

Lil' Rob f/ Clika One

"Truth Or Consequence"

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[Verse 1: Brown]

When it comes to my hustle, you're on the man
Gotta keep all my money in rubberband
God, our sins
Plan to make hella dough
I could fuck with some weed, I could shovel snow
I just gotta lay low when I'm doin' thangs
Got the cards in the grip, and my momma's been
True to this
I don't ever get caught up in
Foolishness, snitches can talk with the rugers
It's Judases
Reprosession, I do this shit
Follow rules, I don't ever do stupid shit
I don't talk on a tone, they ain't catchin' me
Don't be askin' me, prices, I guarantee
You get hung up or probably get run up on
Have the game figured out til the other mourn
There goes S.W.A.T.s when they kicked in my shit
Cause now I'm in county and facin' the consequence

Chorus: Nasty

We hope for the best and prepare for the worst
For sometimes, it don't go as planned
Aware with the rules when it blows in your face
And you facin' the consequence

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 2: Romero]

Roll the purple buds, blaze the bubble hash
Watch me rip you or paint out my troubled past
I don't care what they say, we ain't free at last
All my life, I've been treated as second class
I ain't lookin' for sympathy, kiss my ass
I'm a hustler, homie, I get that cash
Pass my salary
Duck (???)
Physically turnin' my dreams to reality
This goes on in the hustler's mentality
I see hate, I see greed, I see jealousy

Seen the worse situations turn positive
Broken dreams, broken hearts, broken promises
If successful, the demons come test you
Catch you slippin', they come to oppress you
If you guilty, then prove 'em you innocent
Guess I'm guilty for being a Mexican

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Verse 3: Lil' Rob]

I'm runnin' and duckin' through alleys and hoppin'
fences (Aw shit)
Gettin' consequences for livin' my life too reckless
A lost direction
And I went in the wrong direction
Gotta find a better way than let out my aggressions
(Fuck that)
I fucked up
But I never learn my lessons (Never learn my lessons)
No matter what, they don't get a confession if they
question (Fuck no)
And I be lyin' if I said I wasn't stressin'
I'm not restin', it's been fuckin' up my complexion
(Yeah)
And I don't look the same in my reflection
Haven't got no sleep in about a week, and I'm beat
(Shit, I'm beat)
And I can barely rise to my feet
I'm tired, of having to hide out on the street (On the
street)
Cause honestly
I ain't got nowhere to run to
I done did it now
And I don't know what I'm goin' to do (What the fuck am
I gonna do now?)
I'm in a fucked up position
When they said, "Don't do it, Rob" (Word)
Rob didn't listen

[Lil' Rob]

That's right, Ese Lil' Rob
Yeah
Brown and Romero from Clika One
That's right
Go for the best
Prepare for the worst
Cause sometimes
Shit just don't go as planned
Understand
Yeah

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