

Beatnuts "Look Around"

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1999

Beatnuts, Dead Prez

Every time I look around, I see so much drama goin'
down
Every time I look around, I see so much fakeness goin'
down

Why I'ma, be stingy when I can share?
Why I'ma, be hateful if I could care?
Why would I hate my own, and forsake my home?
Why would I fuck around and get a jake my chrome?

I wouldn't have to stick you if we all could eat
It wouldn't be no need for beef, dyin' over streets
We don't even own anyway, you could get bucked off
any day
We behind enemy lines, y'all still writin' Hennessey
rhymes

While I'm tryin' to get a good price for a nine
Feel like my life on the line
That's why a nigga be hype all the time
Ready for the revolution at the drop of a dime

I got a duty to have security for my niggas
A duty to serve the beautiful black sisters
A duty tom stand wit anybody that's wit us
And fully criticize all bullshitters

There should be awards presented, to niggas who fight
back
Like Panther jackets, or sisters who like gats
I'm a full blooded warrior, ready for change
Recognize any soldier that's doin' the same

Because I love who I am, and that means everything to
me
My life ain't worth a damn unless I'm dealin' with reality
When I look myself in the eyes it's just me
And I ain't gotta tell nobody no lies I feel free

And I would rather deal with the truth than falsehood
Than being fake with my people and claimin' it's all
good
You can't run away from yourself so that's useless
If your word is bond then you don't have to make
excuses

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Yo, as I sit and contemplate about the fate of my kids
If I die is the state gon snatch up my kids?
City life, no choice but to live by the knife
Put food on the table at whatever the price

My beautiful wife, all the time cookin' precise
When there ain't no meat, she bless me with the eggs
and the rice
Never think twice, I love you for the rest of my life
That's why I taught you how to shoot when situations
get trife

Save the children from the evil that we smell in the air
Used to being happy, now the feelin' is rare
I'ma soldier in the struggle just tryin' to prepare
'Cuz when the revolution comes it ain't gon be fair

Yo, it's the Beatnuts, Dead Prez, we connect like Tetris
And we comin' at the world on some Malcolm X shit
So turn it up, so we can drop these gems quick
If you on some bullshit, then nigga hit the exit

There's enough cash, grass, and ass here for you and
me
You wanna be greedy, sayin fuck the community
Watch out 'cuz life's gonna change very soon you see
I really don't believe we could ever have unity

This shit is serious we all tryin' to have a milli stash
But love life 'cuz that's all a nigga really has
Love your fam, 'cuz that's all you really have
And handle your biz and stop bein' a silly ass

Ayo, it's gettin', gettin', it's gettin', gettin'
It's gettin' kinda hectic, slugs burn, so naturally thugs
Learn to stay vested, you need to learn a psycho lesson
And treat others the same way you wanna be
respected, because

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Live together, feed each other
(Feed each other)
Die together
(Die together)
Love each other
(Love each other)
Eat together
(Eat together)

Show each other
(Show each other)
Fight together
(Fight together)
Know each other
(Know each other)

Live together, feed each other
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Bring the power back to the streets, where the people
live
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live
Brother, brother, there's too many of you dying
War is not the answer, too many mothers crying
Oh, this is a revolution, yeah, yeah, yeah

