

# 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