

Can't Ban Tha Truth

Trae tha Truth

Five percent cruising through the city this a destiny
Four then one in the hole I keep that bitch next to me
Focus on the rap game and nothing else
Haters speaking on my plug I got that bitch by myself
I'm a trapper, H-town representer
Put God's soul let me paint the perfect picture
D-boy swag snatchin something with the paper tags
My money coming out of paper bags
I smoke kush back to back I mean by the sip
ABN gang, love folks and crips
Swaggin on them fo's, I'm bout to drop the fifth
I pull a six in the one liter let's sip
I'm on another level from them haters
I'm talking gallery condo skyscrapers
My hustle right so shit I had to have it
That's why I'm a neuver issue through this traffic

Oh no, no, no, noooah...

Uh, you can't ban the truth

(Na no, na no no) You can't ban the truth

(Na no, na no no) You can't ban the truth

Picture me thuggin, underneath the ghetto somewhere duck the weight

Livin for my niggas in the system somewhere tooked away
Station with a bitch whose intention is try'na fuck today
No love I only down her and tell her to get the fuck away
King of this fucked up shit they call the streets I'm unable to change

Hood attentions invested in this class of this foreign exchange
Glass houses is sorta 'nough for me to try to focus
Looking for haters with this cannon case you haven't noticed
Hard to reach I'm so far off inside the deepest cracks
I'm true Cobain suicide on the deepest tracks
I think I'm J Prince, I think I'm...
Ghetto legend picture me inside the same shoes
Thirty years still operating the same views
Robert Davis in the head holding these same screws
And when I go I hope they praise me with the same news
And leave these haters with the same blues

Oh no, no, no, noooah...

Uh, you can't ban the truth

(Na no, na no no) You can't ban the truth