

# Da Youngsta's, Reality

Whispering: Reality, reality, it's reality

□ Reality, reality, reality, its reality (3X)

Well I get up in the morning shower up and take a drive  
I'm feeling kinda good cause its good to be alive  
The radio is playing ("Its so hard to say goodbye")  
It makes me think of all my homies that died  
Pain in my heart frustration in my mind  
Is my kind or is man blind  
I see my black sister sellin booty in the street  
(Do she wanna get high?) Or do her kids need to eat  
I creep; later along I see more drama  
(Oh Lord) What a brother got to do to make a dollar?  
Sellin more cain than the little stick up kids  
Innocent fix in the middle  
Kitty gotta body at a party now we lives upstate  
To late to change a great mistake  
Thoughts crowd my mind as it gets colder  
Cops pull me over cause I'm in a Range Rover  
I never sweat it; forget it that's how it be  
Cause where I'm livin yo its reality

(Chorus)

Everything I see (is reality)

Cops harassin (is reality)

In my city (is reality)

Scratching: □ Life as a shorty shouldn't be so rough  
(reality, its reality)

Everything I see is reality  
In the ghettos across the country  
(Come follow me)  
Brothers on the block shootin craps (yelling)  
Watch out they bustin caps  
Cops frustrated cause I'm not doin 30  
They stop me for what? Illegal search  
Keep on shiftin your eyes G  
Because you cant find nothing on me  
I'm not guilty  
I guess its reality in the city  
Everybody wants to be like Frank Nitty  
I mean really, yo I feel a little pity  
But I just sit back relax and hit the Philly  
Meditatin yo I'm another state N  
But I aint far from this, I'm still relatin  
To the streets where I was born and raised in  
I peeped too many things, aint nothing amazin

(Chorus) - 2X

Its real, brothers got their hands on the steel  
Killin other brothers for the thrill (For Real)  
My next-door neighbor just went into the labor  
Another little child who might grow awhile  
Then again, will he make it when he's older?  
Never knew his moms and pop when they were sober  
(Project livin aint nothing to laugh at)  
Rat-A-Tat-Tat watch out for the black tech  
Which way is out? Is it the gates of hell?  
Or a jail cell, or getting a job doin well  
I excel I'm just a young brother tryin to make it  
I worked too hard for a fool tryin to take it  
Livin in the badlands step to bat and

Hurtin the mind now you wanna be a bad man  
Everything I see (is reality)  
On my block, downtown, and even in my family  
Aint no escape like Alcatraz  
The inner city is past, only the strong will last

Chorus (2X)

Scratching: Life as a shorty shouldn't be so rough  
(4X)

- Be so rough (3X)
- Rough (3X)
- Life as a shorty shouldn't be so rough (2X)