

## Felice Brothers

### "What You See"

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[Hook]

(What you see), is the ice and the cars  
(Is what you get), a black man with stars  
(What you see), is the fortune and the fame  
(Is what you get), another struggle in the game  
(What you see), is the house and the chrome  
(Is what you get), paparazzi round your home  
(What you see), O.G. E.S.G.  
(Is what you get), nothing but the truth for me

[E.S.G.]

And I don't care who you is, this song pertains to you  
Especially if you went through, some of the thangs I  
Went through  
In and out of jail, posession with intent to sell  
Trying to make it out the ghetto, sometimes orders hell  
Now inhale exhale, hydro spell  
My cousin Terell in the cell, with all the rest of the  
Black males  
Might as well let the kids, stay with grandma tonight  
Cause his daddy in the FED's, and his mama on the  
pipe  
Plus this rap life ain't right, it's snakes under the  
Table  
Believe what I'm saying, that's why I left the mo'  
Labels  
It's the same game, a new coach a new team  
But this year I'm the only playa, know what I mean

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

I remember being told, everything glitter ain't gold  
Some of these rappers scream platinum, can't show  
with  
They soul  
Old Rocky ghetto role, President ain't caring  
See you think we got it bad, better ask Hank Aaron  
Went from riding in back of the bus, to owning them  
Hoes  
Throwing DVD's in em, balling out of control

See a set of 24's, don't make me better than you  
But a fresh paint job, make me wetter than you  
Now I remember being broke, without a god damn  
quarter

No more Kool-Aid in the fridge, better drink some  
sugar

Water

No gangstas in the hood, living good moving bricks  
No milk the baby sick, the mama too lazy to go to wick  
Use to stand in long lines, for government cheese  
I'm paying taxes, giving back my government cheese  
Government please, what kinda laws are these  
You get more time for chilling rocks, than you do for  
Ten ki's

Take five G's, then about ten beaks

Fifteen cats promote, twenty thousand the first week  
1985, that's when crack came out

That was the last time my daddy, came back in the  
house

They told me go to church, and confess my sins  
Hard to do it, when the preacher fucking all my friends  
Ain't no need to pretend, everything bout me real  
E.S.G. signing off, Big Sin how you feel now

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

You think we had it bad in the past, wait for the  
Future

In the wrong neighborhood, the police might shoot ya  
Got college athletes, who break they back in the game  
While the coaches get rich, ain't that a god damn  
shame

Now these high school hoopers, skip college for money  
Since it ain't baseball, they try to call you damn  
Dummie

But what would you do, if you never had a dime  
And you stood 6'9", better sign on that line  
This one here, for all my G's that's on the grind  
Who won't sell out, and keep that damn money on they  
Mind

From my skull to my spine, I'm a hundred percent a G  
E.S.G.'s who I be, what you get is what you see now

[Hook]

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