

Chamillonaire, Truth

[Talking: Chamillonaire]

Yeah...

Chamillonaire..Mixtape Messiah baby
Always wanna know something bout me man
Wanna know somethin bout me?
Don't judge me..don't judge me by my music
And don't judge me bout what you heard about me either
Chamillonaire..listen

Ay, My father was Muslim my momma's a Christian
I couldn't even look surprised when they said they was splittin'
Wasn't no bacon or grits in, off in the kitchen
It was missin', plate was full of non-nutrition
I was born skinny the hunger was forced in me
To get angry at my lifestyle, no smile wasn't born friendly
Born with a thorn in me, I'm scorned so I'm pourin' Remi
I'm thinkin' that's boys feel me, but boys is avoidin' me
Oh, got to excuse me for givin' you the truth
And being the type to give proof that you givin' an excuse
You gotta excuse me for gettin' in the booth,
and keepin' it real about life while you livin' in the poof...
fantasy, damnit he, isn't as big a man as me
If I tell him the truth he need to hear then he gettin' mad at me
The truth could hit ya as hard as assault & battery,
and make people that used to run with me switch up and challenge me
But ain't we family? yall forgettin' what yall were
Forget what ya boy heard, cuz this is 'bout more words
It's all 'bout communication but niggas ignore verbs
If ya boy shouted I'm hatin', then that got ya boy served
Don't deny it if you a man, so you should be man enough
I'm far from feminine we take pisses while standin' up
They smokin' on cannibus while they tell us they jammin' us
Look a fan in the face and ask em' 'Are you a true fan or what'?
'Are you really a fan of us' or are you type to switch
and get pissed and bootleg the disc cuz I'm not, droppin' em' quick
They love ya and then they diss, they hug ya and then they hiss
They happy when you arrive and go right back to being pissed
Honestly man, I don't really even give a damn
Instead of being who you want me to be I be who I'am
I'm livin' life of my family and live life of Cham'
I don't live life for my fans
And don't, switch up my words just let me explain my thought
I appreciate ya support, I appreciate if ya bought,
my cd's with all ya heart but this music is just an art
But it's not as precious as life in the middle is where I'm caught
Lookin' out for my people, my motive is never evil
My motive was never see-through, my motive was always equal
Outsiders would lie and try to promote it they out (to) decieve you
They give a notice to you, but don't give a notice to me too
Ya, that's somethin' I call divide and conquer
They try to get inside the monster to divide the monster
So they can become the monster, then they'll try to stomp ya
Inside the circle of friends is where you'll find imposters
To hell with yall niggas