

Look at Me

E-40

BEYOTCH!

Whas happenin, whas happenin?
You got to love this yere nigguh
My boys, my Hot Boys
Juve and ??
Bout to lace this game nigga
Do it the way we do it with E-4-0 Charlie Hustle

Look, I went from rags to riches, stank hoes to bad bitches
Stealin niggaz cars to TV's in Expeditions
Thuggin is how I play it everyday all day
I keep it all the way real I can't see it no other way
I represent mines, Hot Boys
Slip up my whole click rides, get shot boy
That's how it go; we straight do or die - we checkmate holdin niggaz
Then come where yo' momma lay down and kick in the do' nigga
(Juvenile! Juvenile! Juvenile!)

Let's get this shit cracklin
My probation officer's gonna know what happened
Stay out the way I'm H-O-T and bout that action
Hooded up with dem slugs and face-maskin, camouflage fashion
I'm all about that luxury (luxury) - I'm also bout
puttin 50 in yo' head boy if you thinkin bout fuckin me
I'ma be here fo' a minute (what else?) you gotta respect it (uh-huh)
There's a lot of niggaz out here gettin killed to accept it

BEYOTCH!

Freezer burn platinum on my pinkie (LOOK AT ME)
Squattin twenty inch Twinkies (LOOK AT ME)
I'm like that! It's like that! WHAT?
I'm like that! It's like that! (LOOK AT ME)

Charlie Hustle on it in the fast lane, drivin slow
with a case of tall cans and some broccoli and a bad-ass hoe
Squattin four times ga-uh gold Zenith wides and vogues
Bout snuffin down, right next to me, is the call from the frogs
Uhh - sound system on bloo-blam-blam
Puffin on the doobie almost grubbed, dang it burnt in my lap
Smokin trees with the window up (windows up)
Traffic backed up, middle finger up
I don't associate or surround myself with C.I.'s
Confidential Informants snitches affidavits stool pigeons
Marks simple Simon sucker sap simps I be kickin it real tough
with the, P.I.'s, hustlers, tycoons
Gangsters killers that might not even look like
with trophies up under they shelf, sky ballers, all kind of Benzes
Player type individuals, thugged out times a thousand
Those nigguh-ish niggaroles lieutenants bosses, gazillionaires
New millenium wars high rollers real as hoodlums thugs
House parties strip joints gamblin shacks and hole in the wall clubs

BEYOTCH!

Man, it's like neighborhood shit with a gangster bitch

So get yo' paper straight nigga and go and buy some shit
TV's inside when I ride bitch
And I'ma hide these hoes behind limo tints
Fulfill my dreams I'm a rich bitch
And when I hit yo' hood I'ma blind a bitch
Shine, tape sellin got me buyin shit
Dyin? Gon' be here past ninety-nine, slick
Rewind, these hoes back to time slick
So nigga slap that bitch, bat that batch
Kick her in the ass and tell that hoe Hot Boy in this bitch
So nigga fuck that bitch, tell her suck yo' dick

Now, now

Here come the youngest, Wayne, you can call me Weezy
Flyin up the interstate in a Lamborghini
Police right behind me, I'm drivin too fast
I pull over on the grass, they want my autograph
I flipped off ki's, I get my G's
I spit my 3's if you twist my cheese
I'm duckin white sheets and I avoid the Feds
If you think that you can stop us - boi go ahead

BEYOTCH!

E-Feezy and the HB's in this motherfucker man (the Hot Boys)
Juvenile (Bosco) you heard about me
The B.G. (uh-huh) the number one stun'na (uh-huh, uh-huh)
Baby Thirty-Two Gold ya heard me?
The Bay Area, and the U-P-T (uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh)
We connected nigga, you gotta respect it
It's off the heezy
Uhh, uhh (what, BEYOTCH!)