

Harsh Reality

Smoke DZA

Right (Iceberg Big)
Right (Philadelphia Slim)
East Coast shit (East Coast Shit)
CThaSound

Ugh, I seen the same shit happen to Jay
It's for the taking, ain't nothing given
I'd rather have it that way
"Blame what?" This what the average would say
Average would do, consistent, droppin' gem after gem
I average a few, You hagglin' who? (You hagglin' who?)
Have them people like "What happened to you?"
My old life would sing, Glad whispering amicable
Chronic in a turkey bag and in the canister too
Garden, botanical view
Hood shit, dice game poppin'
Lil Homie hittin' hot knee, Handlin' them (What the-)
You run in his mouth, he runnin' get the hammer for you
Now you gotta man up and choose
Sometimes, you win when you lose
Sometimes it ends when you prove
Sometimes, it's minimal moves (Ugh)
Get you in and out of a jam, not many rules
But many jewels gon' get frozed up
Keep a couple lights and toasters
Anywho, who got a roll up?

The reality is I'm your pimp
I'm the future perceptions that you-
that you run and hide from That break you down, that dictate your movement
You can't even think for yourself no more cause I'm all in your brain
(Who got a roll up?)
That's the reality, you know?
You never thought you'd see yourself standin' on the street corner
I turned you to a trackstar and you never even went to the Olympics
You sayin' to yourself "Wow, I never knew that this would be my life"

Ugh, I seen the same shit happen to 'Bron
Sometimes them endings be beginnings, you just gotta be strong
Take a class and show you how to be Don, how to get on
You would be told that if I were major right now, I wouldn't be wrong
It's all perspective, dawg
I'm major already, speaking of songs
I own every damn one of these joints that you hear me on
I may drop for the fuck of it and tour Europe
40 minutes in used Ford Explorer
A whole month, that's a Range Rover
Can't show progression with the same glo' up
Pardon me, my sick flow's frio
Trollin' on the web, I probably track down your geo
Them boys on your head, now it's a gio
You'd rather be locked in a room with Charlie Sheen and mosquitos
I'm just joking, nigga, grow up
Anywho, who got a roll up?

I dictate your mind
I'm the-, you know

The navigation to your spine
I control your movement
Everything that's goin' on right now
It's because of me
(Who got a roll up?)
I'm just the-, the space, that place
You sayin' "Philadelphia Slim, no-no, I'm not in control of that"
You know what's controllin' that
That thing that makes you feel... special