The Truth

Kevin Gates

You gotta think
I make a lot of music about the struggle
I don't mind going through the struggle
This just another one, ya heard meSay Kevin bruh, man what the fuck I'm hearing?
I will not be disrespected, Nigga or bitch
What's going on out there?Damn bruh you, you dropped the ball
I know, I know, I know, I know
Man you ain't representing me
Imma shake back
Man in the mirror you way out of orderGo to jail, who gonna look out for your daughter?
All on the news, bout what happened in Florida
Posted on Worldstar, a iPhone recorded
She grabbed my dick, overreacted, I'm sorry
Two or three times, I had already warned her
Edit that part out, I don't Like to argueMy children go with me, to every performance
Wrong you should have respect for yourselfYou a queen and you wasn't respecting yourself
Ever been disrespected, you know how it feltYou don't have to like me, go love someone else
Father forgive me I fucked up a blessingWhen ever I fall, you the only one to catch me
Let's change the subject, I gave a confessionYou put me back in it, I bet I go extra
Wrong you should have respect for yourselfYou a queen and you wasn't respecting
yourselfEver been disrespected, you know how it felt
You don't have to like me go love someone else
SauceLord Rich way they got me feeling
I don't get tired, I got ten jobs
I am Zuse bumping, Lito when I'm chilling
Imma Breadwinner, that is my religion
Let you know I meant it, I might like her picture
I'm like nigga really?
I'm like Bobby Fisher, eat my competition
I'm ready to die, You gone have to kill me
With you right or wrong, Don't believe in switching
Nasty from the shoulders, watch how I switch positions
Put him in a blender, my heart been December
Put him in a spitter, can't be reassembled
I'm a real nigga, really made mistakes
Never ran away, I am not pretending
High school back when I was at McKinley
I still fuck with Scooby, shout out to lil Brittney
Stay with black guys, niggas always pickin' on a bright nigga
I am really with it
Damn my homeboy, always in his feelings
This ain't bout him, I'm just reminiscing

He was cracking jokes, always being silly
I was doing me, fuck a public image
Passionate, I can be extra sometimes
Brasi turn back into Kevin sometimes
Ain't right in the head, look back up in jail
Lord don't let us get, put back in the cell
Washing clothes in the toilet water (Damn)
Drinking out the faucet, had to use your hands
Gunna on the phone "They got you looking bad"
For a punt return they gone run it back
Deal with it, Kevin stand up in they chest
This the same girl, was pulling out her breast
Got them on the line tryna get a check
Remember who you are, they envy your success
Diamonds in your mouth, all around your neck
Black and Hispanic the worst you could be
I think to myself they must hate Puerto Ricans
Father Moroccan, my mother Boricua
Daddy a Muslim, My mother a Christian
I read from the book, a lot I don't remember
Santeria beads Karma comes along
Now they want me gone, like I'm Farrakhan
Praise you when you up, kick you when you fall
Throw you to the vultures, sniper pick you off
In a court of law brought you to the floor
All my young rappers that can fit with me
Learn from my misfortune, don't get in your feelings
Be an individual, you go to prison
I just took a stand, with my saggin pants
I just tell the truth, like I'm Jesus Christ
Meant to say Jesus
I'm who they don't like
Imma move around I don't like the vibe
God up in heaven, you know that I need you
To the polices just make me invisible
To all my haters just make me invincible
To the police just make me invisible
To all my haters just make me invincible
I just thank you to all my haters you make me invincible
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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