

SWV F/ TLC**"Reality"**

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"Bundy shut your fucking ass... (Yo man we just recorded that!)"

[Buckshot]
Yeah...the fuck

Look inside of the mind and see
Original heads check 1, 2, 3
Light em up, Hawaiian cess bless my mind
Now I kick rhyme
For the nickel nine
Take a sip a wine
But E&J make a nigga laid
Figure I stayed to the blunts saved the liquor for my
bigga day
I represent the original head
Killing the original dead
Boo yaa! that's my nigga Dred
Blowing the spot, Blaaw!!!
Fuck a philly, Five got the dutch, Buckshot got the Colin
Powell
Check my dialect from my diaphragm
You got your nine by your waistline and
Me and my niggas don't give a damn
We got the Bucktown Boot Camp attitude kill a man
Timberland make me general
Roughneck wild
Big em up now
Bob Marley style
Cheek & Chong style
Like the bongstyle
That's light at night puffin' the L by the grip and now
I smoke so much Li I hallucinate
Ill visions in my head
Everybody must dead

[Chorus: repeat 4X]
Killing every nigga in sight
Killing every nigga in sight
Killing every nigga in...

I wake up in the morning..(we puff Li)
I wake up in the evening...(we puff Li)
Check the blahzay blah
I'm feeling the rhyme from the rhythm and the soul
I pack a 20 sack and watch a nigga fold
Don't you hate niggas who make records for bitches
It's all about the blunts
Fuck them stunts
Now, what ya want is what ya get
Like biggety bitch bend over blow me
So I can feel the breeze
Giving my enemies time to recollect on the past
When I bust that ass base to ya check
Figure I get bigger when I lose my beeper
Knock the head
Plus Knock the dred
All body dead
We be I and I be we cause we be family
Buckshot, Five FT and Evil Dee
T to the R-E-V and the M to the E-E-C-H-E
All my niggas in the place to be
Can I get an Amen?...(Amen!) C-D-B

[Chorus]

I like the night, if you like the night
I like the night
Bitchass niggas take flight
You want your gun I got your millimeter
I eat a sucka duckity smoke blunts by the centimeter
Right to way to serve the nigga on the curb
I love my niggas so my niggas puff herb
Now my niggas throw ya blunts in the air like this...(like this)
Original crooks never get dissed
If we get dissed
Niggas get that to the back
Five where he at?...(right here!)
Another mission to be dissing
Now who do I be dissing bitches
God, fuck the intermission
It's about killing the nigga
The one playing the bigger
The one playing the sucka ducks with my trigger
Feel the buck coming on in the set
Some Barley on the wreck
Fuck it, time to break a neck

[Chorus]

