

Let The Truth Be Told

Z-Ro

Im from tha south i got them diamonds in my mouth.
Z-ro(screwed up click)
im from tha south i got them diamonds in my mouth.
(i got them diamonds in my mouth)
(this how we do it down south)

Hold up a minute im the king of tha ghetto.
holdin tha rap game like wood grain cant let go.
you niggaz aint neva seen me im on anotha level.
stay ready to dig a grave keep a gun and a shovel.

Saw me in tha rear view now you wonderin where i went.
ima get you if i owe you visit your residents.
laid the merk game down and tell them i hit the fence.
they tell me to keep my mouth closed,
so they cant see the shinin.
cant get with Z-ro cuz all you see was diamonds.
im cold like a deep freezer with bags of ice in it.
my 357 pretty but aint nothin nice in it.
to many bitches and not enough rubba.
got so many of my real niggaz unda tha gutta.
watch a nigga full of life lights closed like shuttaz.
god damn stayin healthy is hard as a mutha fucka.

i got diamonds all, in my mouth, in my grill, and in my jaw.
platinum teeth and princess cuts my mouth simila to a disco ball.
im pall wall my smile is blindin.
my ice is shinin like a schandaler.
i tend to brush my teeth with windex just so the glass house mouth shine clear.
i got mo carrots than vegetable soup.
im a texas icon tha peoples champ.
put on yo shades when i comend to approach
my mouth is like a lemonde like a lamp.
we got gold grills and platinum and ice.
cuz thats how it is in the lone star state.
with a cup full of bar and a candy car.
and we jammin on a robe3rt davis great tape.

eva since 1999 i had diamonds in my grill.
you just rappin that aint platinum you need to chill.
cuz you embarressen texas nigga you aint trill.
nigga you been on my dick way befo you got yo deal.
these rappers finally get some fame and think they got it locked.
afta yo album flop.
nigga you gone be on ?
my gear clean from my earring to my pinky rang.
if you aint spend thirty.
boy tuck in yo peace and chain.

Bloka Bloka Bloka thats how my gun go.
if im lookin at you bitch you betta run hoe.
i used to do baguettes but know im VS1's thought.
princess cuts straight up and down johnny done knows.
i got loud ice just like paul wall.
shinin down south brighter than all yall.
when its time to get your jewlery done who do yall call.

cuz you fellaz aint shinin at all.
check me out.
on tha first and fifthteenth im somthin like a pimp.
even with a suspended license im still fixin to flip.
aint no limit to this cash.
aint nothin i cant get.
five duce for you cuz.
i aint nothin like a crip.
ride with a revolver i dont fuck with clips.
these roach ass niggaz tryin to make me bust my chips.
but im not a bank, i dont even trust my bitch.
im from tha south and i got them diamonds in my mouth.

till fade out