

## **Brandon Mychal Smith**

### **"Moment Of Truth"**

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[Brandon Mychal Smith]

Here we go again,  
Prepare to meet your end.  
Just looked you up on Facebook,  
You have zero friends.

This kid's a loser,  
You haven't even kissed a girl.  
You write her love letters,  
I'll buy her ice and pearls.

So how you like me now?  
Even Roxanne is in the background  
Saying "Wow, Bling's got style."

I'm off the gold chain  
If you a rapper then why is Kris your backup  
dancer like an extra from Soul Train

I see your mommy and your daddy in the front row  
They must be embarrassed for you bro  
You're not a real MC  
You should quit hip hop  
Now be a good busboy and go get your mop

[Tyler James Williams]

Bling, you don't wanna battle,  
You're the snake without the rattle.  
You're the boat without the paddle,  
You're the duck without the waddle.

You're the horse without the saddle,  
The ranch without the cattle.  
The day without the shadow,  
Son, I think you should skedaddle.

Kick gravel  
Sayonara punk  
Arrive Derci  
What language do I have to say  
For you to hear me clear-lay?

Adios amigo,  
You're over with, finito.  
This clown couldn't wrap anything,  
But my burrito.

[Brandon Mychal Smith]  
You have to hold your mommy's hand,  
Before you cross the street.  
You have to sneak out the house,  
Just to clean and sweep.

And now you look queasy,  
I made him go mute.  
Put your camera phones up,  
So you can post this on YouTube.

Truth's got a screw loose,  
He's terrified to bust.  
So lightweight,  
That I could blow him over with a gust.

You're weak like Seven Days,  
You deserve boos.  
You should walk around in some high heel shoes.  
Shoot.

You should rock pigtails and a skirt  
You're shakin' in your boots  
Are your feelings getting hurt?

Oh, well maybe I should hurt,  
More than your feelings.  
Maybe I should rip,  
The roof off the theater ceiling.

Maybe you should start kneeling,  
His eyes are getting misty.  
You're so whack,  
If you were me, you couldn't diss me.

Kissy, kissy Roxanne,  
Did you miss me?  
I'll take you out to dinner,  
After I've eaten this pipsqueak.

And when we're on vacation,  
I'll let him house sit.  
Here's a couple bucks,  
Buy yourself a better outfit.

[Tyler James Williams]  
You know what?  
You don't have a stack of cash,  
Or a flashy pad.  
I saw you last week drivin' a taxi cab.

Your secret's out and now they know, sport,  
We'll call if we need a ride to an airport.  
In fact, you could drop me off at home after this,  
Then, you can take back a couple bucks, but as a tip.

You playin' yourself like solitaire,  
Tellin' everyone, that's here that you're a millionaire.  
You're not a baller, you're a phony,  
I'll bet your whole crew, was a bunch of Rent-a-Homies.

And now you lie in bed lonely,  
Your persona's a facade.  
The only girls you get,  
Are in the pages of a catalog.

Here stands Lord of the Bluff,  
His lies were legendary, till the truth made him hush.  
And what's funny is your truth is enough,  
Why'd you have to make up the money and the stuff?

I guess it's easy to play the role and act hard,  
'Cause you don't have the guts to tell us who you really  
are.  
So you can keep a trophy that you don't deserve,  
I might be a busboy but you just got served.

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