

## Cidadão Quem

### "Look at What I See"

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(A.L.T.)

Domino, now we're in the mix  
I know that you holdin' 3-5 and a double 6  
I got yo' money fool now what you gonna do  
You're actin' like them fools on the other side do  
But all that heebity-heebity shit is old  
We got 15 platinum to your one pussy ass gold  
[Hold up, wait a minute A.L.T. put some motherfuckin'  
curse once in]  
Now I'm back on the streets after five and the deuce  
And everybody's tryin' say there's a gang truce but  
fuck that  
I gotta put away the one that put me in to the pen  
The one who made the stone from a ?green?  
No more old school fights I got you in my sights  
My blast is gonna light up the night  
If you're gonna talk the talk, walk the walk  
'Cause your body fits perfect in the outline chalk

{Chorus} (Diane Gordon & A.L.T.)

Look at what I see... Look into my eyes..  
Take a look at life to the eyes of the criminal

(Frost)

Take a look into my eyes can you see what I see  
A day in the life of a G  
Cuffed up, ruffed up and kick when I'm down  
Some say I play the tears of the clown  
West Coast down to the bone  
I made it on my own with my motherfuckin' rhymes and  
my chrome  
Money in the bank and the pound of dank  
A flight out of Kennedy I think that's the remedy  
Just like the ??? and the fools is wack  
Tryin' to rap on the West Coast gangsta track  
But that ain't happenin' and they ain't platinum  
Reach back like a pimp n' I'm slappin' 'em  
Now should I take my .45 and demand mine  
Since I'm the hittin' bomb call me dilemma  
Straight up parlay I'm West Coastin'  
Never leave the pad without my .9 in my holster

{Chorus} 2x

(Frost)

19 motherfuckin' 95

Ballin' through the hood with my 'Lac in drive

Ragtop rag hittin' side to side

But Frost got ?? for the bails tonight

Just last week I was ?stalling?

Pickin' up money smilin' as I was in Terminal Island

I just made parole so it's time to stroll

Pick up my man A.L.T. and we're roll

(A.L.T.)

Ayo, Frost pass the keys to the trunk

So I can get the shells and the Mausberg pump

So I can go wild like I don't give a fuck

So I can make the pump 12 gauge go buck \*shot\*

Take a look in life to the eyes of the criminal

There's no picket-fences and life ain't sample

I'm livin' day today homie check it

I can take your life in the L.A. second

{Chorus} 4x

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