

**St. Lunatics F/ Brian McKnight****"Reality"**

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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 motherfucker

[Kurupt]  
Fuck 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 function

[Dat Nigga Daz]  
Now 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 again

Now there's, nowhere, for me, to turn  
There's nowhere for me to hide from reality (reality)  
\*repeat 2X\*

[Dat Nigga Daz]  
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 fuck

[Kurupt]  
Daily it enhances the penitentiary 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)

[Tray Dee]  
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 shit

Now there's, nowhere, for me, to turn  
Nowhere for me to hide from reality \*3X in woman's  
voice (Rage?)\*  
\*continues with variations\*

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