Reality (ft. Tray Dee)

Tha Dogg Pound

What is reality?
Motherfuckers out here don't know shit
They ain't tryin to know shit
Just a dumb motherfucker out here tryin to represent
Get my motherfuckin paper
You don't think so? Well then fuck you hoe
'Cause I'm ridin on trucks, banked all that type of shit
Gotta get paid motherfuckerFuck dreamin the same dreams, bein down for the same team
When it seems to be reality is just a dream
Eye to eye, the colors that I wear is do or die
When I walk down the street, will I meet evil in disguise
So, I tote a fo'-fo' with hollow tips
While my mind tellin me 'should I not', or 'should I peel it?'
What I represent God only knows what lies for myself
Jealousy and hatred niggaz is out for my wealth
Will I perish? Later selfish for the rest of my life
Cause those who live wrong is bound to live a short life
Will money be the root of my destruction?
Without the money I can't even seem to functionNow there's, nowhere, for me, to turn
There's nowhere for me to hide from reality
As complex as the situation gets
I remain I maintain, ain't that much strain
To make me twist myself like Kurt Cobain
Ahh shit, I don't believe this
Some niggaz that I fucked with tryin to pull a twist
But ain't that much twistin in existance
And this is how you show me love
It shows me exactly what money's capable of
Now is it that expenses that make you wanna catch me slippin
And pay a visit, cause this is, for all my homies
(All my homies) for jackers only
Come twist, to the fools in L.A. that know me
I'm back with the fifth of Henn
Kurupt and Dat Nigga Daz on the mash againNow there's, nowhere, for me, to turn
There's nowhere for me to hide from reality (reality)
There's nowhere for me to hide from reality (reality)I give it to you like it is, got no time for no games
In the world of madness, will my composure be the same
Will my friends be around when they rush me in the ground
A lost soul lost forever, never ever to be found

Life ain't what it seems, for the niggaz full of schemes
On the hood full of cash don't wanna blast for the green
These six bitches wanna get a nigga caught up
For what, a simple nut, a simple fuckDaily it enhances the penetentiary chances
To survive in nineteen ninety-five
So I got nineteen ninety-five ways
To survive nowadays
Time and time again, I bust a rhyme again
Cause I'ma get in deeper shit if I convert to crime again
Out to mentally convert me, the same niggaz out to hurt me
It irks me, strenuous controversy
What's next on the list to complete
After all this shit that popped off on the street
And all eyes on me, but I won't change sides
Cause what I represent I represent til I die (til I die)
It's time for me, to grab a tall glass of (Hennesey, Hennesey)Ya see my ways is to phase all them niggaz that try me
Leave em layin stiff if they ain't on IV's (beep, beep)
I beez the hardest, regardless fool
Livin life day and night stayin hard and cruel
Keep my cool, until my mood abruptly switch
Then I'm on a niggaz ass like bumpy zits (that's right)
It's no remorse when you cross my course
I'm not a hunter, but take a nigga out for sports
Don't resorts, to thinkin you could get with this
Or you will be a eulogy if you insist to diss
Mista Tray Dee, from L.O.N.G.
B.E.A.C.H., where the hardest gangstas be
Twenty-first was the worstest turf on the earth
Yet I feel I was meant to represent from birth
Til I die, you wonder why it ain't no secret
Motherfuckers best be in love with this G shitNow there's, nowhere, for me, to turn
Nowhere for me to hide from reality
Nowhere for me to hide from reality
Nowhere for me to hide from reality

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