Reality Check

Haystak, Young Buck

so reality checks
reality check from s californiaw/ bruthas smokin on there
damn we rollin
hadnin 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 thats 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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