

B-Real f/ Bo Roc

"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] {*Bo Roc ad libs to end*}

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