

## **Bary Manilow**

### **"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 phalanges  
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-Wyze]

Well the kid be alright, my crews get you fived and live right

I'm ill, so watch the bad boy spill the phil's

What is it? Mad verbal off the fifty-fifth hill

So check the word life, because it's real

I was raised on this Eastside, the poor side of hell

Where all the crackfiends all dwell

Where the brothers sell knocks of twenty knocks on all spots

And get hemmed by track star Oakland (?) cops

I ran with a wild pack

Hard like Yukon trucks, with straps like backpacks

Stackin cash for the fun

I was nasty with my knucks cause I was taught when I was young

But shit, it's ninety-four ain't no fightin no more

I see blood all over the walls and niggaz on the floor

I'm mad dog - I'm tryin to make a leap like a frog

I wanted to do some new shit, write rhymes become a hit

I started off at CMT but that's another story G

A misconception of words, I had to cross to All City

Word life, now D-Wyze is stakin on the wife

I work hard for what I've gotten but I'm, still a little trife

Despite, the dope and violence, I love what I've done

Now stick my, dick in your eye so you can see where

I'm cumin from

It's hard Oak, motherfuckin Cali

One time to stay alive, puffin blunts in the alleys

It's one world

{\*whispered\*}

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[Chorus]

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