

True Story

Isaiah Rashad

Imagine what a hundred gon' be on your wrist
It's imaginable
Yeah, uh-huh
It's on, bitch (Yeah, yeah)

Why you tryna break my heart, why you tryna infiltrate my mind?
Yeah, lights on in the crib, ice all on my bitch
Yeah, nicer than I feel, darker than the feel
Yeah, ice all on my kids, lights out in the crib
Bitch, it's the magic one, uh-huh, don't lose me in your ribs
It's the nasty one, huh, she feel fantabulous
I got- haha, what you askin' for
Smoking on a few yesterday, huh
What am I to do with her today, huh?
Big dawg, I'm chewin' up her face, huh
Bona fide and a dedication
Smokin' on a few yesterday, huh
Please don't kill my night out, please don't kill nobody up in here (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
Yeah, floating outta body, I appear (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
Don't jump off the ledge, stacking chips
Smoking on a few yesterday, huh

I'm giving what I got until it ain't me, mane
My brother was my partner, died like last night week, mane
Can't make it to Atlantis on a jet ski, mane
Tried leaning on my partners (Yeah, hey)
My brother goin' corporate, he was pitching that raw
Our daddy copped an eighth, he wasn't workin' at all (Haha, yeah)
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Now this that flavor, huh? This your favorite, huh?
She say that I'm her baby, huh? You notice her behavior switch?
You don't hit harder than me, you soft as some baby shit
Gimme this, gimme that, gimme, he never gave me shit
Why you bagging that? You got a bitch, that's hustle and flow
Choppas on top of choppas, that bank right in front of your house
Boy, you just running your mouth, cap, you looking for clout, shoe fit
Where them motherfuckers? You walking 'em out, stat
I'm the east-iest, they know I charge a fee for this
If I was down before this verse, then I'm back on my feet with this
Zay, we gotta eat with this, still hungry, they peeping it
Clean the plate off immediately and completely, we ain't leaving shit
I know they can't believe it, I'm bleedin' it, slidin', leanin' 'em
Gotta beat the odds, no surprise 'til we even it
Top Dawg alumni with it, huh
Saint Bernard with it, bark low, but the bite vicious

Bellin' through the hood the other day, ayy
I ran into my older brother Dre, say

He told me keep that toolie on your waist, bang
He know I do it, do it for the gang, gang
Pull up on my niggas with the drank, drank
AP on my wrist a hunnid K, K
We pour up in the set every day-day
Then I fly to Tenakee and I hit Zay, Zay
Fuck around, bitch, I do it like a G, though
Getting off this weight like it's keto
Beast mode, I'm still selling grams for a P note
Streets know, west side niggas got the cheat code

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