

## **Jake One f/ Freeway, Brother Ali**

### **"The Truth"**

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Okay [Intro/Chorus - Freeway - talking] (sample from "At Night Time" by Johnnie Taylor) (The truth is so plain to see) Y'all ain't fuckin with the R-O-C nigga (The truth is so plain to see) Y'all don't want it with the F-R-E nigga (The truth is so plain to see) Y'all ain't fuckin with them Jake One beats nigga ("Cause, 'cause we spittin the truth and nothin else") [Verse 1 - Freeway] All my real fans did you miss him? (miss him) These youngins might not know 'em but they feel him (feel him) Freezer starvin, I ain't stoppin 'til the meal ends (meal ends) I'm as raw as pickin cotton with your bare hands (bare hands) This is State Prop game, Roc-A-Fella fam (fam) I'm your favorite flow-er's flow-er you can call him, and ask him (yeah!) He'll tell you that he spit it like I spit it before Listen fella, this Roc-A-Fella we invented the flow (that's right) Was baggin dimes in my cellar (uh), when Nas had his tech in the dresser (uh) Now I pass checks to bank tellers nigga (that's right) Philly Freezer had a black Smith and Wesson (woo!) when black Smif N Wesson started wreckin they shows (come on) They was enterin the stage (yeah), I was enterin the stage too You just start doin it, I did it before Who you? Free original (original), I'm in the building with a hardcore vintage flow I get the dough, I'm the truth [Chorus - Brother Ali] (sample from "At Night Time" by Johnnie Taylor) (The truth is so plain to see) You ain't fuckin with the R-S-E neither (The truth is so plain to see) And you ain't fuckin with that Brother Ali, believe it (The truth is so plain to see) And you ain't fuckin with them Jake One beats ("Now everybody wants to know the truth about a brother named, A-A-Ali, Ali") [Verse 2 - Brother Ali] Ah, Jake roll that beat out like a red carpet I put that blood red target to your head, spark it Directly out the ghetto marchin like I'm Rev. Sharpton Bet I'm starvin like it's free breathe, his heads startin, look like I'm share croppin Cooped up squattin in a studio apartment Food stamps up in the pocket, mixin tuna with the vomit Boosted a few bottles of baby food out the market You ain't grew in this environment, so who are you to comment? Hungry pacin in a bus station with my nuts hangin But I never sold base, motherfuck

Reagan (motherfuck Reagan) Shit just wasn't in my  
upbringin (upbringin) None of us is above scrappin my  
brother, so I don't judge nathan Some of my buddies  
slanged it Then one got taken out, toe tagged, fuck  
that, rather be butt naked i say it real, I'm afraid of bein  
killed Seein my kids raised in hell, me away in jail In  
them homes, I been sketchin since I'm seven Got  
collected by my brethren, now it's my profession Big  
music industry and seldom gettin mention But the few  
that do zoom in respect me as a legend Fuck that, I'm a  
Reverend The Philly Freezer with the Street Preacher  
settin up shop teachin the lessons These are not just  
words, we tell you in the booth That feeling you just got  
inside your stomach is our proof, that we the truth  
[Chorus - Freeway] [Brother Ali] (sample from "At Night  
Time" by Johnnie Taylor) (The truth is so plain to see)  
Y'all ain't fuckin with the R-O-C nigga (The truth is so  
plain to see) [You ain't fuckin with the R-S-E neither]  
(The truth is so plain to see) Y'all ain't fuckin with them  
Jake One beats nigga ("Cause, 'cause, cause, cause,  
cause, cause, cause we spittin the truth and nothin  
else") (The truth is so plain to see) [And you ain't fuckin  
with that Brother Ali, believe it] (The truth is so plain to  
see) Y'all don't want it with the F-R-E nigga (The truth is  
so plain to see) [And you ain't fuckin with them Jake  
One beats] [Because they, ba, ba, ba, bap, bap, bap,  
RARRR!] (\*echo\*)

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