

# The Truth

## Beanie Sigel

I speak the truth  
Truth, nothin but the truth  
Y'all know what I bring to the game I speak the truth  
The truth, nothing but the truth(Beanie Mac)  
I hope you got an extra mic and a fire proof booth  
Cuz you know I'm known to metal wire too  
You need a fire engineer when I lay this blaze  
I melt down cracks that's real to save  
Hit the studio, jars of dro, bars to blow  
B. Sigel with that arsenic flow  
Fuck that, don't hold me back  
I roll with crack, y'all cats told Mac to rap  
Y'all don't realize y'all released the beast untame  
Speech all flame, streets y'all blame  
It should be an honor for y'all to speak my name  
I could go before your honor sit and peep my game  
Gotta laugh, y'all acted like it spit it the same  
Why you motherfuckers can't get in the game  
I come from high school, and go straight to the league  
Who you know who can spit at the Sig  
CHORUS 2X  
Nigga the truth, every time I step in the booth  
I speak the truth, y'all know what I'm bringing to you  
I bring the truth, you motherfuckers know who I be  
I be the truth, what I speak shall set you free  
Nigga the truth(Beanie Mac)  
Aint nothin changed with Sig I'm still stuck in the kitchen  
So what I'm signed, that's fine still stuck in position  
You motherfuckers know me well, couple court cases from jail  
Couple 4-4 shells from hell  
Stuck on this mission, go home, my girl fussin and bitchin  
Motherfucker won't you change your life, I'm thinkin  
Motherfucker won't I change my wife  
Ignorant bastard laughin like fuck the rap shit  
It's just another hustle, another way for niggas to touch you  
Now they know the face of Beans  
Now they, see my face on screens and I aint even chase this dream  
I feel sorry for those who did  
Y'all niggas can't stop the boar, whether rock or raw  
I'm slingin coke in a rock valor  
You niggas know what block I'm on, glock in palm  
You wanna get shot, karate chopped or stabbed this song

Motherfucker

CHORUS(Beanie Mac)

Black Friday management, and Roc's the label

And I still hit you niggas with shots that's fatal

That bullshit vest can't save you

I had a doc open you up from chest to navel

See my face on cable, and have flashbacks of that cold ass table

And them hoes I gave you

I'm that nigga that'll come and pour salt in your wound

At the hospital, while the cops guardin your room

You gotta see what I've seen, look where I've looked

Touch what I've reached, and take what I've took

You gotta go where I've gone, walked where I've walked

To get where I'm at to speak what I've talked

You gotta lay where I've laid, stay where I've stayed

Play where I've played to make what I've made

You gotta move what I've moved, use what I used

Use tools how I use, use fools how I use

CHORUS

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>