

David Stones "The Truth"

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[Hook]

S.t. is the truth!

The illest nigga you know!

[Verse 1: David Stones]

I'm comfortable with being myself
These niggas acting like they somebody else
Look, we had it with your fantasy rap
Talking bout you could've did this and would've did
that

I think it's bout time we bring reality back Cause in reality the fact is your shit is just wack

Matter of fact your whole career is a joke

And shame on them yes men you got giving you hope

They call me VVS Stones in some VVS Stones

Well known, my name ring like them PBS phones

And I'm waking niggas out of their slumber this

summer

Don't even bother to call

I got your number

Try to get up in my lane if you dare

If I catch you over here you best to be waving a road flair

I don't play fair you don't want me to demonstrate it

Or insert name here, I could dedicate it

Put your career in the trash like I'm sanitation

Say hello to the future nigga, salutations

I could hear their hearts palpatating

While these niggas hating

I'll be living off the land steady cooking up a plan to tip

the scales

Strategize while demons rise to no avail

Got God on my side he know me well

I was taught to talk in code it's too risky on them cells

Son they hanging brothas in them jails
Judge hitting niggas with them 7-figure bails
Farewell letters through the mail
Will he ever walk the streets again?
Time will tell
These niggas filling every bar up with punchlines
While I use mine to uplift in these hard times
This ain't just words rhyming in the booth
This right here is significant proof that S.t. is the truth!

[Hook]

[Verse 2: David Stones]

They impressed with my intellect and view me as a threat

Cause my respect can't be paid in the form of a check I perform in rare form I was blessed with a gift
To put my foot up on these motherfuckas neck
I grind in the night while you slept
Kept running shit while you were running out of breath
I hear these niggas saying they the best
Then you play the mixtape and that shit is a hot-mess
A lot represent it but only a small percent is
documented

The rest get x'd off the list cause they ain't authentic Yea I'm independent but the bars is hard enough to lock 'em in it

So them history books they better log us in it
This a victory commercially and critically
Fuck whoever hating let 'em wallow in their misery
I'm everything they wish to be, literally
And if they ain't feeling me
It must be something wrong with 'em physically

It must be something wrong with 'em physically In my eyes it's no such thing as competitors

Cause they're all prey and I'm the mothafuckin' predator

Wildin on the regular, S to the...

You could never walk in my shoes cause I'm 10 steps ahead of ya

They'll never be another emcee as dope as me VVS Stones, put me on I give you clarity This ain't just words rhyming in the booth This right here is significant proof that S.t. is the truth!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: David Stones]

Ayo I flow so fluidly I should tax my CD's with a water fee

I come baring bars, I'm a fuckn barbarian They like ahhh damn, not him again That nigga Buckshot lil cousin fuckn' goin in Chivalry ain't dead I catered to a few women friend But these niggas is bringing new meaning to gentlemen They sucker soft Prolly walk up in a A&R office, close the door and go and suck 'em off Niggas cop my shit and start trashing the store Then their nose start to bleed cause that shit is so raw Quick question for you overnight sensations What's your lyrical equation when brought up in conversations? Or do you lack a nomination? Don't even give a fuck about the culture you're disgracing

Opposing S.t. your chance of victory are very slim

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