

Lookin' at You

Warren G

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When I step up in the place your chance is gone
That bitch you was glancin' on
If she leaves with me, no chance that her pants is on
No bra no panties on
Make me suck the same thang that my hand be on
Red bone big bitch with a sandy tone
We gone, South Beach in the Miami zone
Damn she wrong, bad little candy cone
One head nod from me she out the door
One head job from her she out the door
Don't trip pronto out the door
Back to the beach, back yo, the line O
All bullshit aside she's a cold piece
The type to might go search the whole beach
The type to might go out and bring back something wild
Screamin' Sexy walking with that attitude, you lookin' at me, I'm lookin' at you
Although I know I'm with my man I just can't help but check for you
Lookin' at me, I'm lookin' at you
Sneaky ways but I ain't mad at you, lookin' at me, I'm lookin' at you
Just imagine how this could go, I want you so
And if you give me a chance, boy you know it's gonna get real
I take mine from small waist line, face to the dime
Waste no time grind on the stick take mine with a lick
You still be singing that Sunshine shit
It's your world girl come collide with the dick
Some hot tone champagne Heather Hunter
Dominant some moan shit, home alone on some groan shit
King Kong make you moan with this
And still wasn't it all, in the club bathroom stall
Backseat take your clothes off
And still fuck your broad, and all it take is one phone call
Show up, and I'm beating up all walls
No joke, she broke all laws, handcuff a nigga lost balls
There we roll, creep
I got a spot where we could go and roll, creep
Whether you can kick it holla let me know, she creeps
I'll keep it on the low, ooh, creep, creep, creep, creep
Sexy walking with a street attitude

Love to get between the streets and cheat on your dude
Besides, got me in the mood
After the club we can choose how Stella got her groove
I ain't tryin' to live rude, meet at my room number 213
Private slumber party, with your name on the VIP
That's how we get cranked SIP really and get drunkSexy walking with that attitude, you lookin' at me, I'm
lookin' at you
Although I know I'm with my man I just can't help but check for you
Lookin' at me, I'm lookin' at youSneaky ways but I ain't mad at you, lookin' at me, I'm lookin' at you
Just imagine how this could go, I wasn't you so
And if you give me a chance, boy you know it's gonna get real

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