

## OPM

# "Reality Check"

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With brothas always smokin' on the doja  
The OPM  
Damn we rollin  
Hand on the mic  
Till we decide about the sick life

Californ-i-a born and raised till this very day  
Hell to pay for the ways of the size we blaze  
Everyday, a hundred miles an hour  
Sorta sour cause my soul's been devoured  
Never looked up above  
When push came to shove  
As it usually does  
Keepin' up with these thugs  
Doin' all of these drugs with no means of direction  
Infection  
But here's my objection  
Rejection  
By your whole congregation  
With no empathy for my situation  
No place in society that's my reality  
Angry don't know whos the enemy  
I'm in deep  
Beneath the streets  
It's hard to creep from city to city  
With all these hitters and the heat  
Killin' me, stealin from me  
Makes no sense to me  
So I keep it tight with the homies in the family

Here's a reality check from the streets of California  
Keep your eyes wide open to what's really goin' on, yo  
Things ain't always what they seem  
Things ain't always what they seem

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We're all smokin  
Tryin' the SO's

Broken homes  
Chokin' locos  
For pesos  
Slingin' dope by the case-os  
Smokin' cocos  
Laced with angel dust and opium  
Cities for niggaz causin' fuckin' pandemonium  
Spoiled by suburbia  
Cottonmouth what then all the man  
Formin' corny reputations

Bustin' tracks from Kid Kreation  
Me and the artists who performed the hardest  
collaborations  
Born and raised in the golden state  
Don't invite no plates  
Servin' up some dinner  
For southern county serial sinner  
Imperial  
Superial lyrical  
In again  
See the opium den  
We see the man who posed prohibitin'  
And drop a eight to eliminate a peaceful  
Evolution of man  
For your political pollution  
There's no solution for these county criminal minds  
Just subliminal rhymes  
Hypnotizing mankind

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Heres a reality check from the streets of Califonia

See California the major growth industry  
Are private security and penitentiary  
Risn from the climatose  
Cold-war economies  
That's why the pigs got my homies down on their knees  
Lined up against the walls  
So the community can see  
That the po po wont go away  
So please, now

Open up your eyes guys  
You can realize  
That the land of sunny skies  
Disguised as paradise  
Is a lie

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