

Defari, Look Into My Eyes

(Defari)

Yeah, this ain't no funny style rap (no way)
with the lights and neon
This that real shit with Mighty Mi, and my nigga Mr. Eon
And they came all the way to L.A. for this one
Eastern Conference All-Stars boy
Yeah, ha-ha, so check it out...

(Verse 1)

I cherish good word in the scripture
Just like the frozen moments in every picture
No less than a hundred percent, that's what I give-ta
And on any quest to be the best in my center
Scar in a regime that lasted for many years
Wash 'em down like Crown and beers, cheers
Here's a toast to a new westcoast brigadere
They hate from a distance but then smile when they near
Really in fear - I wanna make this landmark with my trademark
Beam my shinin light on all those who stay dark
In the mind, searchin, seekin you'll find
what's been right, in front of your face all the time
For example; I grew up in a city of scandal
I knew that nothin was iller than the drum and piano
The commando, bada la sio de la Los Angel
With Xzibit I told you that my +Business+ I gotta +Handle+
So I gamble, I rap for my mighty old camel
With a touch of elequence like a mahogany panel
Wood grain, every line I feed the brain food
Pick or choose the degree'll abuse, while the noose'll loose

(Hook - 2X)

So when you look into my eyes, you won't see no funny guy
Just a serious side, that can't no money buy
When you look into my eyes and you see my physi-cal
You'll see maximum dedication to the men-tal

(Verse 2)

So when you look into my eyes, you won't see mini-mal
Some brothers is righteous, some crimi-nal, what is it now?
Do we all stand up the same?
Do we all fare equal in this life of game?
I don't think so, the color of the skin makes one unequal
And what is now was once then, divided people
No justice, when a cop prejudices
How many cops dump glocks when a man just budges?
The budgets, are bigger with devils than in the ghettos
Senior citizens blowin their checks at the Meadows
On the three horse, a pint of Jack
Skip a three-course meal, and wash away the pain he feel
Imagine going to war for a country, and when ya get back
you can't work (what?) for none of they companies
They try to chump me, loan sharks are feedin me money
I'm so hungry, the American Dream, it ain't that lovely

(Hook: 2X)

{*scratched sample*} 2X

"Look.. into my eyes and..."
"...all you see..." <--- Mr. Eon

(Verse 3)

Cuz if I could, I'd give ten meals to every hood
Make sure the children eat well and live good
Make sure the mothers and the fathers got figures

So they don't have to smoke away the pain or drink the liquor
I'm a brand new nigga in this matrix game
And incase you didn't know, revolution mean change
So I'ma change what I can for the grown man
Tell the world I feed my family with my own hands
Let 'em know oh fo' sho' that nigga Herut pro
Fuckin up ya brain, like the whitest of blow
On the go, I gotta reach all my goals
And word to M.O.P. like +Ice+ I'm straight +Cold+ nigga

(Hook: 2X)