

Reality (feat. Bo Rocc, Jah Skillz & Tha Twinz)

Warren G

I don't know why they mad at me
They can't catch me but still they after me
When we deal face to face it's a tragedy
You ask why I got my gun they might blast at meReal niggaz, real shit, reality
Who gives a fuck if you niggaz is mad at me
Fuck around with Warren G it's a tragedy
Real niggaz, real shit, realityWarren G top dog, patrolin' the beach
Niggaz say they hard as bitch but they're as soft as a peach
Claimin' the G of all G's, please
I come blowin' through like the breeze sittin' on threesPost it, coastin' mashing down Pacific Coastin'
The bomb chrome rims black on black Yukon
With nuts hangin' from the city
Where the bangers being banging
It don't seem like shit is changingI holla'd at the homey the other day
G'ded up at the park sippin' Alisah
One of the homeys took a beaten
So now we spend at being a gang
Of checking at the meetin' like cycles repeatin'It's just another sunset fall in sea
I can here the homeys, the past callin' me
And you know what I discovered, what they keep saying
Keep your mind on your money muthafuckers and shake bustersI don't know why they mad at me
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Real niggaz, real shit, realityHave you ever sold millions
But yet you niggaz persist to talk shit
Get of my dick, you never catch me slipping
Rollin with the heat, slap the clip in
I never thought the world would started trippin'My life is a trip, though hit the crip though
Blow the whistle, they think I banged
So I packed a pistol, Warren to tha G is a G
I don't fuck with you nigga so don't fuck with meLet's ride to the east side
Slide like a fo, I packs a fo-fo when I'm steppin' out doors
To the bang to the buggy if I speak then I spoke
Warren G he do it every time to you LoccGet the party beat like blaze and smoke
The east side at the beach, west side of the coast
You know the niggaz that I ride with hogs, attack dogs

The same niggaz I'm down to die with muthafucka I don't know why they mad at me
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Real niggaz, real shit, reality Who's the man, I've been from London to Japan
Stomp land to land to the Egyptian sands
You can't check me dis-respect me or mop me up
With the base bumpin' out my truck
And all these police trying to lock me up Money rules the world and I made the loot
So don't make me shoot 'cuz trying to mash
Will get you done every time
I ain't trying to hurt nobody but I'm down for mine I don't know why they mad at me
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