

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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