

Indica

"Take A Look"

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Verse 1

Dem outlaws was born to break laws and felonies
Deh got an empty gates in da town, deh run it steadily
To all my money makers cross town dissemble funds
and
put the pieces back together
Tryin' to drunk one another
Case thrown out, storm da courtroom, uniforms and
three piece suits
From bail putting up houses and loot, he walkin'
I heard him talking to his partner
Hawkins about his way of livin'
Faces of death
He's runnin' with this older kid from around Mount Olive
and Silverstone
Deh stack mad gats in da ceilin' at his baby mom's
home
These narc's are watchin' us
Undercovers on the rooftop
Prepared and bullet proofed up
Jurassic blowin' cruisers up fatal
They got us trapped under this negative force
Some try to find a way out but no doubt some make it
out
Some learnin' from their own mistakes
So take this negative and turn it into positive
Whether you what to listen is your prerogative.

Chorus

Take a look through my eyes and you'll see what I see
ENVY
Take a look through my eyes and you'll see what I see
JEALOUSY
Take a look through my eyes and you'll see what I see
LUST
Take a look through my eyes and you'll see what I see
HATE

Verse 2

Kick off da top lock and run in dat
Get to the point
Don't let him get the upper hand he's gamblin' with
pare man
Told this kid thought he was quick, he drew but shot
last
Blood on my mask
This other youth was tryin' to run for da door
And picked up one in his back and collapsed
Matter of fact my main concern was for somebody grab
dis
I used my sleeve to wipe the money off the table flood
it all in one bag
Deh takin' rings to bracelets and found coke inside da
bin
Bit now deh takin too long, deh inside and laverishin'
Come on it's time we make a move so let's bounce
from this apartment
Fly down the staircase
But now deh tarin' down the place wisely
Don't want a bate up situation therefore
So when we get to the west we sharin' out mines what's
yours is yours
Beast boys come out at late night so don't speed
Ah yo a cruiser cuts us off to try ta make his way to the
crime scene.

Chorus

Verse 3

Now in closin' you done know he should never brag for
real
Come on you know that
Remember who can hear they must feel
But word out on the streets is that you robbin' mad
peep's
And now it's getting bad to worse because it's getting
too far
From front page to stolen cars narcs deh know who you
are
We gotta meet him then tie him up and drive him real
far
Then we separate his body chop it up for the cause
Dem outlaws, breakin' in and out of gun store
Only you can understand spottin' shells on the floor
Ay yo it's far from a threat, faces of death, there's
nothin' left!
It's far from a threat faces of death there's nothin' left.

Chorus x 2

Outro

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