

The Truth

Beanie Sigel

I speak the truth
Truth, nothin but the truth
Y'all know what I bring to the game I speak the truth
The truth, nothing but the truth(Beanie Mac)
I hope you got an extra mic and a fire proof booth
Cuz you know I'm known to metal wire too
You need a fire engineer when I lay this blaze
I melt down cracks that's real to save
Hit the studio, jars of dro, bars to blow
B. Sigel with that arsenic flow
Fuck that, don't hold me back
I roll with crack, y'all cats told Mac to rap
Y'all don't realize y'all released the beast untame
Speech all flame, streets y'all blame
It should be an honor for y'all to speak my name
I could go before your honor sit and peep my game
Gotta laugh, y'all acted like it spit it the same
Why you motherfuckers can't get in the game
I come from high school, and go straight to the league
Who you know who can spit at the Sig
CHORUS 2X
Nigga the truth, every time I step in the booth
I speak the truth, y'all know what I'm bringing to you
I bring the truth, you motherfuckers know who I be
I be the truth, what I speak shall set you free
Nigga the truth(Beanie Mac)
Aint nothin changed with Sig I'm still stuck in the kitchen
So what I'm signed, that's fine still stuck in position
You motherfuckers know me well, couple court cases from jail
Couple 4-4 shells from hell
Stuck on this mission, go home, my girl fussin and bitchin
Motherfucker won't you change your life, I'm thinkin
Motherfucker won't I change my wife
Ignorant bastard laughin like fuck the rap shit
It's just another hustle, another way for niggas to touch you
Now they know the face of Beans
Now they, see my face on screens and I aint even chase this dream
I feel sorry for those who did
Y'all niggas can't stop the boar, whether rock or raw
I'm slingin coke in a rock valor
You niggas know what block I'm on, glock in palm
You wanna get shot, karate chopped or stabbed this song

Motherfucker

CHORUS(Beanie Mac)

Black Friday management, and Roc's the label

And I still hit you niggas with shots that's fatal

That bullshit vest can't save you

I had a doc open you up from chest to navel

See my face on cable, and have flashbacks of that cold ass table

And them hoes I gave you

I'm that nigga that'll come and pour salt in your wound

At the hospital, while the cops guardin your room

You gotta see what I've seen, look where I've looked

Touch what I've reached, and take what I've took

You gotta go where I've gone, walked where I've walked

To get where I'm at to speak what I've talked

You gotta lay where I've laid, stay where I've stayed

Play where I've played to make what I've made

You gotta move what I've moved, use what I used

Use tools how I use, use fools how I use

CHORUS

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