

Reality Show

WC

(Intro W.C. Talking)

Damn I mean when this shit come on right here (Dub-C)

I mean you gotta put yo hands up (Dub) you got to (Dub-Dub-Dub-C)

I mean Im looking around right now and I dont know whats real I mean I seein all this bullshit on TV all these
weirdoes out here, I dont know whats going on but Uhh

(Hook)

If its on then its on let me know that its on

If it aint really on tell me whats going on

If its on then its on let me know that its on

Cuz Uh-Ohhh Its my reality show

If its all for the dough and its really a show

Nigga, lemme know cuz the triggers ready to blow

If its on then its on let me know that its on

Cuz Uh-Ohhh(Verse 1)

Man up time to put ya hands up

I come too far to lay down, so imma stand up

And let the truth be told

Cuz majority of niggaz in this rap shit aint nothing but hoes

Whats the Flava? aint no greater

Than this double-pump shaker shakin up the party with the new ankle-breaker

So hold on while I take the strap and reload

And tune you niggaz in to my reality show

First up? never the least..

I kick it off where the sun rises like yeast Imma start in the east

The Big Brother when hip hop

Was just like L.A. radio done sold their sole & went pop

I used to recognize the welcome mat

But now in the Cash Cab nigga I dont know where Im at

My nigga Slay said the other day

I Love New York but radio done let the Projects Runaway

I told him dont sweat it and dont stress those

Cuz over here Loc, we got it even worse on the west coast

A gang of niggaz smellin like similac on my station

Wit no respect for the foundation

Im grabbing my flame thrower

Its a Dirty job but radio needs an Extreme Makeover

Look They cant bullshit Dubb

My pants aint tight enough to be in their Celebrity Fit Club

Hip-hop Ultimate Fighter No pretender

Three fifty seven south central Contender
Im south of the ten freeway.. turn the wheels
While these rap niggaz scared to come down the hills
On the block where the glock is kept
The Apprentice in the kitchen with the homie workin scales like a Top Chef
(Yep). gotta keep another plug
Cuz staying down with this rap shit is Tough Love
No affection Thats why im headed in the northern direction
Pluggin wit my bay area connection
Up north got the bomb bay to make sure the Sac pay
The homie E-40, Too Short & Mac Dre
Its my reality show, and my reality is smashin
Fuck Keeping up with the Kardashians
Im hiding from the Repo Man so get the deals nick
Keep a roof over my kids head is real shit
Cant sit around and wait til it comes back around
Gotta get it down south is where its at now
Well I got that the make they lungs cough
And a homegirl wit me to throw the ones off
It aint a Simple Life its a grind & all the above
Im getting a shot of hen nigga, fuck A Shot at Love
After ridin my stick
My homegirl said Chili want a square, but she need some westside dick
I said you know I aint right.. Ill dig her out all night
Fuck her and kick her to the curb like a Basketball Wife
Plus she aint down enough to be mine
If we get caught, The First 48 she droppin a dime
Have a nigga in jail lookin like The Biggest Loser
Wit the receding hairline like Carlos Boozer
Surreal Life a nigga cant play wit this
Keisha Colell Even tell you thats The Way It Is(Hook)
If its on then its on let me know that its on
If it aint really on tell me whats going on
If its on then its on let me know that its on
Cuz Uh-Ohhh Its my reality show
If its all for the dough and its really a show
Nigga, lemme know cuz the triggers ready to blow
If its on then its on let me know that its on
Cuz Uh-Ohhh Its my reality show(Scratching & Mixing Dubb-C fading out)