

REALITY

Nipsey Hussle

The realest shit of a nigga life man
So gutter around here, ya dig?
When you gotta get it man
This rap shit be havin' niggas goin' every which way man
Confused ass niggas

They say rapping is good living huh?
You feel like when you get it, you gotta get it huh?
A lot of people think it's easy homie not at all
It make the same nigga feel like he ain't got 'em all
And when you stop poppin' off its like Tylenol
Until your single play out and you start dying off
Two choices, you either ride it 'til the tires off
Or switch it up and start singin' like Diana Ross
I'm still a nigga in the trap, so who am I to talk?
I just zone out and produce it, play the piano soft
Niggas don't buy records, they try to make our asses soft
Off some pop shit, 'cause Rap City in the basement off
This hip hop shit, done slowed down since it taken off
And you can sit and complain, but it won't get you far
And you can pitch a hissy fit, curse and flip them off
Because to them, you the only, they depict you all
It's fucked up nigga

Never promise what you can't keep
'Cause every day's a constant struggle, struggle
When faced with reality, reality
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When faced with reality, reality

Look, they got me feelin' like
Fuck the world, 'cause we livin' in hell
Got me, pawning my chain, just to get him his bail
Yeah my brother, that's my nigga, I'm supposed to be with you
Closest thing I ever had, to a fatherly figure
When my momma shook my pops, said he was a bullshitter
It was just me and my brother, look my brothers my nigga
So, you know I got yo back like yo spine
And I'm yet to see another nigga ever match your grind
Nigga, twenty four seven, twilight to sunrise
It was nothin they could tell us, it was money on our minds
It was triple Cuban links, all at the same time
It was bullet proof windows on them 745's, nigga
You know the games got its lows and its highs in it
You know them people keep they nose up my business
Is it a crime for a nigga to see the skies the limit
Reachin' for the stars will have you reachin' through the bars
It's a trap

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Show me a stage and I rhyme a page
Rap, sing choruses performin' for the audience
They applauding, and record labels exploitin'
Tellin' stories of pain and then recordin' them
How they selling our slang and now they talkin' shit?
Wish I could give them my shoes and tell them walk in this
Thugs singin' the blues, and now they fortunate
Make them mad, flossin' shit they thought we'd never have
Ghetto niggas pullin' up in somethin' elegant
I guess if it's one man's trash, others will treasure it
So that settles it, metals spit, quick to be devil for the benefit
Only if I'm gettin' rich
It's like a cycle these tracks that I'm blessin'
Is mirrors to my pain, so I'm rappin' my reflection
Livin' in the rain, got me blackin' out, I'm stressin'
It's like I'm relivin' my vision, I'm repeatin' my life
My words fight back in punch lines disrespectful
But I'd rather have my voice box the instrumental
I got a one track mind, puttin' lines together
And get some glow before I go, I can't shine forever, nope

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