

# Slaughterhouse

## "Truth Or Truth"

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[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!

