

Whatchu Lookin' At (Radio Mix)

YoungBloodZ

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Whatchu lookin' at? Nigga whatchu lookin' at?
Whatchu lookin' at? Bitch whatchu lookin' at?
Bitch whatchu lookin' at? Nigga whatchu lookin' at?
Now whatchu lookin' at? Now whatchu lookin' at?
Now whatchu lookin' at? Nigga whatchu lookin' at?
Bitch whatchu lookin, at? Bitch whatchu lookin' at?
Bitch whatchu lookin' at? Nigga whatchu lookin' at? I ride woozie with some mother fuckin' wood
Still hangin' and slangin' yea for beat at my hood
Ay go get to it talkin' big boy shit
Mean muggin' like a mother fucker my head on my dick
Bitch I can shake with your help nigga we buck ass wild
We get crunk I got the truth I bought that Destinys Child I slide to the ride bitch where a nigga don't dance
What I look like out there jukin' with this gat in my pants
I put this thing to your back make you throw out your hands
My bull is shit ali a nigga spill some hen on your pants
I'm unruly seem like I don't give a damn
Because I don't mother fucker you understand, understand I'm bout foolish I'm what I mother fucking said
I put a peep hole in your head I'm about my mother fuckin' thread
It's your truly I still roll with the squad
Ain't talkin' your points outta thing feelin' your bars
They want to do me but heck I'm already on it
I ain't gotta hit the car I got it already own it Nigga you ain't they say this song is to cold
The same thing you heard before your mug got hit with a bottle
I gets to it I'm always smokin' on purple
Posted up gettin' money with my nigga from the circle
Homeboy believe it I keep some sacks on my hand
I'm posted up with my gat in my pants motherfucker I ain't playin' Whatchu lookin' at? Nigga step the fuck back
We on the post you're in our space don't step so close
They know I'm ownin' the game 'cause I stay grippin' the grain
I'm ridin' dirty on probation but I'll scrap with no things So whatchu lookin' at? Nigga whatchu lookin' at?
So whatchu lookin' at? Nigga whatchu lookin' at?
So whatchu lookin' at? Nigga step the fuck back
So whatchu lookin' at? Nigga step the fuck back It's something new for them let's clean up off his plate
Let's make a move on them no time to hesitate
So ride the groove on them ain't no more time to wait
Ain't no more room for them ain't nothing to debate
Just let them fight for it something they never heard
We keep it fight for them precise with every word I'm screamin' at it nigga just watch where I swerve

We runnin' havoc nigga bangin' on every curve
We hit it raw on them real make callin' off air
We makin' blood on the niggas don't want to take it there
ATL runnin' things you goobers stack your chains
Moe back off in this thing jump off put in the game We are known for being sold in a click foolish as mine
Cigarillo bustin' choppin' hoes down the line
Hatin' if you like us still the sun gone shine
Add a coupe the feature your request goes rewind
Like play action we stay ahead of the game
Runnin' through your whole league and still a catch the grain 'Cause this that real shit that make you act a fool
Where you straighten out that nigga and tell that bitch be cool
It's J-Bo shit nigga you already know
We shake them off and keep on rollin' it begin to show
And sip good nigga I wish you would
I'm slidin' with about 50 niggas straight up dead out the hood, okay Whatchu lookin' at? Nigga step the fuck
back
We on the post you're in our space don't step so close
They know I'm ownin' the game 'cause I stay grippin' the grain
I'm ridin' dirty on probation but I'll scrap with no things So whatchu lookin' at? Nigga whatchu lookin' at?
So whatchu lookin' at? Nigga whatchu lookin' at?
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So whatchu lookin' at? Nigga step the fuck back

Songwriters

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