# Looking Good

## Z-ro

[Talking:]
Dum-dum, da-da-da-da-dum, dum-dum
Dum-dum dum-dum, da-da-da-da-dum, dum-dum
On the latest roll with my boy Z-Ro here
Z-Ro you ready ha, Rock yeah you dropping that hot shit
You really dropping that hot shit ha, Z-Ro let me
Hear what you gonna sing for this one, come on

[Z-Ro:]
Three liter big red, got diluted nines fed
Able to make a bitch, wanna suck my naked head
I get fly when I wanna, graduated from corners
I know it tingle, cause your pussy marinated my sauna
If you capping I ain't tripping, cause I really don't need you
Prolly say your pussy gon be beat up, and having a seizure
Overseas vacation, Prime Co. communication
And radio stations, got us in regular rotation
Cause the guns unloaded, lot of heads got exploded
Destined to be the throwdest, if I'm properly promoted
Sewed it up like a sweater, financial back or go-getter
Then through your vest chest, with the talons in my baretta
Stay one step ahead of, my competition they better
Fly down from overseas sign down, and get to chumping for cheddar
26 letters than Ro, if you ain't know now you know
From Ridgemont 4 to Akapoko, I'm gripping grain in my flame

[Hook:]
Sunday morning pulling out my bitch, I'm looking good
Nothing but diamonds around neck and around my wrist, I'm looking good
Doubles breasted tailor made, I'm 'Sacci'd down to the flo'
And it don't matter, if you step on my wing tipped shoe
Cause I'm a just go buy me some mo', (what it is what it is)

[Papa Reu:]
Rolly on me wrist, Sansun me wrist band
20 inch rims, on me suspension
Foreign replay, and not forge my stun-a
Dressed everyday, in the latest fashion look
Boys the enemy, best respect the man

Listen to me, know it's rule number one
No buster ain't right, we told the game plan
You do, you better and change the wrist band
The way me flow, my retaliation
So listen to me boy understand, understand
It's a bezeled out wrist, and that I wear everyday
On the right hand-a, the Presidential Rolly
And it's crossed off, like a ton of ice on the tray
And the price start-a, my choice to lose security
If you don't believe me, ask your old lady
I know she saw it, from 'Poko miles away

[Hook]

[Z-Ro:]
Pull up to my bump, as I let it recline
13's easy five screens, it ain't no fucking with mine
They think I'm fucking with nine, but I multiplied it by fo'
It took some time, but I decided to throw my bitch on the 4's
The bubble-eyed Mazaratti, on a mission to meet Scotty
With bullets for your body, cause I'm living like Gotti
Pistol grip and a beam, plus a murdering team
Cash rule everything me, that there ain't nothing but cream
Jumping in and out of line, moving slow as I wanna
Smoking reefer bending corners, on 20 inch Yokohama
Cause these niggaz be hating me, when I be crawling down
So I'm like Paul Bugsy with a infrared, cause these niggaz be falling down
Steady yelling out timber, from the first dance January down to the last dance
December better remember, put a big shell casing up in you
Make you weak like SWV, when I shine and grind like E.S.G
But I gotta get love like the Big Steve, throwed in the game like that P-A-T

[Hook]

[Talking:]
Alright, ha-ha
You know so we keeping it real, yeah
Southside, Southside ha
How you mean, Papa Reu, my boy Z-Ro
You know Rock with another hit
Ha-ha, you know he here with another hit
Ha-ha yeah, yeah-yeah

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