

Reality Show

WC

Damn... I mean... when this shit come on right here... (Dub-C)
I mean... you gotta put yo hands up (Dub)... you got to (Dub-Dub-Dub-C)
I mean I'm looking around right now and I don't know what's real... I mean I seein all this bullshit on TV... all these weirdoes out here, I don't know what 's going on but... Uhh...

If it's on then it's on let me know that it's on
If it aint really on... tell me what's going on
If it's on then it's on let me know that it's on
Cuz... Uh-Ohhh... It's my reality show
If it's all for the dough and it's really a show
Nigga, lemme know cuz the triggers ready to blow
If it's on then it's on let me know that it's on
Cuz... Uh-Ohhh...

Man up... time to put ya hands up
I come too far to lay down, so imma stand up
And let the truth be told
Cuz majority of niggaz in this rap shit ain't nothing but hoes
"what's the Flava?" ain't no greater
Than this double-pump shaker shakin up the party with the new ankle-breaker
So hold on while I take the strap and reload
And tune you niggaz in to my reality show
First up? never the least...
I kick it off where the sun rises like yeast... Imma start in the east
The "Big Brother" when hip hop
Was just like L.A... radio done sold their sole & went pop
I used to recognize the welcome mat
But now in the "Cash Cab" nigga I don't know where I'm at
My nigga Slay said the other day...
"I Love New York" but radio done let the "Projects Runaway"
I told him don't sweat it and don't stress those
Cuz over here Loc, we got it even worse on the west coast
A gang of niggaz smellin like simlilac on my station
Wit no respect for the foundation
I'm grabbing my flame thrower
It's a "Dirty job" but radio needs an "Extreme Makeover"
Look... They can't bullshit Dubb
My pants ain't tight enough to be in their "Celebrity Fit Club"
Hip-hop "Ultimate Fighter"... No pretender
Three fifty seven south central "Contender"
I'm south of the ten freeway... turn the wheels
While these rap niggaz scared to come down the hills
On the block where the glock is kept
"The Apprentice" in the kitchen with the homie workin scales like a "Top Chef"
(Yep)... gotta keep another plug
Cuz staying down with this rap shit is "Tough Love"
No affection... That's why I'm headed in the northern direction
Pluggin wit my bay area connection
Up north got the bomb bay to make sure the Sac pay
The homie E-40, Too Short & Mac Dre
It's my reality show, and my reality is smashin...
Fuck "Keeping up with the Kardashians"
I'm hiding from the "Repo Man" so get the deals nick
Keep a roof over my kids head is real shit
Can't sit around and wait til it comes back around

Gotta get it down south is where it's at now
Well I got that the make they lungs cough
And a homegirl wit me to throw the ones off
It ain't a "Simple Life" it's a grind & all the above
I'm getting a shot of hen nigga, fuck "A Shot at Love"
After riding my stick
My homegirl said Chili want a square, but she need some westside dick
I said you know I ain't right... I'll dig her out all night
Fuck her and kick her to the curb like a "Basketball Wife"
Plus she ain't down enough to be mine
If we get caught, "The First 48" she droppin a dime
Have a nigga in jail lookin like "The Biggest Loser"
Wit the receding hairline like Carlos Boozer
"Surreal Life" a nigga can't play wit this
Keisha Cole'll Even tell you that's "The Way It Is"

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