## Truth Hurts F/ R. Kelly "The Truth"

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(R. Kelly) Yo, yo, Truth

(Truth) What

(R. Kelly) let me in Yo let me in Bitch

(Truth)

Now see I try to keep the peace But your lies is killin me Yo ass is in these streets On them bogus late night creeps You said you were with your boys Then tried to switch it Go head with the bullshit Cause I ain't none of these bitches The truth is coming to get cha Pain is about to split cha You done put your hands on me And Dre is about to get with cha I done messed around and spotted you Like you was famous Now you got the dumb look on your face like What cha name is? Nigga I know what cha game is You done lied to me so much its painless Boy you took mommies first seed for granted Now your cheating ass is about to be strained

Cause most of ya'll niggas can't deal with the TRUTH Be hatin when you woman start hit you with the TRUTH Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the TRUTH

And you always running away from the TRUTH You lied til you make yourself think it's the TRUTH Undress the lie tell what you got TRUTH Should have been up front and just told the TRUTH But instead you wanna go and try to hide the TRUTH

Now see time and time again, You got away with murder

The bitch calls here again ,See I'ma have to hurt her Fool that you roll with, He be hittin on me You so busy parting, Your to damn blind to see You don't think that I know that scheme Your mess with the intelligence of a wise ghetto queen Boy it ain't much you can get past me I will leave yo ass crying take it from me

Cause most of ya'll niggas can't deal with the TRUTH Be hatin when you woman start hit you with the TRUTH Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the TRUTH

And you always running away from the TRUTH
You lied til you make yourself think it's the TRUTH
Undress the lie tell what you got it TRUTH
Should have been up front and just told the TRUTH
But instead you wanna go and try to hide the TRUTH

## (R. Kelly)

Mommy listen up you got me confused
Told you I was out smoking with my dudes
Then we pop Chrys right after we hit the Swiss
Then later on that night you ain't gonna believe this shit
There was a knock at the door
Now check it I'm bout to hip ya
The door opens what about ten or eleven strippa's
The first thing I did was went into a room to pick up
A phone to call you but no said the liquor
But now I got the hiccups
Hands up like a stick up
Got to come all up in here and hear your ass bicker
And after all that what make this shit the worse
Even though I'm wrong I admit the truth hurts

Hum. See some of ya'll niggas can't deal with the TRUTH

Be hatin when you woman start hit you with the TRUTH Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the TRUTH

And you always running away from the TRUTH
See you lied til you make yourself think it's the TRUTH
Undress the lie tell what you got it TRUTH
Should have been up front and just told the TRUTH
But instead you wanna go and try to hide the TRUTH

(repeat 2)

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