

## **Linkin Park**

### **"R.E.A.L.I.T.Y"**

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Reality, 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 god damn 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 dissapear, like Santa's little elves  
And go into a area to fight amongst ourselves  
We say, "peace/piece" 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  
REALITY is black youth is shown no respect  
The truth is government has a war against drugs  
REALITY 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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Yeah

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