

Truth Be Told

Toosii

Oh, oh, oh (Ayy, yo, Nashi, you go crazy) Lord knows I want that Audemar, but I ain't rich
yet Truth be told, I hit your ho, won't get your bitch back
I'll hit my new bitch with a rubber, still'll get checked
Them diamonds bustin' out that Rolex, got my wrist wet
New bitch all on my line, told her she'll be fine, ain't give her dick yet
Told 'em I'ma pop out, I got options, I ain't pick yet
Heard what they said, I'ma get 'em dead, but they ain't blitz yet
We gon' slide first, put 'em in that hearse, we don't do get-backs, yeah
Said I don't eat good, but I ain't sick yet, I need a big check
And when I pop out with my new bitch, that's a big flex
Said I wouldn't be big, but shit, I did that, got a new crib, did that
Got a new car, did that, two times so I can't sit back
And I'll be damned a nigga blam me and I ain't seen my kids' kids yet
She wanna lay up, I told her I don't do kickbacks
They ask me do I party? I said, hardly, nigga
I'm fucked up in the head, so I don't party with 'em
Don't be tryna let 'em know I'm thug, but I'm mean muggin' shit
Wish I knew Tydre before that party got my brother hit
Fast money, wish my sister wasn't in love in with that
When I found out Nae wasn't my cousin, made her love the dick
Lord knows I want that Audemar, but I ain't rich yet
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We gon' slide first, put 'em in that hearse, we don't do get-backs, yeah I feel like karma gon'
come get me 'cause I'm haunted
Fucked a stripper bitch from Onyx
And I feel like I love that ho
Gang hit a lick for six, thought he was ballin'
Like he scored, he got to tauntin'
Now he dead, and I love my bro, yeah
Gotta keep that nina by my waistline, yeah
Want that Piguet, so I don't waste time
If I hit his head, we gon' call it FaceTime
Me and my bitch gotta think alike like we got great minds
Shit, I heard it through the grapevine, he got eight, but he might take five
I don't wear no cape, but I'ma save y'all
Got family, so I'ma make mine
Even if it's dark clouds in the daytime

You always find a way to make my day shine Lord knows I want that Audemar, but I ain't rich
yet

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Them diamonds bustin' out that Rolex, got my wrist wet
New bitch all on my line, told her she'll be fine, ain't give her dick yet
Told lil' mama pop out, I got options, I ain't pick yet
Heard what they said, I'ma get 'em dead, but they ain't blitz yet
We gon' slide first, put 'em in that hearse, we don't do get-backs, yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>