

## T-Pain

### "Tha Truth"

Visit "[Tha Truth](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Damn...

I don't do this for fun man

It's my job, dawg

All you see is the videos and the rings and the watch

And the bracelet, and chains

And you know, grills and more chains

Another chain on top of that

And another ring on another finger, and another grill

And then I switch grills and then I change chains

And that's all you see, but you knowâ€¦!

'Ey

I wake up early in the morning

Hit the snooze button for hours

Get up, hop into a two hundred thousand dollar shower

Brush my teeth when I'm out it

Remote start the Audi

Kiss my boy, kiss my girl, kiss my wife, and then I'm

outtie

Damn

Grind time from a struggle to a hustle

"Aw man"s to "God damn"s

From a clam to a mussel

I ain't say you had it better

But damn, did I tussle

I ain't have much

But if you tried to take it, I'll bust ya

It feels like I done died

'Cause every time I drive my past life flash

Right in front of my eyes

'Cause I'm not one of them guys

That don't remember shit,

Can't even go home and drive alone in this whip

'Cause everybody want him gone

But you got me fucked up

If a nigga gon' be on YouTube saying'

I ain't from my bowin' homes [?]

So I'm gonna keep goin' strong

And let you niggas go out of season

As long as my kids is breathin'  
I'm doing this for a lot of reason  
I do it for my kids and they kids' kids  
And when I'm dead they come to my grave  
To tell me what they kids did, yeah  
I'mma tell 'em my style and how long I has hated on  
about it  
And how it took twenty minutes to make a song about it  
Even though I was young I was actin' grown about it  
Took some years, but eventually they left me 'lone  
about it  
Old folks cheering' me on 'cause they know I got it  
They see niggas get in the game and fold like origami

But the only foldin' I'm doin' is when I'm at shows  
poppin'  
Got 'em fainting' like Michael Jackson, straight hos  
droppin'  
Then I go home, safely homie, there's no robbin'  
Gated community  
You gotta know the code, partna  
Walk up to the crib  
Lamborghini look so proper  
And six old-schools sittin' on 24" choppas  
White folks in my neighborhood think I'm the Dalai  
Lama  
'Specially when I come outside like roo sticky dima [?]

But everything good gotta turn bad  
It's like the weekly drama,  
You know, lil' small shit,  
Like girls saying' they my baby mama  
But this music has made me calmer  
I now understand karma  
These niggas is mad,  
They wanna assassinate me  
Like Barack Obama  
But I graduated, School of Hard Knocks, summa cum  
laude

On the side of the stage  
Like I am really 'bout to fuck this crowd up  
That makes me prouder, makes me a man  
If you ain't doin' what I'm' doin'  
You automatically a fan  
Damn, get on your knees please  
And praise God that he sent you somebody  
That can just tell you niggas these things

Radio Killa, R&B King, T.P.  
The Music Jesus

A.K.A. the Lord of the Three Rings

Visit [T-Pain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.