

The Longshots

"Reality"

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[Male voice]

Remember I told you when you started...
The guys who last in this business... are the guys who
fly straight
But the guys who want it all, chicas, champagne,
flash...
They don't last

[Intro]

Crayon: Yo Rock?
Rock: Yo what up son?
Crayon: You know we the last ones left right?
Rock: Yeah man, everybody falling off, mainstream,
underground man
it's crazy
Crayon: So you ready to do this?
Rock: Yeah we got to man, know what I'm sayin, gotta
show 'em how
real Hip-Hop is made man
Crayon: No doubt, no doubt
Rock: So let me get up on the mic real fast, show 'em
how it's done man
Crayon: Uhn huh
Rock: Check it out

Woman voice: (Crayon and Rock are the Longshots)

[Rock Shabazz]

You portray
The loudest gunfire with great aim
Movie-like that snipes anybody on sight
I see, psychos and youngens that's bustin and pluggin
With no aim so children gets maimed and slain
Catch one in they brains
You talk about
Hardcore dons holding it down behind the walls
Runnin the yard, doin they bid
I see, brothers corrupted that's lost in the system
Forgotten, treated like pigs
Cryin cause they missin they kids
You talk about

Pimps and macks with chicks in packs
Going rawdog laying broads on they backs
I see, plenty STD's and HIV
An aids epidemic leads to R.I.P
You talk about
Niggaz who caught five or nine from forty-fives and
nines
Survived to brag in their rhymes
I know, niggaz who caught one and died or lodged in
they spine
Now they paralyzed with sores wishing they could walk

[Hook: Rock Shabazz]

So what's reality?
Truth distortion for a salary
Making the songs that revolve around the world
Spit reality raps, but in actual fact
A stereotypical trap
From which you never come back
So all my real niggaz (yeah!)
If you still with us (What!)
Don't feel you gotta front like you peel triggers
Can't believe it even if I see it under my eyes cause in
reality
In this city the realest niggaz never survive

[Crayon]

While these rappers got they beef cooking
They'll never see bookings
They probably two-waying each other when nobody's
looking
They probably laughing how these younger kids is
dying
They probably fascinated by the products they be
buying
Lying, on the radio
Money in an envelope
Saying you tired of that weak shit but you still play it
though
Well I'm the antidote
Crayon's the cannibal
Bringing a sledge hammer to your muthafuckin
cantalope
So called drug czars
Spit bars, switch cars
Use they rep to fuck video broads
Young ones wanna blow up just to show up
The same lifestyle B-E-T trying to show us
But this the hold up
Longtime coming
Big change, switch names

Longshots gunnin
Lift chains, take rings
All ya'll running
Spit game , new thang for all ya'll fronting

[Hook]

[Male voice]
And if you think we gon bury you with diamonds and
shit on
you got another thing coming

[Crayon]
When the music stops all these fads go out of style
A bunch of single mothers play dads for fatherless
childs
Crooked fingers throwing sets reppin blocks to be
proud
But when it all go down what happens when nobody
gets found
Who gives a "F" about a crown when nobody is left
The greatest is dead that's why they still bootlegging
his best
Niggaz like Feds get gangstas and murderers glorified
But when they get indicted they the first to testify
Tell me why you only show respect to a criminal
When you hit 'em off with checks the only time he's
feeling you
Behind bars all these thugs turn homosexual
But when they released to streets somehow they feel
they better you
Why every rapper out got the same life story?
By now its more than obvious somebody's a phony
We the last one and only real Emcees
From the class sent before me, will it change we'll see

[Hook]

[Female sings]
No!
You won't believe the things I've seen
Life on the streets can be so cold
They lose their minds and sell their souls
It's still a mystery to me
You won't believe the things I've seen
This life ain't nothing but a dream

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