

Z-Ro f/ Lil' Keke

"Let the Truth be Told"

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[Hook]

Time to let the truth be told, it ain't no brighter days
Cause when it all unfolds, a nigga gon just pass away
These haters, trying to stop my grind
But I bet them hoes, can't block my shine
So tired of taking losses, not this time
I can't save the whole world, I'm just trying to look out
for mine

[Z-Ro]

I been getting a lot of exposure lately, on niggaz songs
and in they videos
Cause they know I'm a O.G., not an original gangsta but
an organized general
They see me pulling up in my 300 banging, gators on
my feet and jewelry dangling
Everybody love the way I look on the outside, but inside
I be paining
Is it ever gonna stop raining, nothing but thunderstorm
clouds hover above me
Shit I use to break my back to make sure my niggaz
was straight, but they still don't love me
That's why it's no more pain on my lower arm, and one
deep tatted on my other arm
If you see me looking in y'all direction, I'm not about to
speak fin to do you motherfuckers harm
Got seventeen albums and they all selling, so tell me
why the fuck my pockets ain't swelling
Ain't never did nothing to nobody, that didn't have it
coming to 'em bitch I'm a felon
Feel like I was failing God tell me when I'm gon win, you
know when I'm blessed you know when I'm gon sin
You were there at the beginning of my days, I'm just
hoping I see you after all my days end
And I don't give a damn what these people say, half the
people in the church got evil ways
I was just looking to make a lil' scrilla, but it turned a lil'
Christian into a lil' killer
From label to label and gun to rifle, it's a forward
march ain't no time to retreat
If you able to save a nation go 'head, but I'm struggling

to get myself some'ing to eat

[Hook]

[Lil' Keke]

No more struggling, backwards hustling this is my year
I been in the game since 9-5, bitch I'm still here
I hear the background that side talk, and cheap
bumping
If you don't like who I signed with, then give me
some'ing
Just six months ago, they said the Don was all over
But I just tightened my flow built the buzz, and came
colder
I touch them street G's, them go-getters and crack
stars
You six feet deep or somewhere asleep, behind them
iron bars
Cause I done knocked off plenty cars, and knocked off
plenty hoes
Then pulled up plenty shows, candy paint and glass 4's
Look at 'em whispering, like some hoes on the sideline
They second string and cheerleading, while I'm getting
mine
I know I been down, can't wait till the next round
Tomorrow's tomorrow, but today nigga it's right now
It's Ke and Ro, and fa sho that's a gangsta hit
Get up out our life hoe, get up off our dick trick

[Hook]

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