

Lookin Down On 'em

2 Pistols

Yeahhh

Young boss of the city nigga
BMU, Deck, C-bo, J-Flame, Young Ski

I got the Chevy sittin right
Rims shinin bright (Bitch I'm-Bitch I'm super fly)
When I pull up to that light
I'm lookin down on 'em (Eyyy eyyy)
I'm lookin down on 'em (Wet-wet paint drippin)
Off the side
Every time I ride
I be ridin through the city, choppin like I'm Micheal Myers
I'm lookin down on 'em (Eyyy eyyy)
I'm lookin down on 'em (Eyyy eyyy)

I just lit a blunt of 'dro
Where da bottle? I don't know
I just flow to buddy suckers and my nickname UFO
I got a super-duper flow
Arms shootin for the sky
Steady chokin on that killa
I just murdered Micheal Myers
Ridin past the city lights
I maneuver through the night
Movin colors, I got green and I got purp (M.U. got white)
BMU bitch, get it right
You got nothin, but you da pain
All attention for you lames
I got money on my brain
Flashin in lanes
Sit so high bitch, they compare me to a crane
Dump so wet, got off and jumpin out the paint
Come ride with me dawg, you better buy a skuba tank
The chrome is so strong
The paint is on all shine
If it creep through them clouds, them niggas gon' be blind
All I need is UV rays to put them hoes in a daze
Flippin different flavors, bitch can just calls me Lay's
C-bo dawg, aye!

I pull up to the light, you know I'm ridin old school
The main four's lookin down, nigga where ya ruler? (So high)
Twenty-eight inch deep-dish (Yes)
Orange candy paint, baby call it Sunkist (Young boss)
Who me? I'm just that nigga
She wanna ride with the boss cause my rims is bigger (Oh yeah)
If I don't look down, I won't even see you niggas (Where they at?)
I don't even see you niggas
I'm with a bad bitch fornicating
With her two friends, and they participating
Yeah that's just the life I live
Young boss of the city baby, it is what it is

Jizzy!

I'm gettin money so, that's the word man
I was fly with the white like Birdman (brdrdrdrdr)
Aye Khaled, I'm so hood (Hood)

I shoulda been on "I'm So Hood"
Wiggle in the shop, I grip the Oak wood
Twenty-six inches on I-O, what's good?
I'm the man, understand?
Death before dishonor, that's the plan

I'm so fly bitch, I think I grow feathers
My cliques mob out, call us the "Blues Brothers"
I'm sittin real high, them haters might stare
I Freddy Crougar'd the whip, to give 'em nightmares
Pull up in somethin fly, oh that was light-year
I spit a little game, cover your wife's ears
I'm lookin down on her, call my whip papsmear
Then they come out of this world, like William Shat-neer