

Lil' O f/ Billy Cook

"The Truth"

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[Billy Cook]

Too many brothers locked, there'll be too many dying
And if I set it up out, then I'd be lying

[Hook - 2x]

You want the truth (yeah), bujt you can't handle the
truth (no)
Us niggaz ain't free, we just running round loose (right)
They say what monkey see, monkey gon do (oh-no-no-
no-no-no-no-oh)
This song pertains to every thug nigga, even you

[Lil' O]

My lil' partna stole a half, from a crooked ass law
He chopped it up and heat it in, it's time he Hilfiger
drawas
See hit the cut before you run, young G's gotta crawl
And he was hitting every lick, even soaked his ma
And when he stacked a lil' change, he went straight to
the mall
And bought some POLO and some Guess, to let hoes
know that he ball
But I recall a time when blacks, couldn't buy shit at all
And when you mention slavery, no one sounded
upauled
They said ay free the slaves, see loves blacks don't
believe it
Slavery came to an end, cause slavery wasn't needed
New technology, provided quantities at high volume
Cheaper than maintaining slaves, now we got us a
problem
Cause now we can make these goods, and astonishing
figures
Without the labor tell me, what we gon do with these
niggaz
Should we gun em down with triggas, send em back to
they land
Or should we keep em all in chains, till we get us a plan
Well here's a plan let's give em jobs, better jobs than
we
No just enough, so they can get the minimal wants and

needs

They'll still be in poverty, but with they hard earned
bucks

They'll make us rich by buying shit, that was made by
us you see

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' O]

Now if you worked all your life, but still ain't had shit
If you seen a man slipping, would you grab his shit
I'm talking gun a man down, straight robbing and
stealing

Or commit genocide, for pride we straight drug
dealing

And I know you know the feeling, (man I ain't got shit
Man these whites living good, I got's to have that shit)
Even though we can't afford it, man we still gotta get it
Black people love to floss, I swear to God it's
embedded

Now you can curse all you want, you can scream and
shout

But only a nigga'll buy him a Benz, before he buy him a
house

And when the new Jordans come out, we spend our
money like fools

When these whites won't pay, more than eighty dollars
for shoes

We got the whole game confused, we being played like
fools

But playa who am I to lie, I do the same shit too

Cause I done jacked me some niggaz, I done been on
the grind

But playa peep how smart they is, they getting paid off
our crime

It's big business in the 90's, sending niggaz to jail
You can buy stock in the Penn, think they ain't making
mail

(*talking*)

See, as long as niggaz keep dropping out of school
To chase this fast change

We doing exactly, what they want us to do

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' O]

As slavery passed whites asked, are we really that
dense

A man convinced that we are, pressing blacks is a
sense

Yeah a man ain't really lynched, had a plan for us
brothers
He said you keep them blacks divided, and they'll keep
down eachother
Put field nigga against house nigga, put dark skin
against light
They won't worry bout us whites, all they'll do is just
fight
And the sad thing he's right, look how us young niggaz
trip
Look how we split eachother's wig, over Blood and Crip
Look how we quick to start tripping, damn you stepped
on my shoes
Then we mean mug eachother, what you looking at fool
Why is it cool to be a killer, fraud to be about peace
Why we can't understand, too many of us deceased
Do we hate ourselves, some think the mo' yellow the
better
Then compare the way we act, to Mr. Will and inch letter
Yeah it's all a big set up, look in books you'll find proof
But they won't teach you this in school, cause you can't
handle the truth you see

[Hook - 2x]

(*talking*)

Man, I'm missing that Lil' Norris
That Lil' Gator, that Fat Pat, that Mafio
That Lil' Al, that Marcus Grey
All my partnas on lock, Big Spider, Big Mark
You know I love y'all, Black Ass hold ya head
Kinfolk, I love you baby
Sean Blaze, hold ya head
Wool, you know it's on when you get home baby
Lawson I love you baby, all my partnas on lock
All my partnas in the grave, I love y'all
We gon make it through the storm
Cause that's what playas do
Maintain under pressure, you feel me

[Billy Cook]

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