Reality

Da Youngsta's

Whispering: Reality, reality, it's reality
Reality, reality, reality, its reality (3X)
Well I get up in the morning shower up and take a drive
I'm feeling kinda good cause its good to be alive
The radio is playing ("Its so hard to say goodbye")
It makes me think of all my homies that died
Pain in my heart frustration in my mind
Is my kind or is man blind
I see my black sister sellin booty in the street
(Do she want to get high?) Or do her kids need to eat
I creep; later along I see more drama
(Oh Lord) What a brother got to do to make a dollar?
Sellin more cain than the little stick up kids
Innocent fix in the middle
Kitty gotta body at a party now we lives upstate
To late to change a great mistake
Thoughts crowd my mind as it gets colder
Cops pull me over cause I'm in a Range Rover
I never sweat it; forget it that's how it be
Cause where I'm livin yo its reality[Chorus]
Everything I see (is reality)
Cops harassin (is reality)
In my city (is reality)
Scratching:Life as a shorty shouldn't be so rough
(reality, its reality)Everything I see is reality
In the ghettos across the country
(Come follow me)
Brothers on the block shootin craps (yelling)
Watch out they bustin caps
Cops frustrated cause I'm not doin 30
They stop me for what? Illegal search
Keep on shiftin your eyes G
Because you can't find nothing on me
I'm not guilty
I guess its reality in the city
Everybody wants to be like Frank Nitty
I mean really, yo I feel a little pity
But I just sit back relax and hit the Philly
Meditatin yo I'm another state N

But I ain't to far from this, I'm still relatin
To the streets where I was born and raised in
I peeped too many things, ain't nothing amazin[Chorus] - 2X
Its real, brothers got their hands on the steel
Killin other brothers for the thrill (For Real)
My next-door neighbor just went into the labor
Another little child who might grow awhile
Then again, will he make it when he's older?
Never knew his moms and pop when they were sober
(Project livin ain't nothing to laugh at)
Rat-A-Tat-Tat watch out for the black tech
Which way is out? Is it the gates of hell?
Or a jail cell, or getting a job doin well
I excel I'm just a young brother tryin to make it
I worked too hard for a fool tryin to take it
Livin in the badlands step to bat and
Hurtin the mind now you want to be a bad man
Everything I see (is reality)
On my block, downtown, and even in my family
ain't no escape like Alcatraz
The inner city is past, only the strong will last

Songwriters
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