

Various Artists "Moment of Truth"

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Bling: So here we go again
Prepare to meet your end
Just looked you up on Facebook, you have 0 friends
This kid's a loser
Yo, he ain't even kissed a girl.
You write her love letters
I buy her ice and pearls
So how you like me now?
Even Roxanne's in the background
Saying WOW Bling's got style
I'm off the gold chain
If you're a rapper, why is Kris your backup dancer
Like an extra from soul train
I see your mommy and your daddy in the front row now
They must be embarrassed for you bro
You're not a real MC, You should quit hip-hop
Now be a good busboy and go get your mop
Truth: Bling you don't wanna battle
You're the snake without the rattle
You're the boat without the paddle
You're the duck without the waddle
You're the horse without the saddle
The ranch without the cattle
The day without the shadow
Son, I think you should skedaddle
king grapple, Sayonara punk, Arrive Derci
What language do i have to say for you to hear me
clear-ly?
Adios amigo you're over with finito
This clown couldn't wrap anything but, my burrito
Bling: Kid, you have to hold your mommy's hand
before you cross the street
You have to sneak out the house just to clean and
sweep
And now you look queasy
I made him go mute
Put your camera phones up so you can post this on
YouTube
Truth's got a screw loose
He's terrified to bust
So lightweight that i could blow him over with gust
You're weak like seven days, you deserve boos

You should walk around in some high heel shoes
You should rock pigtails and a skirt
You're shaking in your boots- Are your feelings getting hurt?
Well maybe I should hurt more than your feelings
Maybe I should rip the roof off the theater ceiling
Maybe you should start kneeling
His eyes are getting misty,
You're so whack if you were me you couldn't diss me
Kissy, Kissy Roxanne, Did you miss me?
I'll take you out to dinner, After I've eaten this pipsqueak
And when we're on vacation,
I'll let him house sit
Here's a couple bucks,
Buy yourself a better outfit
Truth: You know what?
You don't have a stack of cash or a flashy pad
I saw you last week driving a taxi cab
Your secret's out and now they know, sport
We'll call you if we need a ride to an airport
In fact you could drop me off at home after this
Then you could take your couple bucks back, but as a tip
You're playing yourself like solitaire
Telling everyone that's here that you're millionaire
You're not a baller, You're a phony
I bet your whole crew was a bunch of rent- a- homies
At night you lie in bed lonely, Your persona's a facade
The only girls you get are in the pages of a catalog
Here stands Lord of the bluff
His lies were legendary, Till the Truth made him hush
And what's funny is your truth is enough
Why'd you have to make up money and the stuff
I guess it's easy to play the role 'n' act hard
Cause you don't have the guts to tell us who you really are
So you can keep a trophy that you don't deserve
I might be a bus boy, but you just got served

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