

## Sheryl Clapton

### "Looking Over a City"

Visit "[Looking Over a City](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Is there anyone close.. by.. who can listen to this?  
And who can see it.. plain as day  
Look how it FALLS down  
Falls down upon everybody!  
This is it

[Lateef]

Looking, over a city, that's gritty, and rather pretty  
A pity, it's hard to find, but inequity, cover  
every itty bitty square diamond of jiggy  
They givin' ??, up to woodsy  
manipulatin they minds in the alleyways  
These dizzy and shitty rats, the sizes of kitty-kats  
They cross paths when traffic subsides; somewhere  
some brothers is overstandin on a hot black rooftop  
Freestylin for they GOT damn lives, the spirit, it gets  
live  
and answers the question why God blessed the Earth  
But, buildings block out the sky, and the children  
are oversexualized, media-wise, brutalized by parents  
at the tender age of five, in front of they siblings wide-  
eyed  
Nah not surprised, just the real scene regularly  
Up in between the lies, try to put it together GET  
they pieces of the pie, hope they clever and tough  
Make it better before they die, plant the next seeds  
somewhere in the South Bronx, or Patterson ??  
The baddest with sharp chomp, to splatter when  
mouths-off  
Retali' and swear he could damage em Dunn  
but that will shatter his Mom's faith  
in the art that she burns, herbs and candles of perm'  
It's hard to call it see cause times change and the  
world turn  
Some end up slangin dope, some end up strung out  
on coke and sherm, some party every night for the rest  
of they life  
and some learn, go corporate all professional rhetoric  
with sensational glory, let me tell you all one day  
that it is it ain't boring, and so hard to ignore it  
Cause any day in this fork, that they callin New York

Based on nothin but currents, you can find yourself a  
failure  
or a success story  
On the subway, at three in the mornin, huh  
Or on the corner, or up on a rooftop yawnin  
Meditatin upon it, lookin over a city that's gritty  
and rather pretty, a pity  
It's hard to find but inequity covers every itty bitty  
square diamond, the engine, of America, inchin  
toward hysteria, pimpin, every fate

[E1-P]

My friends are the faces you sit on, lickin a profit  
popsic'  
where food is just a necessity between sitcom watchin  
Soak up quick image instead of black marks on  
papyrus  
fabric logic, where true to dirt perps go incogninant  
Think of Soup Nazi, empatzi project hard copy  
Books will suffer Farenheits, quality of life flesh sliced  
Omega daylight quota, pop luck lottery info  
GigaPet rapist, internet pedophile disco  
Sensationalist function of truth, dirty ass fetish  
Glass bubble lo-cal profile, the year's fiscal  
Workin family, Social Jowe, boot camp  
Rehab group home kid, idolized cartoon missile  
Mostly, lonely, plant life  
Cement arena scream when you don't listen closely  
Switchblade amaze young gun Brooklyn blood  
transplant  
immature Menendez fashion  
Crystal Method lover, buy the bottle, jungle captive  
where MC's got little cocks on teeth with fillings out like  
magnets  
Caught up in the dragnet, tri-felon  
Shoula packed a plastic handheld lead shark repellent  
I sense the tension building, since canvas killing  
K-9's roam trained our district  
Culture murder politic sadistic  
Policy ?? backtrack, caught up in a tune from rockin fat  
cap  
I told him it was art but just got laughed at  
Burner liquid concoction on hot celsius  
and kelpachlorics for the fatal facial, spray deface you  
Sooner than never, most lawless progress together  
Fuck the bullshit, I react to acid flux product definitive  
junk  
brain rape train bottle burners or books, FUCK THAT!

[Lyrics Born]

Imagine this, Angeles, or San Francisco

And everybody sandwiched in, can't stop here and  
ambulences  
don't nobody ass-kiss, ain't practical bein passive  
in the city you ask so much ass and mo' asses  
It's a batch of latin girl, actin rappin off the spanish  
english quest, can't understand, as the languages  
clash  
And every ad is vandalism, the trash gets aneurysms  
It's delegates and panelists all representin they  
nationalism  
and the battle inches on, every section seperated  
by eth-nic features decorated veterans deliverin  
les-sons to the younger people stoops that double as  
bleachers  
And I'm part, of an elite fleet, of MC's, and  
Truthspeakers  
I import, concrete beats, that just speak, when my  
moods flavor  
My peers I beg forgiveness, I just don't buy twelve  
inches  
Too many independents, they share the same  
resemblance  
Too hard to make decisions, I built up a resistance  
like I'm fightin off a sickness plus they just don't hold  
my interest  
but, missionin out, to the indigineous birthplace  
The first day, I inched below the sur-face  
and found, inspiration, in surplus, in my, in-terpretation  
of disturbed crazy world, of love, dope shit, attemptin  
contemplation on  
Uniquely woven and continously flowin intricately sewn  
into  
the fabric of the nation New York City keep on mowin  
em down baby!

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