

Gavin Rossdale**"From the Window of my Room"**

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[B-Real]

Now lately I've been findin myself, pourin my guts out
Expressin my thoughts, lettin my nuts out in the walls
of sleep, I can't keep it all in the hall clear
While others keep it inside for the pride they hold dear
Shoulda been, woulda been, coulda been the cops
Stop look and listen, you'll get a vision of hip-hop
Individuals lookin to the battle the shadows of man
See it all, be it all, you need a plan
It takes one man to understand this
Learn fuckin with a deadly gas, you get burned
From the window of my room, I shoot all stars
Every little bit you consume, the high cost
of living it's all given to you, don't lose it
Every man's given a tool, but don't use it

Chorus: B-Real

From the window of my room, I shoot all stars
Every little bit you consume, the high cost
Break free, you're selling your soul, for a fee
But all that shit ain't worth it, you burnin up see
the window of my room, I shoot all stars
Every little bit you consume, is high cost
Break free, you're selling your soul, for a fee
But all that shit ain't worth it, you burnin up see

[B-Real]

From the window of my room, the gloom spreadin
across
the land of milk and honey, no money to feed the boss
Funny the cost of life, cut clean blood streams
out the body, nobody wants you dreamin about shorty
No longer don't need a 40 to take away any pain
So punk me and I'll give you the world exact change
or quote me and you're never the same, I claim no one
I show none the weakness individuals go forth ya seek
this
Wherever I roam is home to me
You Shogun, look at my enemies try to do me
The influential status, you know the baddest

Lookie here, show you what that is, bringin the
madness
Sadness to those appealin to any conflict
Lookin out my window pane, I see you fallin
What are you a man or a mouse, the house light
shinin within, that's when you begin to live again

Chorus

[Sen Dog]

From my window I can see
Humanity, goin insane G
Everybody want respect, but you gotta collect
Only hardcore vatos on the set
Don't get me wrong but some rhymes get twisted
There it goes, the pride, you missed it
I ain't upset with the motherfucker dissin
Find me in Watts when you wanna come hit me
Some shit ain't what it seems, in the land of dreams
Some sell their soul to get the cream
From the teens I don't sling or slang no crack
I'm known for bringin in funky ass raps
See those magazine crews and I'm a goner
Dull interviews with these damn primadonnas
Unlike some of these fools on the turf
Look like the real thing, but they soft like Nerfs
So unrehearsed that it shows in the product
Need to get the fuck out, before you get caught up

Chorus

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