

Slaughter

"Truth Or Truth"

Visit ["Truth Or Truth"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9"]

I'm stressed out so much I'm like, "Why stress it?"

Am I selfish for asking myself

"Would you rather count money or count blessings?"

Now that's a wild question

Fame turned my life upside down

I guess it was meant to be like passing Beyonce a Tic-Tac

And that ain't a diss, this way more to me than a diss track

Jay-Z is God to me

Nas is God to me!

Eminem is like B.I.G. and Pac to me

And if you disagree I hope you bleed hypocrisy!

And this will be the realest shit I ever wrote

Shoutout to all the crazy bitches I've been involved with

Thank y'all for making my wife a crazier bitch than y'all bitches

Y'all might've lost me, but y'all win

And this will be the realest shit I ever wrote

Now let's talk about the BET Awards

When Kanye went to the podium for the win

And mentioned everyone in the same category as him but me and Em

He said they motivated him

And normally that would be ammo to hate on him

But that ain't my M.O! My M.O. is to be mo' motivatin'

This new-wave culture is so cultivatin'!

Where the *** do I fit in?

And this will be the realest shit I ever wrote

I succumb so much to this game I feel sorrow

I answer more questions about the 40 and Game squabble

Than I answer questions that I ask myself

"Are you a good father?", the answer's, "Well

*** this! Royce got a game tomorrow"

I ain't gotta spell out the offers

If being famous means speaking to people in offices

Over being there for your sons and daughters...

I'm off this...

I know the last couple of lines kinda fell out of the

pocket

But I don't give a ***! Let me tell you this:

When was the last time you copped some shit

Where it actually came out of your pocket?

Answer that! If I got to answer questions from you

You got to answer questions from me!

I'm ***ing my whole life up for you, answer this question:

"What the *** are you doing for me?", answer that!

Still I love my fans, even though y'all looking at me like

I'm just a drunk

nigga

That's just throwing up behind shit, blowing up, but

nigga I ain't throwing

up shit but my hands

And this is just me growing up

Courtney Artesia, Kino and Vish, please support me I

need ya

But in reality an artist is supposed to be supported by easels

But in the meanwhile, I'm just supported by evil

[Verse 2: Joe Budden]

I'm no longer fckin' amused

I mean I addressed this shit on "Cut You Loose"

How long am I supposed to stick around for this ***in' abuse?

Every time I go to leave, I figure "*** is the use?"

I endure it for the true fans that covered that new

Or is that just another ***in' excuse?

Do I do it for attention cause I crave it, I won't mention it, I'll save it

If you know me than you know a nigga treasure anonymity

Nigga thought that as a man, you must be kiddin' me

And I'm starting to feel like my fans are now condemning me

Listen, I don't owe y'all shit

Same Joe I am today is the same Joe y'all get

Y'all will interrupt a nigga while he at his place of worship

And think that came along with your 20 dollar purchase

You bought the music, not the nigga that made it

But let me touch up on that nigga that made it

If you're judging me on actions then I'll take that L every time

If you include "Joe Budden is a corny mah'***er"

