

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