

The Truth

Da Grym Reefer

I was just thinking, man
I can't listen to a niggas CD...Or song
Without a nigga talking about
How much money they got
How they got all the dope
How they got all the bitches
How they the shitBut I'mma tell about myselfYo(1)
I'm not a role model
I am nobody's hero
I'm not popular
Don't hang with lot's of people
I've just got one girl
That happens to be my wife
So by most people definition of a rapper
I do not have a lifeI'm not an OG
Don't live the street life
Ain't never did a bid
Not on my third strikeI don't ride clean
Don't even own a bike
I don't slang dope
I just live my lifeI don't frequent at the clubs
Or the titty bar
I don't do hood rat shit with my niggas
In and out of cars
I don't do dance songs
Hoping that you pass em on
Or get excited bout bitches
With herpes outbreaks
On camera flashing thongsDon't really like to drink
Or the way we thinkDon't think it's the end of the world
But we're on the brinkDon't think you're listening
Don't think I've said enough
Don't think you even care
And I don't give a fuck()
My job description
Is to be a bad influence
Mess up your whole world
And leave your life in ruinsMake you wanna sell drugs
And join a gang or somethingMake you do what I say
Like "Simon Says" or somethingYou wanna talk like me
You wanna dress like me
You wanna brag about unprotected sex

Like me?
And stack
Racks on racks
But when I'm in this booth
I say I'm keepin it real
But I'm not telling the truth
Nah! I'm not the hardest nigga
In the world
Or the meanest
What you see
Is what you get
You can take it
Or leave it
So many deceivers
And that's just the leaders
If I lie then why are kids having kids
With the teachers
But we afraid to have that talk
With our kids
So we're the last to know
About a sexual offense
And straddling the fence
Seems to be our sole defense
That is
If we acknowledge if the problem
Even exists
I'm sure the kids do
But they don't go run telling it
When they get bullied
For showing any sign of intelligence
Ignorance
Encouraged
Common sense
Discouraged
Kids are killing kids
And have the nerve
To call it courage
Cuz they heard it in a song
And a nigga made it sound cool
Seems it's like we gravitate
To everything that's NOT true
I think we try to be good
But get lies from all sides
So when we try to be true
All we tell is more lies
My job description
Is to be a bad influence
Mess up your whole world
And leave your life in ruins
Make you wanna sell drugs
And join a gang or something
Make you do what I say
Like "Simon Says" or something
You wanna talk like me
You wanna dress like me
You wanna brag about unprotected sex
Like me?
And stack
Racks on racks
But when I'm in this booth
I say I'm keepin it real
But I'm not telling the truth
Nah!
So the moral to the story is:
Don't believe everything a rapper tell you in a song

Know what I'm saying.
Cuz most likely
In a three minute song
You ain't getting the whole story
So marinate on that a min
And just be your damn self
Fuck trying to be someone else
Real talk

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>