

Lookin' At Us (Featuring Cee-Lo)(Amended Version)

Black Rob

Yo, yo

Nobody knew where he came from or got his name from

All we know is he killed Keith with the same gun

He used on Terrell, Tone from outta jail

Now he, we livin' and makin a lotta mil

Watch that cat, send thugs to stop that cat

But niggas like him always got the gat Gotta take 'em off, gotta play them all real soon

Call them hoes, we hit in Cancoon, get them a room

At the Radison over Madison

I'm imaginin' somewhere down the line

I'm a have to use my gat again I'm alright with stayin' up all night

And puffin' dark chocolate trees 'til the dark turns light

That nigga seen us, you actin' like there's no beef between us

Act like, he ain't got cream swayin'

The dope fiends around the co'na

You [unverified] he got me on'na

Whole 'notha level, money grippa's a gonna Aiiyyo, I seen how them niggas be lookin' at us

Actin' like they wanna do som'thin' to us

Cee-Lo, Black Rob just can't be touched

I'll negotiate the matter, in gats he trust

In the club one night, war spittin' at us

In the corner sippin' drinks on some real hush hush

Yeah, I seen how them niggas be lookin' at us

Aiiyyo, I seen how them niggas be lookin' at us Made them hoes approach duke on some, "How ya doin' shit"

Small talk made 'em walk out, thinkin' with his silence

(Sho' man)

Just like I thought, he about to get caught

They goin' all out in the backseat suckin' 'em off

Cee-Lo, stay close dogg, we ain't tryin to lose 'em

(Alright) Only thing on my dome is what I'm gon' do to 'em

He killed Keith, I knew that playa since he was small

When he used to ball and mess with Polly down the hall

Now he ghost, and this crab niggas to blame

Gotta [unverified] with his name, I'm a put in his brain But slow down, he's pullin' over, park right behind that

Nova

If duke wake up, put 36 in his Rover, cut the motor

He tryin' to draw attention to us

This ain't the time, baby boy, this is about to blow up

Syncronize ya Rol' up, we got one minute to rock it

Murder's a hard job, but somebodies gotta stop it
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Aiiyo, I seen how them niggas be lookin' at us
Just off the plane on a New York vacation 'ang

Come on, let's get gone, nigga it?'s on a gang

Swervin? in the rain and workin? the woodgrain

We did about two [unverified]

Now feel the pain
And if its affectin? you, it involves me in it

And it?'s all great 'cause I get on a niggas ass in a minute

We've established innocence, this Benz ain't rigged

Its easy, accelerate and make those twenties rotate

Even the corner cowboy [unverified] hennesy straight
Satisfaction, in the midst of all the interaction

I sense tension here

And some nigga over there's givin? us his undivided attention

Aiiyo Rob, yo, is that this nigga

(Who?)

Is that this nigga that been 'round here fuckin' with choo?

Want you want me to do?

Who you want me to run over, and run through?
With my gun drew, and unleash my wrath upon you

We can battle, but nigga, but pay for the bad news is true

This nigga done did somethin? that he can't undo

And anybody who came here with him deserves one too

Is it true fuckin? up my good clothes on you, scandalous hoes
I suppose these bullet holes make ya widow

Keep the casket closed

How you kids gonna get gay back to you, that's how it goes

Cee-Lo, Black Rob, Goodie Mob, Bad Boy, down south

Up top it gon' stop
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Songwriters

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