

Look

Boyz N Da Hood

Look, Look, Look, Look (2x)

You can catch me in the middle of Atlanta nigga (Look)
In the cracks and the crevices of the ghetto nigga (look)
Gone rep you is gonna catch you on a stretcher nigga (look)
Gotta 9 like a 45 special nigga (look)
Still chillin with my hoe heard a bitch holla (look)
It's a nigga with a chrome double barrell so I (look)
Coming at me wanna kill me I can tell how the way he (look)
But I already had my thing cocked before I (look)
See I had the same face of the nigga and i (look)
like a nigga keep your throat to a fine hoe thing thats a reefa
One slip then my 9 went bang Got rough on anybody who wanna test my game
Can't you see we some killas gorillas gonna bang
Got some niggas still livin how i rocks they fade
Got a whole click of killas ridin chevys on blaze
And a trap to the moon, one heat one game

Boyz N Da Hood dressed up in (look)
Black tees, black hats, with the black tims (look)
We aint talkin to you niggas shit we aint gotta (look)
But I put it on them dubs your hoe gonna (look)

Well what up for yah, it's your boy Breeze again
Breezin in with one of yall Breeze again
And i know Jesus seein me sin so why not blow dro, why not sip seez and gin
Reason bein since birth man things have seemed
A little different, I'm still pimpin deep with in
But now that I'm grown it's on so i'm a go on and spit it
And if I wanted your hoe I could have her gone in minutes
I pull up in the chevy lookin real slick and vicious
With a bottle of hennisey and a blunt of that sticky
Hops out with the forces the same color of the fitted
Instead of callin me daddy these hoes callin me diddy
I got a bundle of bitches with a lot of ass and titties
Nigga young and old, freak nasty with it
Gold teeth gonna shine, sho nuff
And you can turn your head but your broad gonna look

Hoppin out of candy coated chevy bitch (look)
Whole team ballin harder than a roucus trick (look)
Sucka tryin to get live, got his gut split (look)
Got some type of piece tucked in my briefs slick (look)
Thats why we rollin deep with a barreta taker (look)
A dime piece with me all you better do is (look)
Get your head open wide like a pocket book (look)
You know you shook you aint gotta hide your face bitch (look)
Yeah its mister click clacker yeah i jack the jackers
Cover more than greyhound every hustlin backwards
Stay in the pocket gettin sticked but im breakin them tackles
Disrespect shift you brain left to right like a tackle
I've been gettin it for years and real niggas know that
Back when Dominique, Brooklyn jersey rockin the throw back
Take it from me, I'm a hunt your ass down like a lojack
Catch your ass while you sleep, blow your ass like a dro sack

Step up in the club with just a swing in my chain

It's deez boyz snow man is the name
Posted up poppin cris like you do them beers
Got bread stacks I aint seen in a couple of years
When i ball I see a gansta they dont look they stare
Symbols in my ears 6 figures a pair
And I'm straight from the hood that's where i come from
Still spend a hundred grand a year on white air ones

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