

House Of Krazees, Slip Into Reality

You've just slipped into reality where guns crash
And drug raids is an everyday thing when the nuts hang
They don't even got a name fame don't mean nothin'
Only the cash flow it ain't black or white it's called rich or poor
Now you know me the R.O.C. my name never committed a crime
Try to walk the strait path intertwine while watchin my homies go down
Slain in the city streets meetin they makers while my face frowns
Pull they gats out fast now my time has passed
At the funeral my aunt told me i could cry at last
I lashed out with tears huggin and kissin
Riddle me this riddle me that why im still livin
These years fo life advice to the youth
When they don't even see all the hurses that people be goin through
They say it aint about wrong or right or how could you fight
As long as the pistols in sight and the moneys tight
But all in all they think like that they don't fall
Product of americas nightmare im tellin yall
Believe me when i tell you i aint trippin
Just tryin to help you out from slippin into reality

I'm 'bout to drink it for my pops peppermint schnaps im feelin faded
Violated and also very much intoxicated
This is dedicated to my main man
And when he died never did I understand
Why he went away although i didnt cry
Tried to play the big man kept my feelings inside
Never ever shed a tear for the last ten years
I been hangin with my peers and facin my fears
This shit is gettin clear the government got us in focus
Bill Clinton push the button nuclear hocus pocus
They tried to provoke us with trees infest us with disease
Tell me how to live and when to die and who should i believe
Realize the realism of reality
Life is filled with technacalities and fucked up formalities
Automaticaly and statisticly we walkin dead
Roamin the wasteland with a bounty on our heads
Avoid scenarios of abuse to my spouse
Brothers younger than me are steady posted in a crackhouse
And everybody totin guns like its some kind of fashion
Be careful when them busters are blastin' when you slip into reality

One day it's gonna hit me like a ton of bricks
I'm feeling so sick one of my dawgs passed and shit
I'm thinking 'bout killing 'em all but what's that solve
He still gonna be dead in the morning why take the fall
Inside I be so mad I'm finna burst
Instead of a Chevy's my homie's rollin in the back of a hearse
You know it's worse
It's too hard to cope with some days
Murderous ways leavin me sick and in a daze
Comatose, completely tore up
Nerves be so bad I wanna throw up
I'm bout to blow up
In a rage I need to talk, nobody wanna listen
On the corner, mental mindstate position
Overload pull the trigger
Stress got the best of suicide
Pour out some liquor
Another grave digga gets paid
Digging a grave for senseless ways
Keep to ourself is what i say
All of my dawgs can't die,
I visit the sky and reminisce when I'm high
Never gonna lie I got love for my niggas

Dead or alive, reality check
We can do it on the outside