

People In Planes

"Crooked Angles"

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Is it looking Good? Looking right
You can't see me
Chorus
My perspective is a bird's eye view
Meaning you ain't looking at me when I'm looking at
you
Crooked angles logged all up in my book
Of logistics tales in the places we done took it
Like this shit
Niggaz will do this to get attention
Flashing and flossing, fronting like they rich with
No intellectual enrichment
They pull up to the light thinking it's all right
And get their wigs split
By the local town jacker
Act the fool smack the fool with the back of the tool
Doing dirt not caring who he hurt not
Even unaware the gunshots came tearing through his
shirt
From one of the many people that he robbed before
At the same intersection
Now with his chest blown into sections
He realizes the wrong of his ways as a victim of one
that he victimized who
Didn't know the boys in blue
Was alerted of the murder when they heard the noize
Plus seen the sparks when they rushed to the scene
The hero was still there so his ass got caught
Chorus
And my perspective is a bird's eye view
Meaning you ain't looking at me when I'm looking at
you
Crooked angles logged all up in my book
Of logistics tales in the places we done took it
Like sideways
Peddle to the medal on the highway
Trying to escape the bird of the ghetto
I can't settle for federal indictment
You think I'm head over heels
For fake thrills

Pseudo excitement?
Never gave me a bit of enlightenment
But I must be liberated to keep my life like lit
So I stay smarter than the average bear
Without a boo-boo, a fuck or a care
Just aware
Of what's around
Whenever my feet touch the ground
I'm mentally

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