

Rapper Big Pooh f/ Big Dho, D. Black, Mykeestro

"Reality Check"

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[Big Dho] Aiiyo, I'm fat' than a muh'fucker Got light skin, so black' than a muh'fucker Step outa line, get clapped lil' muh'fucker I ain't got a gun but stay strapped lil' muh'fucker And I ain't raising no guns my nigga Nah, I'm raising my sons You fruit, you hot grapes, raisins in the sun We not Broadway playing, you ain't a gangster Be a man and just stand up and just say it Now see... now wasn't that easy? You ain't come home from the yard nigga, you ain't DP You ain't made no Cash Money nigga, you ain't Weezy Saw the beef that you cook, nigga you ain't greasy But as for me, I'm done with the thugging Three kids to feed and plus the family got needs [D. Black] Uh, this is big business here, you can front with us and tighten the noose up and watch Black kick the chair It's a suicide, it's a suicide Wait, run and tell these niggas who am I I go by the name of Black, and on or off track Man I'm everything you are plus everything you lack Uh, I'm younger, I'm smarter, I'm bigger, I'm better I'm nitty, I'm gritty, I'm witty, I'm clever You can't fuck with me I guess this industry is stuck with me I'm a cut above the rest like a buck fifty Rocks a solo or a guest spot I'm on my game like I'm standing on an Xbox Fuck a rest stop, cruising on this road to riches Hate me, like step pops I expose the bitches Rate me, with Big Pop' man I'm one of the best Think not, you're in need of a reality check, yes! [Rapper Big Pooh] Uh, you know I'm that cold Frost bitten flow, rap with the glow Piss it in the snow just to let 'em know I don't act for show, I'm through talking I see-seep in this then niggas keep walking I bite often, never quit barking Up the wrong tree, from the top see I'm stalking Pause when I walk in, eyes on me I'm fresh from my braids to the recs on my feet You lames can't keep up when I speak I sound so sheik/Sheek, no not The LOX The key to the box, I keep it in my sock I look to my flock and spread the word They call me Shep cause the way I herd Rapper's absurd, Rapper got nerve You carry-bun niggas better kick 'em to the curb This is my word, my word is my bond Stake in potatoes, y'all niggas just flawn And I don't know what type of shit you on I'm a king on the board and your ass is just a pawn

[Mykestro] Yeah, the master's been alarmed every ten years These old niggas ain't handing, passing their baton Ain't nothing sacrament, MC Critics wanna negate the acronym, maximum exposure Word is niggas can't rap in California Regional rap, the normity casino went back I'm the unsung hero with the ego to match No Evisal, just the easel, my cerebral is that Intact, strapped, black as Don Chino, relax Blondes, bilinguals, all kinds of PR trap The deuce-deuce is offset and twenty-threes in the back Yeah the calibre's rim, Grim Reaper is black The Benz sleeker but the six-forty viva is fly Y'all the meaningless, my Quentin Tarantino is vibe It's un-TiVo-able, y'all gon' have to come see it to show Stroll a much more meaningful flow The best of both worlds, niggas ain't believing me though Like I'm evenly cut, plus the game need police and not the pre-seen type Y'all niggas came to shoot the breeze, I'm here to DC snipe Y'all can't see me, niggas call me League-League Myke' Y'all niggas D-League nikes selling the seaweed raps I'm in the CD kipes, easy, through these mp3s I splice Khrysis on the MPC like "nice" Never heard a catalogue more catastrophic or more brash in topic selection Forever out the box, but ain't ever out the loot Will I ever get my props for my efforts in the booth? Only Lord knows as far as the law goes At award shoes I'm more chose with more flows to come

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