

Realm Reality

"Street Shit"

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(Intro)

He just straight punkin me now
So I step back and unzip my jacket
I figured, you know
He see this gun he gon leave

(Verse)

These be the politics, I am problems that do exist
The hood up on a crucifix, Jesus, Mary and Judas riff
(Amen)
I'm used to this, where we all deal with the beef
There's a difference between discrepancies and the
death of an enemy
Low and behold the penalty, go on play some truth
Way you hold your prob but the lane you take is a
different route
I'm Bushwick block corners and saw hate
On my own street had a trefuss
I heard the slick talk whenever I passed by and had
enough
So its cast was tuck but laugh because I knew they actin
up
Niggas think they chuck but got no sick but need some
Andrew luck
I got a fam of thugs that can handle stress like a van of
drugs
Hit it, roll these niggas up and leave em winded
Puncturing the lung while they cruise away in a window
tinted
I refuse to be a victim cuz a nigga jealous
Ain't shit you could tell us, prepare the zealous with
sharp propellers

(Hook x2)

The street shit, the street shit, happens all the time
Niggas die over petty shit like a small crime
You test a nigga's heart and that's where he gon draw
the line
The politics of hatred, you can never take what's mine

(Verse)

My, I breath through God but smoke the devil
Niggas givin you death so behind your back with a
shovel
But they could never bury me sleeve, showin emotions
I'm posted, holdin my focus, the bird is over my
shoulder
They take your kindness for weakness, the choice is
yours if it's worth the spazz
Take a nigga life through a biff of numbers, you suck
at math
The villain's paradise because he hates his pops
Chasin, paid for rocks and a pound of soap from a
vacant lot
She'll disgrace the cop so the kid walkin with wifey
A hammer in his waist, disrespectful but spoke politely
Insecure from life, you see I'm grindin day and night
And just maybe if he pushed the right buttons he would
fight
Dark clouds over sunny days, he never valued life
Five bullets in the chest because the kid pulled out a
knife
Now his wifey crying on the body going crazy
Another day of street shit, the hood could use some
changing

(Hook x2)

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