

## **B-Real**

# **"Smoke 'n Mirrors"**

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{\*20 seconds of kids playing\*}

[Intro: sped-up R&B sample]

Late at night

When all the world is safe within their dreams

I want the shadowwww

Late at night

An empty feeling creeps within my soul

I feel so lonely

So I go, into the darkness of the night, all alone

I want this peace until I find, someone who is just like  
me

Looking for some companyyyyyy

Oh yeahhhh

[B-Real]

What's good in the hood, can you tell me

Hit me with the truth motherfuckers don't sell me

Cause I can see a lot of things wrong with the city

And nobody's tryin to fix nothin, all of our choices are  
shitty

People starvin in the ghetto and the rich get richer

So we hustlin for the paper - you get the picture?

My homey he caught ten tryin to feed his seed

And nothin supersedes a man's will to succeed

So we bleed and shed tears, lookin for somethin better

But nothin is guaranteed, in this life we livin

Ain't nothin given, gotta earn your money and stripes

I can't sleep at night, what I'm doin ain't right

Can't never let my guard down for nothin in life

Your enemies see a weakness and you look ripe

And they don't care about who or what you're leavin  
behind

You slip one time you a victim of crime

[Chorus: Bo Roc]

Up against the trials of life, sometimes it ain't right

Through all of my pain and strife, I focused upon the  
light

Though I may lose my way, I'm up for the fight

In hopes of a brighter day for children of the night

[B-Real]

You know I hit the ground runnin from the day I was born

There ain't nothin I haven't seen, I was born to storm  
And if I ever have to heat it up you might get warm  
So I urge you to sit it out, and just let me move on  
Out of pride you won't blink, think that I'm a threat  
Yeah you might be right, and if you are comes death  
By the laws of the street you know what's comin up next  
You duckin from the glocks and the six and tecs  
When did it all fall? We all used to cash collect  
Instead of catchin a body homey cash a check  
Any moment it could be over, your number's up  
You become, a memory nobody's givin a fuck  
It's no wonder how we cross roads and get divided  
There's no, compromises and drama arises  
The streets got you clutched in the cradle of doom  
You get out of pocket they make you invisible dude

[Chorus]

[B-Real]

The streets are ugly and the world is goin through changes  
We fightin at home and out here in unknown places  
We never know what peace is  
We all about war for the money and the violence increases  
I never thought about it when I was younger  
I never thought about we all just numbers  
I only thought about the food on the table  
I was taught to make moves when you're ready and able  
Sometimes you feel alone and you just simply go for self  
And you don't care about anybody else  
You say "Look at that trick in the flashy whip!  
If I get my chance, you know I'm gonna jack his shit"  
The world's cold, people sell their soul  
for money and power then they seem to lose control  
They can't, handle the load at the end of the road  
They're destined to fall and we just watch the drama unfold

[Chorus]

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