

## Look In Your Eyes

Red Café

Uh, American psycho two  
Turn the heads on this motherfucker swagger  
Turn me to fuck up!  
Sometimes you only got a snake around you, man  
The LA Lakers, man!

So it's the motherfucking things I get  
All the work up within, all the guns I spent  
Guess it's fuck me now, I'm all news, huh  
Snake nigga, bitch nigga, you was always soft  
I never change, still dipping in them things  
Ranger Rover, all black, ... to the fitted  
Fifth still with me, in case you want to get with me, pause  
And never worries .. a barrel for my boss.  
I get it going, boy, it's your call  
My lost shot hit and I made the last score.  
Me and Paul balling, in and out of town with it  
Street fair, shake down, my nigga's hot with it  
They should have told me, four niggas stolen, my niggas rollin'  
Fuck security, ain't even sure God can hold them  
Fuck security, ain't even sure God can hold 'em  
Not a soul breathing, .. forever eating

You should have seen by the look in my eyes that  
(Real recognize real)  
There are some things to say  
(Making them boss move)  
You should have known by the tone in my voice, man  
(Real niggas inside, real niggas outside)  
But you didn't listen!

Keep the grass cut low so I see the snakes  
Light on the .. so the fiends feel abase  
I'm getting A rap money, ya nigga off the crates  
Still living in hell, ain't two weeks, I'm out of weight  
From a place where summer ain't promised hell  
Niggas go to jail, start singing the... well  
Streets know I got the anesthetic  
Make them numbers stretch cal-esthetic  
Dope boy from the day of my arrival  
From that... we're through on .. kiss the nozzle.  
From the .. get down or lay down  
Never bite the hand that feeds you,  
That's the motto when joining the shake down.  
I don't drink and drive, I might drink and drive  
Well, if that's something drown, I just wanna feel alive.  
Word to biggie on Brooklyn till they kill me  
Middle of the summer, jury got a nigga chilling.

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I am talking, I seem watching  
Got me on my Jay-Z shit, these niggas chopping  
They're calling cops on niggas, these hoes watching  
Sucker niggas telling, but last, he's steady watching.  
We got Brooklyn, we barely eating  
... the competition won't survive  
Shake down to the death of me,  
Haters want the receipt  
My people .. niggas say he blessing me  
Pretty to ... my mom steady protecting me  
I know they hate me, I can see it in their eyes  
But bitch I'm good, you play me, them shots fly  
Somebody told you why my life real, I show life  
I'm in the streets, dark side to the, thug side to the style  
Keep a couple killers with me, no names, why cry?  
They can talk all they want,  
But they put a finger on me, them niggas will die  
What's up?

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