

# Tell Me What You See

Guerilla Maab

[Chorus]

Tell me what you see, when you look at me  
A G that's me, I don't know why  
I live my life, like I don't care, I don't care

[Z-Ro]

Nothing but good intentions, when I started out as a kid  
Living my life but when it happened, I couldn't understand what mama did  
Leave me, it wasn't easy, it was hard  
Everybody was looking unhappy, but I was looking for God  
Receiving beatings on a daily basis, for C's and D's  
If it wasn't the honor roll, my father wasn't fucking with me  
Herm Clark to South Park, to Ridgemont 4  
That's where the devil developed, the Christian killa called 'Ro  
An adduction to dro and drank, heavy on the sherm  
And you don't wanna get fronted by Joseph, cause his turns burn  
Nigga fuck you pay me, but it's been slow round here 'Ro  
Nigga fuck you pay me, before you become part of the flo'  
And I ain't playing no games, cause ain't nobody ever played with me  
Trusted nobody, even my people that done stayed with me  
Out to get me, that's how I feel about y'all  
Just give me my ten, or you fin to see what my steel about dog  
Five fingers on my right, and that's how many niggas I trust  
Eugene, Jordan, Mexican D and D.P., D-Los sipping purple stuff  
A drug addict, that's how I'm feeling right now  
Another numb nigga, cause I ain't got no feelings right now  
Don't give a fuck about nothing, it's like I'm living to die  
I let a woman through in my mind, now I'm unable to cry  
Your feelings is your feelings, but my feelings is gone  
Cause when a nigga needed your feelings, your feelings wasn't shown  
Now I smoke weed rolling around, aimlessly  
Take pride in whooping niggas, beat they ass shamelessly  
Dorothy Marie send me a sign, are you proud of your boy  
Ain't got no mansion or no Bentley, just a crib and a car  
I wish I had a million dollas, but I got me some cash  
I might not be from River Oaks, but I still got me some class  
And when I say I'm dying I'm dying, you ain't gotta try to do me  
I guess dentist was nervous, and tried to help somebody sue me  
Who that thug nigga, moving units state to state  
I-10 connected with weight, but now replaced by tapes  
And C.D.'s, I'm S.U.C till I D-I-E  
Affilliated with C-R-I-P's, and B-L double O-D's  
I'm not a gangsta, I just lean like that  
Able to unload, and flee the murder scene like that  
Call me what you wanna, call me crazy baby  
But you ain't been paying no bills, where I lay my head lately baby  
Don't know nothing about me, just know that I be rapping  
Just know that you see me, everytime another murder happen  
My grand finale, that's when I lay me down to sleep  
Until then I rest, and so I creep  
To and fro, seeking who I may devour  
I ain't a devil, but a God in search of his power  
So when you look at me, tell me what you think about  
Crackers killing they self, over shit I smoke and drink about

[Chorus - 2x]

Tiskeno z pismicky-akordy.cz

Sponsor: [www.srovnac.cz](http://www.srovnac.cz) - vyberte si pojištění online!