

## Oun-P

### "F.A.C.T.S"

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This one is about struggles, pain  
F.A.C.T.S  
We're feeding all consumers two situations this time  
around  
For ain't real what ain't me, it's on B baby

Shit get real when you get older  
Streets get high hearts get colder  
I can't get through shit sober  
My girl acting up is making me wanna invite a bitch  
over  
Money over bitch is who needs a boots  
Teamwork make the dream work I do need my crew  
But whom just I have...  
We only need to do a Gucci gift for Christmas I'm too G  
for you  
The feds got my niggas all and they prison  
When they come home they'll look like Claude and Ray  
Gibson  
Life like Eddy and Martin, but they ain't no Eddy and  
Martin  
My niggas daily departing I got dreams and one it  
dums to see threat at the garden  
But in NBA team local threat in his gomet  
The other one is to see my kids take a trip off the  
college  
To wish in this pay form no if I need you with problems  
But I gotta raise em in them projects  
'Cause shit real but I'm just doing what the father it  
does  
Feel like the hood hunted and it's probably 'cause  
A grave I was a day before the projects was  
I keep my rhymes memorize and my head to the teeth  
Just to try to be the man they said I never could be  
I'm guessed in the B, but you know what keep messing  
with me  
I sign autographs for niggas doing better than me  
And that's FACTS

Nigga you spittin real balls from the soul  
You can never compete that to a punch line

It's better when it's real, F.A.C.T.S

I state nothing but the facts not tryin to act important  
My son Jordan is now old enough to ask for Jordan  
We take vacays but that don't mean have a fortune  
'Cause once we leave the resort we're going back to  
courtment  
Fuck beef nigga I ain't with the back and...  
I ain't soft even you defy and the back up off  
No whip is nothing fuck it is back to walking  
And fuck a gun line punch line is back to talking  
The stress thrown the...  
Cigarettes glockin up my arteries raising my kids to  
poverty  
Is hard for me  
A four year got caught in the cross fire on the block  
that's not too far from me  
Why little Loyl had to get hit in the gun shine  
When I heard about that kid it made me hug mines  
My fam stuck in the ghetto but I don't get out  
Grind out, if money didn't involve this all time out  
The bull in my court no I'm not gonna fumble the block  
just getting crazy  
They have it much more then rumbles  
Needed crib in the burb is where everybody is humble  
'Cause taking walks em I'm... like taking walks to the  
jungle  
That's FACTS

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