But only a nigga'll buy him a Benz, before he buy him a house  
And when the new Jordans come out, we spend our money like fools  
When these whites won't pay, more than eighty dollars for shoes  
We got the whole game confused, we being played like fools  
But playa who am I to lie, I do the same shit too  
Cause I done jacked me some niggaz, I done been on the grind  
But playa peep how smart they is, they getting paid off our crime  
It's big business in the 90's, sending niggaz to jail  
You can buy stock in the Penn, think they ain't making mail

[talking:]

See, as long as niggaz keep dropping out of school  
To chase this fast change

We doing exactly, what they want us to do

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

As slavery passed whites asked, are we really that dense  
A man convinced that we are, pressing blacks is a sense  
Yeah a man ain't really lynched, had a plan for us brothers  
He said you keep them blacks divided, and they'll keep down eachother  
Put field nigga against house nigga, put dark skin against light  
They won't worry bout us whites, all they'll do is just fight  
And the sad thing he's right, look how us young niggaz trip  
Look how we split eachother's wig, over Blood and Crip  
Look how we quick to start tripping, damn you stepped on my shoes  
Then we mean mug eachother, what you looking at fool  
Why is it cool to be a killer, fraud to be about peace  
Why we can't understand, too many of us deceased  
Do we hate ourselves, some think the mo' yellow the better  
Then compare the way we act, to Mr. Will and inch letter  
Yeah it's all a big set up, look in books you'll find proof  
But they won't teach you this in school, cause you can't handle the truth yo  
u see

[Hook x2]

[talking:]

Man, I'm missing that Lil' Norris  
That Lil' Gator, that Fat Pat, that Mafio  
That Lil' Al, that Marcus Grey  
All my partnas on lock, Big Spider, Big Mark  
You know I love y'all, Black Ass hold ya head  
Kinfolk, I love you baby  
Sean Blaze, hold ya head  
Wool, you know it's on when you get home baby  
Lawson I love you baby, all my partnas on lock  
All my partnas in the grave, I love y'all  
We gon make it through the storm  
Cause that's what playas do  
Maintain under pressure, you feel me

[Billy Cook:]

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And if I set it up out, then I'd be lying