

Theresa Vintage "The Truth"

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(Chorus)

I represent real
And you should know
IÂ'm the truth
And if you know that
You know what it do
And if real represent real
YÂ'all are through
And if yÂ'all donÂ't respect that
YÂ'all donÂ't recognize truth

(Verse 1)

ItÂ's yo girl
Theresa V
Give it a lilÂ' time
Then youÂ'll see
Call me conceited
Maybe I am
Call me cocky
Maybe I am
But you donÂ't understand
Just who I am
DonÂ't play witÂ' me
Or some stars
You will see
Unlike you lames
I donÂ't have time for games
If you lookinÂ' for problems
That is what youÂ'll get
And its in yo
Best interest
To never forget
DonÂ't call me the best
And donÂ't compare me
To the rest
You havenÂ't met
Anyone like me
That you will see
But donÂ't ask me
Go ask your homie
RunninÂ' down the street
I got you beat

It's over
Before it even began
And now you know
Never step to me again
I can stop the snow
Sell a web to a spider
I am insane
If you see me
You could forget yo name
And if I arrive late
I can restart the show
Go ahead
Flash some dough
Give us a little show
But soon you'll have to go
Bye, bye
Unfortunately, half y'all
Are too high
For yo tracks to even get by
Auto tuners and whisperin'
May seem cool
But y'all are just
Actin' a fool
Listenin' to y'all rap
Is like watchin'
A baby drool
I don't have time
For that crap
Five seconds of that
Would drive me crazy
And it just proves
You dudes are lazy

(Chorus)

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(Verse 2)

I'm a princess
But you're better off
Callin' me relentless
Go all the way
Or fall back
It isn't what you say

It's what you do
And I say and do
Twice
What they do
I'm the master
Of this rap game
You lames need to
Go harder
Go further
Handle yo shit
Go get it
Do what you want
But want what you do
And someday it'll
All come through
You can only want
What you don't have
You'll never have it all
But if you think you do
Somethin' else will call
Do what you do
Work that grind
And soon you'll find
I was right
All this time

(Chorus)
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You know what it do
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And if y'all don't respect that
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(Verse 3)
Let me talk to you
Tell you how it is
Explain what its like
For Theresa Vin
Bein' like me
Should be a sin
Roll wit' me
And your gonna win
Don't listen to me
Soon you'll see
People may want a thug
And bottles in the club
But even 50 said

Come give me a hug
Once dudes wanna touch
You and yo boys rush
Don't pop all that good shit
If you can't
Back it up
'Cuz you'll get exposed
Like Rick Ross
As A C.O.
And all their
Respect will go
It was a cute little show
I was well entertained
But I knew
Somethin' was up
When all yo lives
Sounded the same
Maybe im to blame
Listenin' to you
But that's what I get
Listenin to mainstream dudes

(Chorus)

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(repeat until fade)

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