

# Truth Is

Pete Rock

Hey yo

When you look at me and my brothers what's your first impression  
Does the sight of us leave you guessin or do you understand the stressin  
The aggression, the look of no hope on me and my niggaz faces  
Like the lord overlooked us when he handed down his graces  
You see embraces, fall short on the numb tips of street entrepreneur fingers  
Still stuck in the walls of the project halls where the coke smell still lingers

External bling is all we can be cause on the inside we been given nothin to shine on

And a record deal's harder to get than coke, so my niggaz get they grind on  
Cause the TV tells us, aim high nigga, make all goals lateral  
But see that takes paper that we don't have so, niggaz put they souls up as collateral

Now, some niggaz reclaim 'em, some blame 'em, make an excuse to sell 'em  
But when a nigga goes from not doin to doin, what can you tell him?  
Not to be a nigga? Shit I gotta be a nigga, that's how I pay the bills  
And I'ma do that whether I got to sling this coke or exploit these rhyme skills

See America makes you an opportunist, and at the same time they institutionalize you

So the fact that niggaz get, big record deals  
Big money and go to jail shouldn't surprise you  
That's what lies do, you see most of these guys  
Do have raw talent just an infinitile education  
So the business feed you all the weed and ecstasy  
And a little bit of paper to provide some pacification  
From all the bullshit frustration they serve you  
Meanwhile they corrupt your perception of what the real is  
See they takin all our businessmen, and givin 'em the mindsets of drug dealers

Took all our messengers, made 'em rappers  
Just flappin they jaws afraid to admit their treason  
Took all our soldiers for the cause, made 'em killers for no reason  
And bein fucked up, well that's in this season  
So, if you're negative you're positive, and if you're positive you're called a hater

But I maintain control of my soul cause I know it gets greater later  
And I told y'all the last show shit, a nigga no hater, I just know what the truth is  
Been intertwined in this puddin for 'bout a year now so I know where the profit is

See, it lines these midtown Manhattan skyscrapers  
Where former hustlers like myself sign papers  
And pull off fucked capers like, 16 infamous stars of the time  
They got us choppin and, baggin and  
Servin that shit to niggaz 16 bars at a time now  
The crime is undetectable by the feds  
Cause in heads of our kids is where the track is  
And music is potent it's straight to the soul

So it's much more addictive than crack is  
Now, the high is just an illusion all lies and confusion  
But to feel that rush just once, my young bucks'll go through it  
So in essence, they still floodin the streets with the thugs, drugs and the killing

They just usin these record labels to do it  
Takin our hearts off demos, puttin us in limos

Tryin to fuck up divine direction  
But, young black men have been trained to chase money  
And pussy, so we fall victim to our own erection  
And begin to convince ourselves we're on our way somewhere where we're not goin  
But ignorance is bliss and niggaz love this so, niggaz take pride in not knowin  
We not growin, nigga I give a fuck how slick you flowin  
If you ain't showin nuttin to these kids or addin nuttin positive to the earth  
Black Ice been destined to touch the world ever since I was born  
To be real, fuck a record deal, God gives me what I'm worth  
"Soul Survivor" nigga {\*echoes\*}