

Pete Rock, Truth Is

(feat. Black Ice)

[Black Ice]

Hey yo

When you look at me and my brothers what's your first impression

Does the sight of us leave you guessin or do you understand the stressin

The aggression, the look of no hope on me and my niggaz faces

Like the lord overlooked us when he handed down his graces

You see embraces, fall short on the numb tips of street entrepreneur fingers

Still stuck in the walls of the project halls where the coke smell still lingers

External bling is all we can be cause on the inside we been given nothin to shine on

And a record deal's harder to get than coke, so my niggaz get they grind on

Cause the TV tells us, aim high nigga, make all goals lateral

But see that takes paper that we don't have so, niggaz put they souls up as collateral

Now, some niggaz reclaim 'em, some blame 'em, make an excuse to sell 'em

But when a nigga goes from not doin to doin, what can you tell him?

Not to be a nigga? Shit I gotta be a nigga, that's how I pay the bills

And I'ma do that whether I got to sling this coke or exploit these rhyme skills

See America makes you an opportunist, and at the same time they institutionalize you

So the fact that niggaz get, big record deals

big money and go to jail shouldn't surprise you

That's what lies do, you see most of these guys

do have raw talent just an infinitile education

So the business feed you all the weed and ecstasy

and a little bit of paper to provide some pacification

from all the bullshit frustration they serve you

Meanwhile they corrupt your perception of what the real is

See they takin all our businessmen, and givin 'em the mindsets of drug dealers

Took all our messengers, made 'em rappers

just flappin they jaws afraid to admit their treason

Took all our soldiers for the cause, made 'em killers for no reason

And bein fucked up, well that's in this season

So, if you're negative you're positive, and if you're positive you're called a hater

But I maintain control of my soul cause I know it gets greater later

And I told y'all the last show shit, a nigga no hater, I just know what the truth is

Been intertwined in this puddin for 'bout a year now so I know where the proof is

See, it lines these midtown Manhattan skyscrapers

where former hustlers like myself sign papers

and pull off fucked capers like, 16 infamous stars of the time

They got us choppin and, baggin and

servin that shit to niggaz 16 bars at a time now

The crime is undetectable by the feds

cause in heads of our kids is where the track is

And music is potent it's straight to the soul

so it's much more addictive than crack is

Now, the high is just an illusion all lies and confusion

But to feel that rush just once, my young bucks'll go through it

So in essence, they still floodin the streets with the thugs, drugs and the killing

They just usin these record labels to do it

Takin our hearts off demos, puttin us in limos

tryin to fuck up divine direction

But, young black men have been trained to chase money

and pussy, so we fall victim to our own erection

And begin to convince ourselves we're on our way somewhere where we're not goin

But ignorance is bliss and niggaz love this so, niggaz take pride in not knowin

We not growin, nigga I give a fuck how slick you flowin

if you ain't showin nuttin to these kids or addin nuttin positive to the earth

Black Ice been destined to touch the world ever since I was born

To be real, fuck a record deal, God gives me what I'm worth

"Soul Survivor" nigga {*echoes*}