

Shiva Jeyapalan**"True to Life"**

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Ya try to diss me ya can kiss my ass

If ya try to rap 'gainst me, ya can kiss my ass

If ya graduate from a Private High School, ya can kiss
my as

If ya r a fake ass minority with bleached hair tryin' to be
white, ya can kiss my as

I ain't scared, stupid.

Look at my look, stupid.

I been through shit, yet made out safe, keepin' to
myself an' am pure clean

Ne'er smoked

But got no hatred 'gainst addicts except sympathy cuz I
coulda been one if I ain't played it smart

I jus' keep on walkin' an' you don't even botha.

There r no streets in this shitty ass town of New Milford

I feel the pain that the true ghetto people who moved
go thru e'ery day with Ford trucks with hicks passin' by
on the country roads

It's like a different world there ain't no lots o' kin 'roud
here- there ain't no ghetto 'round here

Someone shouts out at you "wanna-be" but they don't
know you an' they just see what they see

There ain't nothin' wrong with 'em jus' as long as they
don't spread hatred at minorities

Cuz if that happens then they're really dumb cuz they
don't know who they r messin' with

The minorities ain't no minority we just peoples
muthafucka

We're what we want to be called

I'll get that fact straight in your head

My pops an' ma came from the jungle ghetto of Sri-
Lanka

Workin' there asses hard to get here

An' know it of this borin' ass town that I only lived fo'
few shitty years

Of the same usual shit havin' to get in Rav4 goin' to the
NYC

You say u see Harlem You say u see e'eryone 'round
there

But what the hell u talkin' 'bout it

You're own mom bought you your muthafuckin'
equipment

You ne'er had to earn

While my pops took me to take care of business,
fightin' fo' my rights

While I dropped an' failed out of Private School cuz I
wanted to from those damn snobby nose pricks

Don't try an' be like that freeeakk

I'll make your back creeeakkk when I feel like it

Don't eva try an' pull that shit on the phone

Callin' at 12:54 AM

Not leavin' ur name

Not doin' anythin' 'bout it cuz that's not the game

All I heard was incoherent mumble

All I heard was coherent dumbness

You fake ass faggots.

At least I got a gurl

Not some cheap ass one with no dreams who depends

What the hell???

You ain't no thug

Jus' chicken an' a bug who I'd jus' flick outta my pocket

I got in jail cuz the muthafuckin' police accused me
wrongly

Of doin' shit an' the otha person who pissed me off
started a fight

Lyin' to society

I was ne'er touched

I got in an' out by myself

This cell, the size of the muthafuckin' bathroom at
home

With names scratched past on the hard bed surface

With one soft pillow an' a camera starin', sittin' alone as
the only one probably in this dumb ass town

At me outside bars in the hallway seein' whether I
would cause commotion

The town is dumb, not all people in it cuz people move

I didn't an' no one was 'round- I played it smart

I got back thought of all the shit I been through

An' decided to work ten times harder then I already
worked

'Fore I took up boxin'

'Fore I took up rappin' all in the summer

Ya got mo' than 24 channels

Shut yo' mouth- ya watch too many music videos

Create you're own lyrics an' words

Quit muthafuckin' followin' e'eryone else

I still reminisce at whut it was like fo', when my eldas
born in the jungle ghettos

I still gotta get people 'round me to undastand what Sri-
Lankan Americas means

What it means to be true to oneself

People 'round me in New Milford tryin' to lowa whut I've
been through, who I am, or where I came from

I wouldn't be fuckin' livin' in this country

If it wasn't for my parents drawn o'erseas

By this delusion of possible success

An escape from war goin' on between peoples in Sri-
Lanka

An escape from Australia

I don't give a fuck if I grew up 'bout half my life

W/o my pops an' mom 100%ly peacefully interactin'

An' at the same time, movin' all ova the place possibly
sinnin'

While workin' hard to escape this low- life w/ education

All I give a fuck is that e'ery time I think this gurl's the
one

I fuck up the relationship somehow, but that ain't eva
keep me from tryin'

All my life I've been fightin' an' runnin' to get to where I
am today

To how I rap today

To how I tap my feet like Ali's boxin' feet dance while I
shadowbox in the night

To how I zap out. Music's 2n'd nature to me to how I

communicate to e'eryone

From a one- floor small house to a lowa- middle usual
borin' class house

I gots nothin' excepts my hard work hopes an'
muthafuckin' wishes

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