

Tha Dogg Pound "Reality"

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What is reality?
Motherfuckers out here don't know shit
They ain't tryin' to know shit
Just a dumb motherfucker out here tryin' to represent

Get my motherfuckin' paper
You don't think so? Well, then fuck you, hoe
'Cause I'm ridin' on trucks, banked all that type of shit
Gotta get paid motherfucker

Fuck dreamin' the same dreams, bein' down for the
same team
When it seems to be reality is just a dream
Eye to eye, the colors that I wear is do or die
When I walk down the street, will I meet evil in
disguise?

So, I tote a fo'-fo' with hollow tips
While my mind tellin' me "should I not", or "should I
peel it?"
What I represent God only knows what lies for myself
Jealousy and hatred niggaz is out for my wealth

Will I perish? Later selfish for the rest of my life
'Cause those who live wrong is bound to live a short life
Will money be the root of my destruction?
Without the money I can't even seem to function

Now there's, nowhere, for me to turn
There's nowhere for me to hide from reality

As complex as the situation gets
I remain, I maintain, ain't that much strain
To make me twist myself like Kurt Cobain
Ahh shit, I don't believe this

Some niggaz that I fucked with tryin' to pull a twist
But ain't that much twistin' in existence
And this is how you show me love
It shows me exactly what money's capable of

Now is it that expenses that make you wanna catch me

slippin'
and pay a visit, cause this is, for all my homies
For jackers only come twist, to the fools in L.A. that
know me
I'm back with the fifth of Henn
Kurupt and Dat Nigga Daz on the mash again

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I give it to you like it is, got no time for no games
In the world of madness, will my composure be the
same
Will my friends be around when they rush me in the
ground
A lost soul lost forever, never ever to be found

Life ain't what it seems, for the niggaz full of schemes
On the hood full of cash don't wanna blast for the
green
These six bitches wanna get a nigga caught up
For what, a simple nut, a simple fuck

Daily it enhances the penitentiary chances
To survive in nineteen ninety-five
So I got nineteen ninety-five ways
To survive nowadays

Time and time again, I bust a rhyme again
'Cause I'ma get in deeper shit if I convert to crime
again
Out to mentally convert me, the same niggaz out to
hurt me
It irks me, strenuous controversy

What's next on the list to complete
After all this shit that popped off on the street
And all eyes on me, but I won't change sides
'Cause what I represent I represent 'til I die

It's time for me, to grab a tall glass of Hennessey

Ya see my ways is to phase all them niggaz that try me
Leave 'em layin' stiff if they ain't on IV's
I beez the hardest, regardless fool
Livin' life day and night stayin' hard and cruel

Keep my cool, until my mood abruptly switch
Then I'm on a niggaz ass like bumpy zits

It's no remorse when you cross my course
I'm not a hunter, but take a nigga out for sports

Don't resorts, to thinkin' you could get with this
Or you will be a eulogy if you insist to diss
Mista Tray Dee, from L O N G
B E A C H, where the hardest gangstas be

Twenty-first was the worstest turf on the earth
Yet I feel I was meant to represent from birth
'Til I die, you wonder why it ain't no secret
Motherfuckers best be in love with this G shit

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[Incomprehensible]

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