

Take A Look Around

Masta Ace

I got something I want y'all to do
Take a look around

Take a look around, take a look around and ask
yourself: Why?
See all those people on the other side of town, livin
large and postin high?
Take a look around, see that bumrush to this liquor
store?
He sold out of Thunderbird, but I got to say more
Take a look around as the wealthy and rich
Go to plush parties and do-si-do together, ain't that a
bitch?
Cause they're movin on while most of us sit back
complainin
Bout, "Ain't nuff opportunities for our people", like
it's always rainin
But take a look around, cause I see plenty of sunshine
in the sky
Maybe next time, instead of complainin, you go out and
get a piece of the pie

Take a look around
Take a look around

Take a look around as more young people take their eyes
off the prize
See my man Simon talkin bout he's gonna put a kit
And a rag-top on that 560 S-E-see he buys?
Take a look around at the music man on the corner
playin his sax
Fillin the air with jazz
He's a one-man symphony, see that 2 dollars in change
in his hat?
Yo, that's all that brother has
This is just a little letter about the situations we
live in
Take a look around and realize: to succeed we just
can't give in

Now take a look around
Hey brother, take a look around
Hey sister, take a look around

Now money made is not necessarily money earned
But those who earn money seem to have a lot less
And not very often are those tables ever turned
But then again, money's not a measure of success
The power of 3, you see, is ever present
Slide and ride this groove, to get the meanin
Only a true king can call someone a peasant
You hold a microphone, but for a throne I find you
fiendin
Pursuit of happiness and money are not the same
There is some overlap, but they're still separate goals
Because it's possible to have one without the other, a
shame

Some don't realize it, so they sell away their souls

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As I walk through Grand Central I see so very many
Brothers and sisters that are down on their luck
Is there really pie, and they just aren't gettin any?
Or is it cause they're lazy and they just don't give a
fuck?

Walkin through the park I see Bam-Bam playin celo
4-5-6, Bam just lost 3 g's and a kilo
Who says they only play for kicks?

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I remember Jackie, when Jackie was a hottie
Jeans used to fit her like the skin upon a grape
Me and every other brother fiened for her body
But she's smokin, so now look at her shape
Now Mrs Green goes to church like every single Sunday
And she had three sons, Ron, Mike and Dale
Maybe if she'd done a little bit more than just pray
Ron wouldn't be dead, and the other two, they wouldn't
be in jail

I remember Mr. Tee, he used to walk with a limp
He had a wooden leg, why'know, cause he lost it in the
war

Maybe if this country had made some attempt
To take care of their veterans, Mr. Tee, he wouldn'ta
have to die poor

Take a look around

Hey - brothers, sisters

Take a look around