

## **Brownside**

# **"Look Through My Eyes"**

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Take time to listen, I'll explain how it goes  
Living high gangster life, I'm the one now knows  
And rolls with cholos, bald-headed fools  
SCLA if you slip you lose  
Don't slip like a trick, puto pack your shit  
Incase any bitch enemigas wanna trip  
If they snap, fuck that, gotta bust a cap  
It's been like this, it's gotta stay like that  
We got gang bang skill, no one to kill  
Don't act like a punk bitch, gotta stay real  
Make em feel our heat, then their blood ske  
Mi clicka malitos, ese 21 Street  
We defeat who were compete in this catagory  
Of taking motherfuckers out for territory  
South Central is all I see  
Represent the Sur, simon 213

[Chorus]

Look through my eyes, what do I see  
Los Angeles the big SC  
You wanna try, so come and trip  
Then you can see how life ain't shit

Living high life, with a gangster twist  
Enemies on my mind, so I made a list  
The putos we gotta get that ain't about shit  
No jammers ese, just straps that spit  
So hit a lick, we begin, that's the way it's been  
At least in the mind of this Mexican  
Who can and will make your caps peel  
As long as this motherfucker could carry his steel  
Packing, strapping, full auto clips  
For whoever slips, we'll get up in their mix  
They're wise, despise they run like bitches  
Petho y petho, they're punk ass snitches  
See we handle who we must not the ones who trust  
Always creeping in the hood with plans to bust  
And dust me, a few so they could know who  
Can do, premeditated murder fool

[Chorus x2]

Gang bang for my hood  
Put in work to do some good  
Gente ask me why, faci cuz I could  
On the block it don't stop, it never will

All I see pinche locos on the kill, staying real  
Yeah, same old shit just different day  
Plotting on the next puto's head has gotta lay  
Don't regret to check, ese fuck respect  
All I know my pinche homies are down for their shit  
Whenever, whatever, more motherfuckers the better  
Making all you pinche culos buying love and memory  
sweaters  
Yeah might catch the blues fucking with some trues  
I keep it on the Brownside represent the Sur  
Yeah strap on hip, never fucking slip  
One pinche bandiero will dip if you trip  
Shit, tu saves, son otoclaves  
On os de medramos en las pinche calles

[Chorus]

The Brownside, to you is what we bring  
Mexican bandiero, this is where I come in  
See it's been a firme ride to this point here  
But the shit I say gotta sound real clear  
This here's for my homies who couldn't see this day  
Risky, Woody, Looney, and Pazascans I say  
Respect when it's due for the ones who stay true  
Cuz sooner or later we'll be there with them too  
And for my homies upstate, ese I feel your hate  
Cuz you just can't wait for your fucking release date  
Simon something I feel, not in it for the thrill  
Me and mi pinche ranfla always gotta keep it real  
So dos-uno-tres settle for nothing less  
All I know is you know, ese fuck the rest  
That's right you heard it, they give you life you serve it  
Talk away in court for a fucking guilty verdict

[Chorus x2]

Hell yeah, this here for the homies that ain't with us no  
more  
For the ones locked up, and all the pinche bandieros on  
the street  
Yeah, look through my eyes what do I see  
Yeah, look through my eyes what do I see  
Haha

