

## Los Lonely Boys

### "The Truth"

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[Intro]

\*Gunshot\*

'Queensbridge and we don't play' ..

'For every rhyme I write, it's 2-5 to life'

'Queensbridge and we don't play'

'Tragedy's the name, figured I'd just remind y'all'

'Queensbridge and we don't play' ..

'For every rhyme I write, it's 2-5 to life'

'Queensbridge and we don't play'

'My, my poetry's deep'

[Chorus 2x]

We are the Truth

We need no proof

Blowin' shots off roof

(Castro: Touch y'all, please don't make us buck y'all)

[Verse 1: Christ Castro]

Yo, the name's Castro, I'm out for pesos

Fuck sitting on my ass like you couch potatoes

While you watch wrestlin', smellin what the rock is  
cookin

I'm in the crackhouse and rock is cookin

Been, locked in macks, with lots of bookings

Beat a nigga down, fuck if them cops is lookin!

Put that heater down son, cuz if you had to pop you  
wouldn't

You would show up every shortcake topped with  
pudding

Soft ass nigga, sweet ass nigga

I'ma torch that nigga, peep that nigga

R.I.P. that nigga, ????

See, I'm that nigga, my four fingers on that trigger

Beef me, you better pawn that vigor and buy some  
guns

'fore they find your lungs on your doormat nigga

Cuz I pack price that'll flush all your organs out

Make yo fam cut the price in your coffin out

Blood drip when the force come out

Slugs rip thru a nigga face blowin large portion out

Talkin bout, you mu'fuckers swear you live, through

homicide  
come and talk you out  
Now you see what you get when your ass get carried  
away?  
Now your ass gettin' carried away

[Chorus 2x]  
We are the Truth  
We need no proof  
Blowin' shots off roof  
(Castro: Touch y'all, please don't make us buck y'all)

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]  
Truth is truth, real is real, love is love  
Kastro, Khadafi, Blood is Blood  
We can go shot for shot, slug for slug  
Hit you up, body bags zip you up  
I am truly amazing, you cowards ain't phasing me  
Mahdi, 2-5, the O-G  
I cock back, and pop them thangs  
You runnin off octane, you dont wanna lock with the  
God  
Glocks'll bang  
Overall, feelin my aura, feelin my style, who you think  
started this thug shit?  
But meanwhile, ask Noreag and 'pone, who kept em in  
the zone  
41st Side, Q.B  
Bringin it home, homie we got that  
Don't ever try to stop my grind, cuz in the meantime in  
between tyin my nine  
Steady long, steady strong when you fuckin' with mine  
And I'ma ?eep? regardless to the charges I'm a G  
Discreetly, holdin my heat, 22's on my feet  
Ask Havoc ask Nas, from Q.B. to South Prob y'all wanna  
fuck with the God

[Chorus 2x]  
We are the Truth  
We need no proof  
Blowin' shots off roof  
(Castro: Touch y'all, please don't make us buck y'all)

[Outro]  
'Queensbridge and we don't play' ..  
'For every rhyme I write, it's 2-5 to life'  
'Queensbridge and we don't play'  
'My, my poetry's deep'  
'Queensbridge and we don't play' ..  
'For every rhyme I write, it's 2-5 to life'  
'Queensbridge and we don't play'

'Tragedy's the name, figured I'd just remind y'all'  
\*Gunshot\*

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