

# Reality

Fat Pat

Yeah, it's going down  
Feel me, Southside representing  
Reality, show Love

Things are crazy in this life  
Gotta get my smoke on  
It's getting hard to  
Things are crazy in this life  
Gotta get my smoke on  
It's getting hard to hold on hold on

One thing for sure, gotta get my smoke on  
Pop trunk, dome light  
Crawling down on chrome  
Been in tragic society for twenty-six year  
See my ghetto peers locked  
Mama shed so many tears  
Highway to hell, will it ever end for a brother  
System got us killing each other  
We supposed to love one another  
The game got our minds in a headlock  
But in reality we working for a jail block  
Will it ever stop?  
I mean the game  
Revolving doors, escalator, when it pours it rain  
And there's no limit to life  
So you gotta keep teaching  
Practice what you preaching  
Young minds that you reaching  
To be above the rest is quest that you strive for  
What you gotta realize  
Material shit ain't nothing to die for  
But I lie for my niggas that's gonna lie for me  
And ride down on our so-called enemy  
Ain't no kin to me  
But I intend to see  
Brighter days where I'm headed  
Everything copacetic  
Big Benz super-leaded  
As I smash [?]  
Fat Pat on the place  
That's the way it gotta be  
Tryna see a different level of the game fo sho  
Ain't to old to learn  
So I gotta listen, you know  
What I'm saying, try to fear me  
Cause I'm singing the blues  
Every morning waking up  
See myself on the news

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Hot mind blown  
Drifting off into space  
Wondering will be a day when there is no hate  
But it's too late because the system is corrupt  
Young kids growing up with their minds fucked up  
Stuck up in the ghetto with no place to go  
Tryna provide for the family but it's slow  
And shit be a trip  
Will we ever prevail?  
Tryna keep the family fit  
Ain't taking us to jail  
Living hell on Earth, that's what it is  
But it goes back to when our parents were kids  
We're just a new seed or a different breed  
Born into the future at a high rate of speed  
Shall I proceed?  
Jealousy and envy and greed  
All them haters need is a push  
And they'll be hiding in a bush  
Tryna take what you got  
That mean another brother shot  
Devastating schemes and plots  
My people mean a lot  
No doubt we got cars but we gotta bombard  
Pray to the Lord  
Keep our head straight above the sword  
Time repeats itself so you gotta put it down  
Roll over, roll blunts and put the past behind  
And try to maintain and capitalize on the game  
And get your paper for your name and represent this thang  
You know I'm sayin'

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We gotta hold on  
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We gotta hold on