

Reality Check

OPM

With brothas smokin' on there
Damn we rollin
Hadnin' the mic
Till we decide about the safe life

California where I raised till this very day
Hell to pay for the ways of the blaze
Everyday a hundred miles an hour

Cause my soul's been devoured
Never looked up above
And push came to shove
As it usually does
Keepin' with these thugs

Doin' all of these drugs with no means of direction
Infection
But here's my objection
Rejection
By your whole congregation
With no empathy for my situation
No place in society that's my reality
Angry don't know who's the enemy
I'm in deep
Underneath the streets
It's hard to creep from city to city
With all these hitters and the heat
Killin' me stealin from me
Makes no sense to me
So I keep it tight with the homies in the family

Here's a reality check from the streets of california
Keep your eyes wide open to what's really goin' on yo
Things ain't always what they seem
Things ain't always what they seem

Here's a reality check from the streets of california
Keep your eyes wide open to what's really goin' on yo
Things ain't always what they seem
Things ain't always what they seem

We're all smokin
Tryin' broken homes
Chokin' locos
For pesos
Slingin' dope by the case os
Smokin' cocos
Laced with dope and opium
Cities for niggaz causin' fuckin' pandemonium
Cottonmouth

Bustin' tracks from kid kreation
Me and the artists who performed the hardest collaborations
Born and raised in the golden state

Servin' up some dinner
For southern county serial

Imperial
Superial lyrical
Opium den
Evolution of man
For your political pollution
There's no solution for these county criminal minds
Just subliminal rhymes
Hypnotizing mankind

Here's a reality check from the streets of california
Keep your eyes wide open to what's really goin' on yo
Things ain't always what they seem
Things ain't always what they seem

Here's a reality check from the streets of california
Keep your eyes wide open to what's really goin' on yo
Things ain't always what they seem
Things ain't always what they seem

Here's a reality check from the streets of califonia

See califonia the major growth industry
Are private security and penitentiary
Risin from the
Post war economies
That's why the pigs got my homies down on their knees
Lined up against the walls
So the community can see
That the po po won't go away
So please now
Open up your eyes and realize
The land of sunny skies
Disguised as paradise
Is a lie

Here's a reality check from the streets of california
Keep your eyes wide open to what's really goin' on yo
Things ain't always what they seem
Things ain't always what they seem

Here's a reality check from the streets of california
Keep your eyes wide open to what's really goin' on yo
Things ain't always what they seem
Things ain't always what they seem