

LL Cool J F/ The Lost Boyz

"Look Through My Eyes"

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Take time to listen, I'll explain how it goes
Living high gangster life, I'm the one now knows
And rolls with cholos, bald-headed fools
SCLA if you slip you lose
Don't slip like a trick, puto pack your shit
Incuse any bitch enemigas wanna trip
If they snap, fuck that, gotta bust a cap
It's been like this, it's gotta stay like that
We got gang bang skill, no one to kill
Don't act like a punk bitch, gotta stay real
Make em feel our heat, then their blood ske
Mi clicka malitos, ese 21 Street
We defeat who were compete in this catagory
Of taking motherfuckers out for territory
South Central is all I see
Represent the Sur, simon 213

[Chorus]

Look through my eyes, what do I see
Los Angeles the big SC
You wanna try, so come and trip
Then you can see how life ain't shit

Living high life, with a gangster twist
Enemies on my mind, so I made a list
The putos we gotta get that ain't about shit
No jammers ese, just straps that spit
So hit a lick, we begin, that's the way it's been
At least in the mind of this Mexican
Who can and will make your caps peel
As long as this motherfucker could carry his steel
Packing, strapping, full auto clips
For whoever slips, we'll get up in their mix
They're wise, despise they run like bitches
Petho y petho, they're punk ass snitches
See we handle who we must not the ones who trust
Always creeping in the hood with plans to bust
And dust me, a few so they could know who
Can do, premeditated murder fool

[Chorus x2]

Gang bang for my hood
Put in work to do some good
Gente ask me why, faci cuz I could
On the block it don't stop, it never will
All I see pinche locos on the kill, staying real
Yeah, same old shit just different day
Plotting on the next puto's head has gotta lay
Don't regret to check, ese fuck respect
All I know my pinche homies are down for their shit
Whenever, whatever, more motherfuckers the better
Making all you pinche culos buying love and memory
sweaters
Yeah might catch the blues fucking with some trues
I keep it on the Brownside represent the Sur
Yeah strap on hip, never fucking slip
One pinche bandiero will dip if you trip
Shit, tu saves, son otoclaves
On os de medramos en las pinche calles

[Chorus]

The Brownside, to you is what we bring
Mexican bandiero, this is where I come in
See it's been a firme ride to this point here
But the shit I say gotta sound real clear
This here's for my homies who couldn't see this day
Risky, Woody, Looney, and Pazascans I say
Respect when it's due for the ones who stay true
Cuz sooner or later we'll be there with them too
And for my homies upstate, ese I feel your hate
Cuz you just can't wait for your fucking release date
Simon something I feel, not in it for the thrill
Me and mi pinche ranfla always gotta keep it real
So dos-uno-tres settle for nothing less
All I know is you know, ese fuck the rest
That's right you heard it, they give you life you serve it
Talk away in court for a fucking guilty verdict

[Chorus x2]

Hell yeah, this here for the homies that ain't with us no
more
For the ones locked up, and all the pinche bandieros on
the street
Yeah, look through my eyes what do I see
Yeah, look through my eyes what do I see
Haha

