

# What'chu Lookin' At

## Uncle Kracker

What'chu lookin' at?  
747 come 11 to bust  
Somebody take me home, I wanna live in lust  
When trust is low and stakes are high  
That's all I ever did in Denver was die So put em' up, put em' up to the sky  
And wave goodbye to Miss American Pie  
'Cuz you been tellin' lies, you took it all and abused it  
Whatever happened to the feel good music?  
Somewhere, somehow, some way, somebody pulled the plug  
And left me sittin' in a dirty little pub I gotta tell you, baby, life's been good to me  
And I know that makes you mad  
'Cuz that's something you can't see  
I got everything I ever wanted and I'll never give that back Oh, I know you hate that fact  
But you ain't gotta look at me like that  
I said, you ain't gotta look at me like that  
(What'chu lookin' at, what'chu lookin' at?)  
What'chu lookin' at, what'chu lookin' at, what'chu lookin' at?) You run around pullin' stunts like that  
See, never in my life could I front like that  
I ain't cut like that, I couldn't run like that  
I'm a keep it non fiction and take my hat Uhh, remember, back when things looked grim  
I spent a lot of time and money on whims  
I remember the crew, remember the good times  
Remember the orange and I remember the sunshine It's all gone, that's a thing of the past  
The fact remains that it moves real fast  
So why you sit around hopin' things might change  
I'll be sittin' pretty singin', hey, Pockey Way I gotta tell you, baby, life's been good to me  
And I know that makes you mad  
'Cuz that's something you can't see  
I got everything I ever wanted and I'll never give that back Oh, I know you hate that fact  
But you ain't gotta look at me like that  
I said, you ain't gotta look at me like that  
(What'chu lookin' at, what'chu lookin' at?)  
What'chu lookin' at, what'chu lookin' at, what'chu lookin' at?) You'll hear me comin', hummin' songs of  
redemption  
Huh, I've been oppressed for less than attention  
I got your extension but I'll probably never call  
'Cuz this time last year you ain't seen me in your crystal ball And I'm appalled by the things you've done  
Left a trail of wrongs and can't account for one  
Now you're done and I'm glad but it's a shame you'd waste it

You want this so bad, you can taste it  
Detroit, love, can you feel that?  
That's stick and move, can you feel that?  
I'm on the rack for the two triple zero  
Full failure, all American hero  
I gotta tell you, baby, life's been good to me  
And I know that makes you mad  
'Cuz that's something you can't see  
I got everything I ever wanted and I'll never give that back  
Oh, I know you hate that fact  
But you ain't gotta look at me like that  
I said, you ain't gotta look at me like that  
(What'chu lookin' at, what'chu lookin' at?  
What'chu lookin' at, what'chu lookin' at, what'chu lookin' at?)

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