

Truth Be Told

Styles P

[Verse 1]

You frontin' on the 'gram, I'm frontin' on your man
He was actin' sideways, he was 'frontin' on the plan
Now they at the juice bars, backin' up the vans
Gotta shit load of fruit, we ain't packin' up the spins
We packin' up the stores, thugs you adore
'Cause we keep the hood healthy, give it to 'em raw
Wife had the vision and the pharmacy was born
Made a couple sales, now the pharmacy is on
Enough about that, back to the raps
Yeah, you learn to adapt when your finances lack
Some get a job and others get a pack
Couple niggas lose their way and they never get it back
They ain't even dead but they ain't livin' life
So, me I double up, yeah, you know I get it twice
Came from the dark so you know I get it bright
And I did a lotta wrong so I'm tryna do it right

[Chorus]

Let the truth be told, let the lies be told
Know the good die young and may the wise get old
On a hot summer day, they make your life be cold
You can either play killer or the Gandhi role
Let the truth be told, let the lies be told
Know the good die young and may the wise get old
On a hot summer day, they make your life be cold
You can either play killer or the Gandhi role

[Verse 2]

You could try to front, me, I'm tryna punk
Reminisce on the past, no lights for a month
No food in the ridge, fuck life in this dump
Got a nigga real pissed, act hype if you want
You can get a shot to your body, a knife to your lung
Shit is gettin' dark, yearn for life in the sun
Burn weed, burn money, every bullet in the gun
Every tire on the whip just to get a lil' crumbs
With the yardie's eatin' jerk, smokin' pot, drinkin' Rum
I call my African cousin for dope in the drum
I call my Latin homie for coke in the slums

We went from white to green 'cause none of us is dunce
Feds goin' get you or the lead gon' get you
Or a grimy bitch that give good head gon' get you
If you thirsty for fame, the bread gon' get you
If you walk on the ledge, the edge gon' get you (Ghost)

[Chorus]

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