Cause all it mean if I'm a corny mah'***er

Is the greatest rapper ever's just a corny mah'***er

My bad, I'm not as street as you

But all this time I was being me, not being you
I get behind that mic, let all my demons through
Without knowing shit about the people that I'm
speaking to
Add that to me not seeing a reason to
And that says a lot in a room full of silence, listen...
At 21 I had a drug problem
At 31 still drugs is a problem
But the thing about that pill is it made everything real
And I felt I needed to see
Funny thing about it all, I ain't like what I saw
Now the lord's voice is in my head like
"You'll be DEAD soon for questioning me"
Another lesson for me
For I grade it and whatever I profess it to be
Cause if left to me, I'd put our eyes in our brains
We'd over-think what we see and our whole lives would
change
But *** it, that day had to come
Who ever knew that I would have a son?
I coulda guessed it, I was ***in' like a rabbit
But I never saw him handle scoliosis like his dad did
Never knew me and Ronnie would talk again
*** a rhyme, I'm just happy that we talk again
Who knew that the second I acknowledged you
You would get terminally ill, be in the hospital
The thought of you leaving is what ***s with me
I'm scared to death of getting full custody
Nigga, I look in the mirror disgustingly
So how am I supposed to feel the day that he looks up
to me?
I always said you were the worst baby-mother
I had ex-girl confused with baby-mother
And there lies my problem with our Creator
All the times I wanted her black ass dead, you wouldn't
take her
Don't do it now, I need her
Understand, it don't get no realer
See how I go to bed with thoughts of a damn killer
But rather show y'all my girl through these Instagram
filters
Look at her, don't look at me
Cause if y'all judging, y'all would throw the book at me
Speakin' of shorty, nah, I'll do that in private
It might be a little soon for me to let her know how I get
Shit, and now we right back at one
Real quick, let me get back to my son
When a nigga was like...
He said "Dad, I'm weird... but I don't have a problem
with that"
And I was like... I laughed, and I was like

"Well, number 1, why do you think you're weird
And number 2, why don't you have a problem with
that?"
And he looked me in my eyes and he was like...
"Well, I say I'm weird, number 1, because I know I'm
weird
And I don't have a problem with it because that's me
And whoever don't like it, they don't have to be around
me
I'm comfortable with me and who I am"

And right there, that was cold
In my head I thought "That was bold"
Illest shit about it all, said that at 10 years-old
So I could die right now...
I could die right now and feel like he got the most
important part of Joe
Or... better than that...
I could die right now and feel like he know all he need
to know
Joey

Royce, what up

Last night we cried tears of joy
This morning they were still there
What's handicap without the wheelchair
That's what we are, but *** it...
We'll be the sacrificial lamb for y'all niggas
Hate it or love it...
Leave all of that, b, fck it...

[Verse 3: Crooked I]

Yeah, man
I kinda feel where my nigga was coming from, you
know
Both my niggas, you know
Baby-mom was on WorldStar and shit
You know, talkin' 'bout I don't take care of my junior
Me and my nigga straight though
Yo, my little nigga rap
I just let it be, you know, cause people get their feelings
hurt over other
shit
So I just let it go, you know, I ain't have no rebuttal
But uh... when you grew up ***ed up
Nobody's perfect, you know, but I'm perfect for this
This rap shit, man... yeah
Eastside long beach, Atlantic avenue and hill
Crooked was a youngster my ghetto attitude was real
Dumper in the waist in case I had to shoot to kill

Rocking dumb mics cause I had was stupid skill
Eastsiders we cypher about a bus bitch
Some sippin' toca vodka, others had the blunt pitched
A lot of them niggas died, sweatshirt blood drenched
Others went to jail, they hit a lick and left thumbprints
Long beach I salute ya grind
Even though you think you I sold out you not saluting
mine
I don't come around much, I'm on music's time
Lost and found I found when I'm broke I lose my mind
So I hustle like I'm on a hunger strike
Without a doubt when I cuff a mic
I leave a body count like the shotty's out
Cause I'm from a group called slaughter
Rap better than everybody house
Now they think I'm in the game and stuntin'
But I'm like an orgasm man, I came from nothing
Some of you from the burbs but you claim you wasn't
So lame you struttin', the cain you frontin'
*** all that, if I was born rich I would rhyme about it
I was born poor in a ditch, I'm rhyming tryna climb up
out it
Tryna avoud a life of crime I'm 'bout
Some say I'll be fine without it
But I kinda doubt it
Death around the corner, prison breathing down my
neck
Chasing paper til a nigga wheezing out of breath
IRS wanna *** me, I ain't even outta debt
Said they Young Buck me, tryna squeeze me outta
checks
Yeah, them fools tryna squeeze me outta checks
Don't talk to dominic's unless you pay ya mommas rent
With marijuana sent outta town, them dollars spent
My own fam wanna grab the steel and harm me
But I got the nuts to kill an army
Word to Killa army, man all them killers adore me
BET red carpet, the steel was on me
To put a slug in my flesh and blood wouldn't feel good
Serena crip walking at the Olympics I'm still hood
Still me, til my candle is blown
So many secrets I only told to a glass of patron
Half of my fathers family died of cancer alone
He called me sick, I didn't answer the phone
How does it feel to know that your son doesn't care
Cause you wasn't there, life wasn't fair
I look at steps in the wrong direction, another stare
Yeah mutha***a yeah

