Look Around

38 Acres

Beat nuts, Dead Prez
What I wanna say
Every time I look around, I see
So much drama goin' down
Every time I look around, I see
So much fakeness goin' down
Why I'ma be stingy when I could share?
Why I'ma be hateful if I could care?
Why would I hate my own?
Or forsake my own?
Why would I fuck around and get a jake on my chrome?
I wouldn't have to stick you if we all could eat
It wouldn't be no need for beef
Dyin' over streets we don't even own anyway
You could get bucked off any day we behind enemy lines
Y'all still writin' Hennessey rhymes while I'm tryna find a good price
For a nine feel like my life on the line
That's why a nigga be hype all the time
Ready for the revolution at the drop a dime
I got a duty to have security for my niggas
My duty to serve the beautiful black sistas
A duty to stand wit' anybody that's wit' us
And fully criticize all bullshittas
There should be awards presented to niggas who fight back
Like Panther jackets, or sistas who light gats
I'm a full blooded warrior, ready for change
Recognize any soldier that's doin' the same
Because I love who I am and that means everything to me
My life ain't worth a damn unless I'm dealin' with reality
When I look myself in the eyes, it's just me
And I don't have to tell nobody no lies, I feel free
And I would rather deal with the truth and falsehood
Than bein' fake with my people and claimin' it's all good
You can't run away from ya self, so that's useless
If your word is bond, then you don't have to make excuses
Every time I look around, I see asap

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