

# Look Around

dead prez

Beatnuts, dead prez  
What I wanna sayyy

Everytime I look around, I see  
So much drama goin down  
Everytime I look around, I see  
So much fakeness goin down

Why I'ma- be stingy when I could share?  
Why I'ma- be hateful if I could care?  
Why would I hate my own?  
Or forsake my own?  
Why would I- fuck around and get a jake on my chrome?  
I wouldn't- have to stick you if we all could eat  
It wouldn't be no need for beef  
Dyin over streets we don't even own anyway  
You could get bucked off anyday  
We behind enemy lines  
Y'all still writin Hennessy rhymes  
While I'm tryna find a good price for a nine  
Feel like my life on the line  
That's why a nigga be hype all the time  
Ready for the revolution at the drop a'a dime

I got a duty to have security for my niggas  
My duty to serve the beautiful black sistas  
A duty to stand wit' anybody that's wit' us  
And fully criticize all bullshittas  
There should be awards presented- to niggas who fight back  
Like Panther jackets, or sistas who light gats  
I'm a full-blooded warrior, ready for change  
Recognize any soldier that's doin the same  
Because I love who I am, and that means everything to me  
My life ain't worth a damn unless I'm dealin with reality  
When I look myself in the eyes, it's just me  
And I don't have to tell nobody no lies, I feel free  
And I would rather deal with the truth and falsehood  
Than bein fake with my people and claimin 'it's all good'  
You can't run away from ya self, so that's useless  
If your word is bond, then you don't have to make excuses

Everytime I look around, I see  
So much drama goin down  
Hold up! Wait a minute!  
Let's take it back to the old school  
Yo, 'memba back in the day?  
When sh- everything was all smooth 'n calm  
And shit was like- snap? on, nigga  
Yo man, I'm doin it, I'm doin it man  
I'm sayin like-'memba back in like in '70  
Fuckin '79, Nah, nah '87! Tha's my favorite