

Krs-One

"R.E.A.L.I.T.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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