

## Intelligent Hoodlum

### "Back To Reality"

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Back to reality

[VERSE 1]

I know you're dreamin, dreamin you could take me out  
But just think, cause that's somethin to think about  
I'm Trag, so don't think you could take me out  
Start thinkin, before you put your foot in your mouth  
Cause I'm not the one to be slept upon  
My rap is smooth and a step beyond  
But it took a little time for the skill to grow  
And it took a lotta time for my thoughts to flow  
I wanna tell you a story, so sit and wait  
Gonna take you to a time when I wasn't so great  
When I used to run the street with miss-matched socks  
And the summer of 1984 was hot  
The jams in the park were really dope  
And the girls on the block were playin jump rope  
But I couldn't hang out with the guys who hung  
Cause my mother always told me I was just too young  
But she couldn't understand what it meant to me  
That the parties in the park is where I had to be  
But way back then I couldn't see -

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[VERSE 2]

She would always disapprove, but I didn't care  
Cause if a jam was in the park I just had to be there  
She would send me to my room, and then lock the door  
But it really didn't matter, cause I lived on the first floor  
I thought about the girls I couldn't wait to meet  
So I jumped out the window, then I hit the street  
When the music started pumpin, everybody got up  
The Vernon Posse had the dancefloor all sowed up  
That's when I thought partyin was all about  
Despite a few fights and a few shoot-outs  
Everybody kept partyin without a care  
You had to have fun, cause it was in the air  
>From blocks away you could hear them shout  
And it got real hype until the power went out  
It only lasted for a minute, but ist felt so long

Till the deejay got up and put the power back on  
Everybody kept dancin to the record's groove  
So I pushed up on a cutie, and we started to move  
It felt too good to be true to me -

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[VERSE 3]

My eyes were mesmerized by the DJ's cuts  
And I knew later on I would have a sore butt  
So I sat and thought what the beatin would be like  
But I would take seven beatings just to get on the mic  
See, unlike other kids, I wasn't athletic  
But as I grew, I realized I was poetic  
When other kids would wanna play with their friends  
I would rather sit day-dreamin about my Benz  
With the (diamond in the back) and the (sunroof top)  
As I (diggin the scene with a gangster lean)  
Yeah, that would be me -

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