

Look At Me

E-40

Beyotch
Whas happenin', whas happenin'?
You got to love this yere niggah
My boys, my Hot Boys, Juve and [unverified]
'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, I'm also 'bout
(Luxury)
Puttin' 50 in yo' head, boy, if you thinkin' 'bout fuckin' me
I'ma be here fo' a minute, you gotta respect it
(What else?)
There's a lot of niggaz out here gettin' killed to accept it
Beyotch, E-40 and Hot Boys, E-40 and Hot Boys
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, gold Zenith wides and vogues
'Bout snuffin' down, right next to me is the call from the frogs
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 millennium wars high rollers real as hoodlums thugs
House parties strip joints gamblin' shacks and hole in the wall clubs
Beyotch, E-40 and Hot Boys, E-40 and Hot Boys
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
E-40 and Hot Boys, E-40 and Hot Boys, beyotch
E-Feezy and the HB's in this motherfucker, man
(The Hot Boys)
Juvenile, you heard about me
(Bosco)
The B.G., the number one stun'na
Baby, Thirty-Two Gold, ya heard me?
The Bay Area and the U P T
We connected, nigga, you gotta respect it
It's off the heezy, what? Beyotch

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