

Harsh Realities (167 Reprise)

Emilio Rojas

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Yeah, I saw a woman get hit on Amsterdam, she tryna cop her some shit
Right across from the barber shop, a car on top of her head
That Columbian Presbyterian pronouncin' her dead
She died the first time the needle ever punctured her skin
Now are we citizens or immigrants? They ain't fill they census in
In the middle of criminals, hopin' to get a legitimate business in
No minimum wage, now they be givin' them minimum sentences
If they gonna live in a cage, well then they family gonna live better, shit
Now my incentive is to keep my people wealthy
Eatin', organic, I keep my people healthy
Leaky, Titanic, them freaky women love me
Young Hispanics in galleries up in Chelsea
Ah, what the fuck you mean I ain't nice?
I'm lightning and strikin' twice, excitin' as any vice
I got you beggin' me for your life
Until your knees lookin' like the fuckin' Passion of the Christ
Where they be doublin' bags half price
Keepin' an eye out for the vice or when the D's pass by
Life a crap shoot, we rollin' them stacked dice
For bills that are past due, hoes that are stacked nice
'Cause we advocates for savage shit, Impalas always passin' it
Piojos always staggerin' 'cause you could get a bag for ten
The high is now even if tomorrow cancerous
Don't worry about the future when all that's holdin' is jowl or death
We holdin' shallow breath, all of my people are lookin' at whips
And chains like if that's success but they can't pass the test
She 16 and showin' ass and breasts
'Cause mama said fuck a bachelor degree, go get a bachelorette
And start a family, don't start a career, yeah
That's the mentality for daughters up here, yeah
The latest block gossip, man, that's all that you hear
Like, "Yo, who fuckin' who?!" and "Who about to get cheers?"
It's all addictions and convictions and ritual superstitions
Botanicas on the corner with rosaries in the windows
Pastors don't give a shit about Jesus's crucifixion
'Cause they be gettin' they money from skimmin' out the collections
Sinners with imperfections, agendas and hid intentions
Bitches is whippin' Benzes, we Section 8 on they rented
Kids that ain't know they father, the odds have been stacked against us
That's just the way that we livin' on 167th

