

## **Truth Hurts "The Truth"**

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Now see I try to keep the peace  
But your lies is killin' me  
Yo ass is in these streets  
On them bogus late night creeps

You said you was with your boys  
Then you tried to switch it  
Go head with the bullshit  
'Cause I ain't none of these bitches

The truth is coming to get cha  
Pain is about to split cha  
You done put your hands on me  
And Dre is about to get with cha

I done messed around and spotted you  
Like you was famous  
Now you got that dumb look on your face like  
What cha name is?

Nigga I know what cha game is  
You done lied to me so much it's painless  
Boy you took mommy's first seed for granted  
Now your cheating ass is about to be strained

'Cause most of y'all niggas can't deal with the truth  
Be hatin' when you woman start hittin' you with the truth  
Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the truth  
And you always running away from the truth

You lied till you make yourself think it's the truth  
Undress the lie tell me what you got, truth  
Should have been up front and just told the truth  
But instead you wanna go and try and hide the truth

Now see time and time again  
You gotten away with murder  
The bitch calls here again  
See I'ma have to hurt her

Fool that you roll with  
He be hittin' on me

You so busy partying  
Your too damn blind to see

You don't think that I know the scheme  
You messin' with the intelligence of a wise ghetto  
queen  
Boy it ain't much you can get past me  
I won't leave yo ass crying take it from me

'Cause most of y'all niggas can't deal with the truth  
Be hatin' when you woman start hittin' you with the truth  
Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the truth  
And you always running away from the truth

You lied till you make yourself think it's the truth  
You, undress the lie and what you got it, truth  
Should have been up front and just told the truth  
But instead you wanna go and try to hide the truth

Mommy listen up you got me confused  
Told you I was out smoking with my dudes  
Then we pop Cris right after we hit the swiss  
Then later on that night you ain't gonna believe this shit

There was a knock at the door  
Now check it I'm bout to hip ya  
The door opens what about ten or eleven strippa's  
The first thing I did is went into a room to pick up  
A phone to call you but no said the liquor

And now I got the hiccups hands up like a stick up  
Got to come up up in here and hear your ass bicker  
And after all that what make this shit the worse  
Even though I'm wrong I admit the truth hurts

See some of y'all niggas can't deal with truth  
Be hatin' when you woman start hit you with the truth  
Trying to turn it all around when you know it's the truth  
And you always running away from the truth

See you lied till you make yourself think it's the truth  
You'll undress the lie tell me what you got it truth  
Should have been up front and just told the truth  
But instead you wanna go and try to hide the truth

Some of y'all niggas can't deal with truth  
Be hatin' when you woman start hit you with the truth  
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Truth  
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Truth  
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