I swear, just the other mutha***ing night dawg
Like niggas, niggas rolled in front of my studio on my

kids life

Nah'mean, I ran through the ***ing studio to my office
grabbed that 3.57

thang man

Came out waving, I'm bout to bust, the police pass by
My little brothers told me I needed to chill
Nah'mean, this is what I do man, this is the life I live for
real dawg

This ain't no mutha***in' rap music

Just the other night I coulda killed a nigga man

Nah'mean, I wouldn't be here rapping about this shit

Think about it man

[Verse 4: Joell Ortiz]

My grandmo***eft me, father don't exist

Baby moms stress me, my momma got a cyst

My older son love football and the little nigga hands is
mean

But he chronic asthmatic so he fully suited on the
sideline wishing he
could be in there but still

Cheering for his team

My youngest son got nervous, sometimes he cry to me
I'm looking at him like it's not you fault

You was conceived when daddy was such a slave to his
everyday anxiety

I worked at UPS for a week and my boss ain't have to
fire me

I wasn't fit to lift boxes I quit

Don't put me in that box when I spit

My life wasn't too mutha***ing fly for me

Wasn't too mutha***ing fly for me

From the lobby huffing and puffing running from
robberies

To Crooked I, Royce Da 5'9€f, Joe Budden, homie
from the Goodie Mob

and me carving artistry

Celebrating escaping poverty

Ashy knees and no socks

Chinese outta hocks but that was on the first, other
than that

Liver works and government sent me yellow cheese in
box

Ya'll ain't have that yellow cheese in a box

Last night I cried tears of joy

But the other night I cried tears my boy

No longer here I can't hear his voice

I guess upstairs they playing dealers choice

Popped a pill with Joe I'm sippin' clear with Royce

Crook light a cigar nigga

My little homie just hit the pen

Went in a younger dodi, came out a senior citizen
And them crackers just denied me
*** dawg I can't even sneak a visit in
I ain't hustlin' no more if y'all listening
Ya'll niggas only get the music man
Ya'll know what be going on with a nigga day to day
I mean shit I ain't complaining or nothing
Like a nigga stand on his own two and hold it down
But it's realer than you think nigga
You think I give a *** about a rap list
I just left my condo, hopped up in my car I'm on my way
to *** an actress
I don't need y'all to remind me bout my pen and pad
gift
And how my ad-libs subtract your wack spit
Multiply my visits to Chase divide my among 4 other
niggas
Who spazz quick
Nah nigga this ain't no rap clique
This is a mutha***ing takeover
I want another Range Rover
I got such a hangover celebrating the fact my mother
become sober
My uncle fading from that needle though
Found out he fully blown a couple weeks ago
My aunt tested negative but it's the same result
But she gon die on the same day he stop breathing yo
To know me ain't to love me
Nah, to know me is to know me
Cause you ain't got to like me but respect that I ain't
phony
Not a nominee for Yony's or Oscars for my uh balony
Wat you see is what you get
Hope you getting what you see cause what you seeing
is a threat
Come at me with indirect's, I ain't gon write a song
about you
I'mma knee you in your neck
And write a song about how I just beat ya to death
Don't play with my little niggas
I'm just a grown ass man tryna feed my family through
the talent God gave
me
Honestly I don't care if you hate me
But don't *** with my money
Anything else I say will be dry snitching on myself, how
dumb would that be
House gang
YAOWA!

