

## **Jimmy Cliff**

### **"Look What You Did to Me"**

Visit "[Look What You Did to Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Z-Ro]

They tell me put the dope down, and it won't hurt no more

But the only thing I really seem to understand, is murda mo'

They tell me keep my trigga finger easy, I'll open up your body

Too many casualties around here, dead bodies around here

And I can't get caught up, preacher can you save me, save me

They said it was gonna get greater later

But now I can't help to think that it ain't

But a nigga was fed up with this life, thinking about running over to play

Cross my wrist, every last drop till I faint

Taken out there, pulling smith for the thangs that I never did

Coming up as a a young kid

Trying to get rid of all the animosity towards me

That was shown by the other kids, what do I do

And why do everybody wanna see a nigga fall

Mama and daddy can't be found

So when I'm stressed out, who the fuck can I call

All alone in my zone, with no friends

So I chose to make friends with drugs

Cause everyday, everybody around me

Trying to clown me, so I got afraid and I got buzzed

Out of frustration came aggravation

Depression coming down in my mind

Kept a nigga confused and straight crying

Dying, from sweet sticks in line

Threw off in my my mind

Trying to wonder why do Jesus let this keep happening

To a nigga that's steady being on his knees

And I'm begging you please, have mercy on me

Find a nigga a better way, right about now I'm to the point

Somebody better take this infrared away

Cause if it go too long, and I got a piece of chrome

And I want to you to come and look and see  
The monster that you've created, look at what you did  
to me

[Z-Ro]

They tell me how the liquor ain't good for me  
But it drowns out the vision of my casket  
It's either my life or your life, that's right  
I'm gon let you haaave it  
Everyday haters, can't understand  
The way I move my hands in ways, not known to man  
Cause I can't get caught up  
Preacher can you save me, save me

Could it be the invisible, individual nigga  
That got to get more bigger  
But big got a hand on one hitter, quarter I got bigger  
Motherfucking bombs mo' skits with a trigga  
Shoots gun missiles, dropping a bomb  
Chucking hand grenades, C4's explode  
When I be sleeping on the same bench, for nine days  
Living off of hot water and cheerios  
Here it goes, my click back gotta roll  
Nigga mom was thinking throwed  
A 24 fists apposed to those  
They acting like nothing but bitches and hoes  
Suppose, all a nigga wanted was the good life  
Live in upper class, laying back on my ass  
With a maid and a butler  
Sipping on a ice cold glass  
God damn it, I'ma do it but I had to start in the deuce  
To em, nine plus one that's ten  
Better think, many murders would of been avoided  
I just wanted a friend, feel me  
But they can't kill me, cause I don't give a fuck  
If I bust with a gun, cause I don't give a damn no mo'  
You ain't dealing with the same motherfucker from  
three years ago  
When a nigga fight fair, knocking a patch out your hair  
But it quickly, from a damn breaking, a nigga going  
crazy  
Look at what civilization done made me  
This is my era of terror, I am the man with the gun  
That admitted never to miss, would of ever miss  
When it be busting, a lot of you gonna be rushing  
Cause a nigga war like this  
Innocent child with a smile with a dream of advanced  
To the top, but I got a gun in your mouth  
You want to respect me now, should of  
Respected a nigga when you had a chance  
Haters, been making me into a punk trying to figure me

weak  
Better get ready, fore' them put zip-locs  
And a whole of cops, and a whole lot of blood stained  
Sheets, drunk a lot of beers, shed a bunch of tears  
When I reminisce on them years, when I see little boys  
and girls  
Living the life that I wanted to live  
Since I really couldn't live with it  
It's gonna be hard for the other motherfuckers to try  
Cause they dying, hey mama  
I want my Tunker toys right now  
Don't make me cry, I don't wanna have to kill again  
I kill em out, till the world is empty  
Look at the the album cover  
That's what you did to me

(\*talking\*)  
If I done told you once  
I done told you a thousand times  
It's plain to see that you can't change me  
Nigga cause I'ma forever be a nigga for life  
A thug nigga, a Guerilla Maab nigga  
A Killa Klan nigga, a Mo City nigga  
Mo City mean mo killers, mo blood spillers  
Mo burglars, mo murderers  
Mo kick door burglars, mo niggas  
That'll slap a patch out your motherfucking ass  
For real, count on it, respect it  
Trust it and believe it, we ain't no  
Fake ass niggas we real, packing loaded steel  
Ready to bust at will, we don't love you  
Look at what you did to me

Visit [Jimmy Cliff](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.