

Chumbawamba F/ Elvis Costello

"What You See"

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[Hook]

(what you see), is the ice and the cars
(is what you get), a black man with stars
(what you see), is the fortune and the fame
(is what you get), another struggle in the game
(what you see), is the house and the chrome
(is what you get), paparazzi round your home
(what you see), O.G. E.S.G.
(is what you get), nothing but the truth for me

[E.S.G.]

And I don't care who you is, this song pertains to you
Especially if you went through, some of the thangs I
went through
In and out of jail, posession with intent to sell
Trying to make it out the ghetto, sometimes orders hell
Now inhale exhale, hydro spell
My cousin Terell in the cell, with all the rest of the black
males
Might as well let the kids, stay with grandma tonight
Cause his daddy in the FED's, and his mama on the
pipe
Plus this rap life ain't right, it's snakes under the table
Believe what I'm saying, that's why I left the mo' labels
It's the same game, a new coach a new team
But this year I'm the only playa, know what I mean

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

I remember being told, everything glitter ain't gold
Some of these rappers scream platinum, can't show
with they soul
Old Rocky ghetto role, President ain't caring
See you think we got it bad, better ask Hank Aaron
Went from riding in back of the bus, to owning them
hoes
Throwing DVD's in em, balling out of control
See a set of 24's, don't make me better than you
But a fresh paint job, make me wetter than you
Now I remember being broke, without a god damn

quarter
No more Kool-Aid in the fridge, better drink some
sugar water
No gangstas in the hood, living good moving bricks
No milk the baby sick, the mama too lazy to go to wick
Use to stand in long lines, for government cheese
I'm paying taxes, giving back my government cheese
Government please, what kinda laws are these
You get more time for chilling rocks, than you do for
ten ki's
Take five G's, then about ten beaks
Fifteen cats promote, twenty thousand the first week
1985, that's when crack came out
That was the last time my daddy, came back in the
house
They told me go to church, and confess my sins
Hard to do it, when the preacher fucking all my friends
Ain't no need to pretend, everything bout me real
E.S.G. signing off, Big Sin how you feel now

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

You think we had it bad in the past, wait for the future
In the wrong neighborhood, the police might shoot ya
Got college athletes, who break they back in the game
While the coaches get rich, ain't that a god damn
shame
Now these high school hoopers, skip college for money
Since it ain't baseball, they try to call you damn
dummie
But what would you do, if you never had a dime
And you stood 6'9", better sign on that line
This one here, for all my G's that's on the grind
Who won't sell out, and keep that damn money on they
mind
From my skull to my spine, I'm a hundred percent a G
E.S.G.'s who I be, what you get is what you see now

[Hook]

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