

B.U.M.S.**"Take a Look Around"**

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{*whispered*}

Take a look around.. take a look around..

Take a look around.. take a look around..

[E-Vocalist]

Yo, I had dreams but financially didn't have the means
Wore dirty jeans and bought hot sneaks from
dopefiends

I know it's hard but three bucks (?) is real
Out here gats kill sellin crack stackin money to chill
And 57th in the summer's like a hand grenade
Taps on that ass because my block stay paid
I'm not afraid, after money's made I parlay
Uptown burk after work at the arcade
Addicted, to cash like kids to cotton candy
And had many ways to slide papes to my (?)
Even in high school my teachers knew the half
Cause if I wasn't in class, I'm the restroom playin craps
Keepin my game on tight like menstraul cramps
Sellin twenty rocks for sixty knocks of food stamps
But now I'm on the up, no time to live foul
Concentrate on stayin straight, cause now I got a child
All the while, King Tech, put it in effect
Engineered it all the ears and produced by Fredwreck
for a sec, use your mind to process the data
My sound hits hard like a real Oakland Raider
Never been a playa hater or a Phi Kappa Beta
But if you, front on me now E-Vo' attack that ass later
Until my dyin day I make papes and parlay
I've traveled around the world but make my home in
the Bay..

{*whispered*}

Take a look around.. take a look around..

Take a look around.. take a look around..

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I know you know where I'm comin from brother
You got to learn about yourself before you love another

Don't be afraid of what hides in the shadows

{"Leave your 9's at home and bring your skills to the
battle" -> Jeru}

[D-

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