

## Pac Div

### "Truth"

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

[Verse 1: Like]

Ayo, Swiff, this the type of jam I like  
Real talk, you a jedi knight, and with this lead I write  
Random thoughts on this red eye flight  
Fantasize waking up to some head I like  
Such a lovely face  
As we campaign over champagne, might I say such a  
bubbly taste  
Thumbing back to memories, if I could just erase  
Hey girl, don't be so thirsty love, pump your brakes  
We ain't stopping no time soon, it's bucks to make  
If you bet against up, we just up the stakes  
When a real nigga show just cuff your date  
She keep looking in my eyes like there's love to make  
She keep digging in your wallet for some bucks to rake  
She keep looking for a ride cause the bus run late  
I mean the proof is up front, there ain't much debate  
We the livest three niggas in the fucking state  
I mean - it ain't much to say  
We the pioneers spitting, not pioneer chicken

[Verse 2: BeYoung]

If I got it then my niggas do - that's the ritual  
Taking money fast, fuck the waiting on residuals  
Barkleys with the sweats, I can show you how my fit'll  
do  
Two dollar swisher, situation's getting critical  
I should've told ya, my yoga broads ?? with Boca  
For the verse, we get what niggas get to cook the coke  
up  
Oh the nerve of pretty bitches when they on the gold  
hunt  
I remains I'm Shuttlesworth when I put the stroke up  
We go strangle 'fore we Bojangle  
It's Pac Div, no lie baby, no tangles  
If you ain't hip to the game, play a ho's angle  
Learn not to fuck with niggas rocking old Kangols  
This that white tee music, killer, no label  
Swiff soul food like he set the whole table

[Verse 3: Mibbs]

Through the years, I've seen ?? business, groupie  
bitches  
Crowds looking at us like "who's these niggas?"  
Real life, it's not a movie nigga  
She bad but her pussy's like blue cheese nigga  
God forgive me as I kill these niggas  
God be with me like "yo kill these niggas!"  
City slickers like Billy Crystal  
With THC crystals and Billie Jean bitches  
Mr. Green with this, listerine and shit  
He talk money then I can probably read his lips  
He talk funny well then he might can beat the shit  
My whole team jump in, he got creamed and shit  
Probably need this shit, retweet this shit  
Then repeat this shit cause y'all reek of shit  
Truth

[Outro]

Visit [Pac Div](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.