

Got'm Lookin'

Lil Wyte

Yea it's your boy Lil Wyte. I ain't never gave a fuck, you know me.

Boy got no license warrants probation, all kinds of shit, tags expired fuck em.

They ain't gonna get me, I'ma keep doing my thang.

Got work in my sock, glock on the seat, we ain't playin with em

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You have to catch me pimp. Come on catch me!

Ridin' dirty got this weed in my sock

on the seat a plastic glock, ah shit I see the cops (yep!)

They lookin' they lookin' the candy got'em lookin oooh!

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I'm binning through the Bay, and I'm white as a ghost

Candy Chevy brown rag lookin' like some French toast

Got knock in the back, big rims and limo tint

It don't matter 'cause the po-pos they know who's up in it

It's me W-Y-T-E flickin' down your block

Got some weed in my sock and on my seat a plastic glock

And it's cocked ready to go, ready to blow in the battle field

If the bullet don't put you down, the beating from the handle will

I'm riding dirty like Chamillitary and they're hating

Police sitting on the next block and they're waiting

For me to try leave the hood and jump right back on the slab

If it was up to the cop for this lil cracker they would have to grab

Now I'm riding down I-40 doing 85

Snatching four lanes trying to make the interstate mine

I was just in the Bay where the police are hot as hell

On my way to my side of town, fuck it might as well

Jump off the slab and get a box of grape swishers,

A two by four, a buzz tatorlow and chicken livers

I left the Chevy crunk and the alarm on

Jumped back in pedal to the medal straight to Shelby Farms

Beating with my Xanax man, dealing with the man in advance

Trying not to be served attention in this stranded land

But they lookin', they lookin' the candy got'em lookin' oooh

I'm pushing and booking and cooking like some Cajun food bitch.