

## **Krs-One** **"M.A.R.L.E.Y"**

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R.E.A.L.I.T.Y. ain't always the truth  
Rhymes Equal Actual Life In The Youth

These are the streets  
Shit is real out here  
This ain't no fuckin' joke

I lived in a spot called Millbrooke Projects  
The original, criminal minded, rap topic  
With twenty cents in my pocket, I saw the light  
If you're young gifted and black, you got no rights

Your only true right is a right to a fight  
And not a fair fight, I wake up wonderin' who died last  
night  
Everyone and everything is at war  
Makin' my poetic expression hardcore

I ain't afraid to say it and many can't get with it  
At times in my life, I was a welfare recipient  
I ate the free cheese, while the church said believe  
And went to school everyday, like a goddamn fool

Well anyway, here I am, chillin' at the party  
Brothers lookin' at me like they wanna kill somebody  
A cypher manifested in the center of the jam  
I got to show these wack rappers really who I am

It's me against them, so, I clear the phlegm  
And wage the war, hardcore to the end  
For someone lookin' inside, yeah, from the out  
It seems like disrespect is what rap is all about

But hip-hop as a culture is really what we give it  
But sometimes the culture contradicts how we live it  
'Cause every black kid lives two and three lives  
The city's a jungle, only the strong will survive

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Every single day, I hear lie after lie  
Like, "Black people don't die, we multiply"  
So, when I kick a rhyme, I represent how I feel  
The sacred street art of keepin' it real

Why I gotta listen to somebody else?  
How they got wealth, let me talk about myself  
But all I really got is hip-hop and a glock  
The results are obvious if I'm confined to my block

Occasionally, in the city I'm released  
To meet other beasts, lookin' for the feast  
We grunt and growl, on the prowl, as the air gets  
thinner  
"Yo, yo, there he go, him", there's the dinner

White meat, carryin' a bag of some sort  
Life is short, white meat is quickly caught  
A scuffle, a muffle, yet none of us hesitated  
Like Mother Africa, white meat is violated

We quickly disappear like Santa's little elves  
And go into a area to fight amongst ourselves  
We say, "Peace" 'cause that's what we really want  
A piece of the pie that America flaunts

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Oh, shit

The truth is that police must serve and protect  
R.E.A.L.I.T.Y. is, black youth is shown no respect  
The truth is, government has a war against drugs

R.E.A.L.I.T.Y. is, government is ruled by thugs  
With all this technology, above and under  
Humanity still hunts down one another

Rappers display artistic cannibalism  
Through lyricism, we fight each other over rhythm  
Through basic animal instincts, we think  
So, the battle for mental territory is glory, end of story

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