Looking To The Sky

C-block

{Chorus:Goldie}
I'm looking to the sky, looking to the sky (I'm looking to the sky) {x4}
{Red Dogg}
CBK sliding with th gangsta lead. I'm jonzin for the mic so call me Rap friend.
I'm clean like a new coupe, sitting on chrome so either drop bomb Rap on.
So take your punk ass back home. 'cause shady Rap's like a raggady car.
It ain't up to par you can't ride too far. Now R.E.D is droppin real as can be.
And I'm only loving God & my block family.
{Mr.P}
I'm coming off in the 9' series. So sucka's wanna hear me the layed back track's.
One time so they can fear me C.B.K. On the tone of another level I'm digging.
Deep in the dirt so I bring my shavel. Cause I'm setting then up as I kick my stuff.
Buffed up lyric's on the top of the charts. They make me bust not enough funky stuff. In the cut I want my piece, make them slide to the east. As the pain decease.
{Bridge:Goldie}
My pain is steady running through my brain, while the evils of this world keep callin out my name. Now I'm down on my knees, as a tear drops my eye. For the homie's who ain't livin, as I look to the sky.

{Chorus}
{Red Dogg}
I'm C-Blockin chin checkin. Fake nucka wreckin cus Reds on top.
So picture me in that direction, rollin. Foldin G's now my pockets, swollen.
If the sun catch you creepin, on my back door, I'm holdin.
I'm handlin my bid-ness did my time now I'm in this Rap game, like a burnin flame.
Won't stop til I win this, you can call me lucky. Dem bitches tried to buck me.
Livin life on a wire, till the power struck me.
{Mr.P}
Break it down, now as I funk shot up. Mr.P strivin hard to make you shake your rump. Bust the mode, we check down low, we give control.
The Hip Hop the Hop Hip's the Hit's & the soul, Yo! So check out the flavor.
That I gotta release, check the heat. From the beats that come of the street.
Now you know that we come from a distance. Now we locked & now we coped.
And now we twisted.
{Bridge}/{Chorus}
{Bridge}/{Chorus}

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