

WutuwanKno

Masta Ace

Yea, M A L O

Take a look at my eyes

Take a look at my eyes, and tell me what you see

When you look at me, wutuwanKno now I'ma speak to the fans now the ask the questions

So there's no room for errors, no chance for guessing

That's the reason why on this track I choose to rap

It's to make sure that none of yall consufe the facts

'Cause no I never moved to Cali

I just had a bitch in Compton and a few in the valley

And "Born 2 Roll" never went gold or so I'm told

I never did find out how much the shit sold

And no I ain't saw at Marley

Though I rarely ever see him and I call him harley

And no I never lived in the bridge

But Craig and Shante, did as kids

Straight from the ville had to catch the train

No I never picked a pocket or snatched a chain

I was way too deep in the music

God gave me a gift, I decided to keep it and use it

And no I wasn't dissing Ghost

Before you try to spread beef, you should listen close

I gotta watch what I'm yelling fella

'Cause some fans dumb like Hellen Keller

No, label ain't off the ground

But we bound to get yall niggaz open off the sound

No, we ain't got an office yet

But we got big plans like an architect

Take a look

Take a look at my eyes, and tell me what you see

When you look at me, wutuwanKno now

Take a look at my life, and tell me what you see

When you look at me, wutuwanKno now

Take a look at my eyes, and tell me what you see

When you look at me, wutuwanKno now

Take a look at my life, and tell me what you see

When you look at me, please I got to go now I see the look of concern and fake, it's your turn to wait

I play the judge, and the jury and the journallete

See, that tend to happen when you learn hate

Edo left out good, but returned great

And now I'm about to face the city

Plus I got a case with Diddy

For jacking my classic
I got to have it beat that's so greedy, I'm so witty
And yall niggaz is so pretty
Outside of Boston, people ask me about Benzino
Are we cool, do we got beef, or is we peoples
We could debate on that, but I guess yall got to wait on that
Now hate on that nigga, and stop stirring up beef
You turning up grief, when you doubt your beliefs
Stay out of grown folk business
We young entrepreneurs that own our own business
I answer questions like a witness
And chop your crew down, with no forgiveness
Take a look in his eyes
he's an angel on the outside. but a crook in disguise
Now take a look
Look here, I got to go, be fair, I got a show
You here, you kind of slow, oh yeah, you got to know
Well, I do got a lot to tell
And a book 'bout my life got a shot to sell
Yea, them raps 'bout them rise, I was one of the first
But them fats niggaz high like a gun in a purse
Yea I made you put them chromey things on your cars
And yea, I used to hang with some porno stars
Strip clubs on the weekly basis
I used to, see these faces in some freaky places
But all that's behind me, it's not the same
When you reach a certain age, life is not a game
I was in the fast lane, I was out for speed
But now I got more than one mouth to feed
Yea, it used to be all about a hump and the rub
But I ain't tryin' to be that old nigga up in the club

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