

Mausberg

"Tha Truth Is"

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f/ DJ Quik

[Mausberg]

Y'all niggas 'bout to get it

Yeah, boy this only one of them tracks you can come up with Quik?

This shit bangin'

These niggas out here hatin' on us, homie

Why, when we doin' shit like this?

It's a cold thing homie, but you know that realism homie

I'm known for speakin' on that

You know, you done did your part

You done blessed me with some shit

This some of that get-back-at-me shit, but they can't

This your chronic?

Sheppard Lane Gangsters, and we the realest

You niggas stepped into a war that you ain't prepared for

A veteran ain't shit but a punk with heart before

I crumble niggas with my first mil

I bring beef to the streets nigga, fuck switchin' hills

I'm a certified real nigga, cock me back

Rap cats be gettin' slapped runnin' they traps

We the reason you niggas makin' floor patter tonight

Niggas wit' good attitudes and disposition tryin' to take flight

You niggas funny style, rich but a bitch

I'm a gangster and ain't about to take none of your bullshit

I'm from the hard knock block of the killas

God brought me the rap game, and I'll be damned if I ain't the realest

You better take care of your kids and quit playin' wit' a grown man

Before you be in dead man land

And it's a lot of bitch niggas on my target

Quik, they talk loud but can't finish what they started

[Chorus: DJ Quik]

Y'all be talkin shit (yup)

But you won't be down when it's time to trip

(Sure do) So you really need to button your lips

(Because the truth is...) I hate you too (yes)

Y'all be talkin' shit (uh huh)

But you won't be down when it's time to trip

(You sure do) So you really need to button your lips

(Because the truth is...) I hate you too

[DJ Quik]

Now slow your roll punk for the nigga DJ Q-U-I-K

I break the beat down and make the motherfucker do what I say

Because it's my way or the highway, the super fly way

Regardless of what you fucken haters say

Now I done shared all my shit nigga, all my life

And I'm so fly nigga, I done even shared my --

So fuck a bitch and fuck you too, I ain't got no passes

I'm all out and I'm nuttin' up and it's time to whoop y'all asses

With a game that's see-through like cellophane and Scotch tape

And fuckin' with me nigga,

is like being on a hot date wit' a hoe with AIDS

I'm the virus and you kissed her, clown

I get up in you, set up, then I break your system down

So shut up, quit dissecting our name

Test pressin' our game, puttin' y'all name on it

But your and ours ain't the same

I take your bitch with a song and make her blow me

So fuck all my foes and (beep), you owe me

Chorus

[Mausberg]

I run through the biggest packs of niggas wit' my fist balled up

Ready for war now, unleashin' with dogs up

Rough, rugged and raw, puttin' hands on cowards

The one and only Mausberg with heart to devour

On some other shit, cripple a nigga wit' southpaw

Size sixteens in his ass, bloodclots in his jaw

Until I see my homie Jake again, fuck the whole world

God bless the little boys and girls

And I betcha I never turn my back on the streets

I studied the big book, so my past I never repeat

Real G's do real things, you ain't gotta bang

And ya album ain't the name of ya gang

This is real life, I only speak what I know

Flamed up on the daily, not because of a show

And Quik is my big homie, so you better step back

And recognize beef is more than bustin' a rap

Now take that

[DJ Quik]

Y'all be talkin' shit (yup)

But you won't be down when it's time to trip

(You sure do) So you really need to button your lips

(Because the truth is...) I hate you too

(Yup) Y'all be talkin' shit (uh huh)

But you won't be down when it's time to trip (what's up?)

So you really need to button your lips

(Because the truth is...) I hate you too (yeah)

Y'all talk a gang of shit (you sure do)

But you won't be down when it's time to trip (you ain't true)

So you really need to button your lips

(Because the truth is...) I hate you too (yup)

Y'all be talkin' shit (yeah)

But you won't be down when it's time to trip (uh huh)

So you really need to button your lips

(The fucken truth is...) I hate you too

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