

# Reality Check

## Haystak, Young Buck

so reality checks  
reality check from s californiaw/ bruthas smokin on there  
damn we rollin  
hadin the mic  
till we decide about the safe life  
california where i raised till this very day  
hell to pay for the ways of the blaze  
everyday a hundrend miles an hour  
souls been devoured  
never looked up above  
as push came to shove  
as it usually doesrejection  
doin all of these drugs w/ no direction  
by your whole congregation  
no empathy for my situation  
no place in society thaths my reality]  
angry dont know whos the enemy  
im in deep  
hard to creep from city to city  
with all these hitters and the heat  
killin me stealin from me makes no sense to me  
so i keep it tight w/ the homies in the family  
heres a reality check from the streets of california  
keep your eyes wide open to whats really goin on yo  
things aint always what they seem xs2 were all smokin  
tryin  
broken homes  
chokin locos  
for pesos  
slingin dope by the case-os  
citys for niggaz causin pandemonium  
cottonmouthbustin tracks from kid kreation  
me and t he artists who performed the hardest collaberations  
born and raised in the golden state  
servin up some dinner  
for southern conty  
imperial  
superial lyrical  
evolution of man

for your political polution  
theres no solution for these county criminal minds  
just subliminal rhymes  
hypnotizing mankind  
heres a reality check...  
xs2heres a reality checksee california the major growth industry  
are private security and penitentiary  
risin from the  
economies  
thats why the pigs got my homies lined up against the walls  
so the community can see  
that the po po wont go away  
open up your eyes and realize the land of sunny skeis  
disguised as paradise  
is a lieheres a reality check....

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