Look

Erick Sermon

Look, look, look, look
Look, look, look, look
You can catch me in the middle of Atlanta, nigga, look
In the cracks and the crevices of the ghetto nigga look
Gone rep you is gonna catch you on a stretcher, nigga, look
Gotta 9 like a 45 special, nigga, look
Still chillin' with my hoe heard a bitch holla, look
It's a nigga with a chrome double barrel, so I look
Coming at me wanna kill me I can tell how the way he look
But I already had my thing cocked before I look
See I had the same face of the nigga and I look
Like a nigga keep your throat to a fine hoe thing that's a reefa
One slip then my 9 went bang got rough
On anybody who wanna test my game
Can't you see we some killas gorillas gonna bang
Got some niggas still livin' how I rocks they fade
Got a whole click of killas ridin' Chevy's on blaze
And a trap to the moon, one heat one game
Boyz N Da Hood dressed up in, look
Black tees, black hats with the black tims, look
We ain't talkin' to you niggas, shit we ain't gotta look
But I put it on them dubs your hoe gonna look
Hey, Boyz N Da Hood dressed up in, look
Black tees, black hats with the black tims, look
We ain't talkin' to you niggas, shit we ain't gotta look
But I put it on them dubs your hoe gonna look
Well, what up for yah? It's your boy breeze again
Breezin' in with one of y'all breeze again
And I know Jesus seein' me sin so
Why not blow dro, why not sip seez and gin?
Reason bein' since birth man things have seemed
A little different, I'm still pimpin' deep with in
But now that I'm grown it's on so I'm a go on and spit it
And if I wanted your hoe I could have her gone in minutes
I pull up in the Chevy lookin' real slick and vicious
With a bottle of Hennisey and a blunt of that sticky
Hops out with the forces the same color of the fitted
Instead of callin' me daddy' these hoes callin' me diddy
I got a bundle of bitches with a lot of ass and titties

Nigga young and old, freak nasty with it
Gold teeth gonna shine, sho nuff
And you can turn your head but your broad gonna look
Boyz N Da Hood dressed up in, look
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But I put it on them dubs your hoe gonna look
Hoppin' out of candy coated Chevy bitch, look
Whole team ballin' harder than a roucus trick, look
Sucka tryin' to get live, got his gut split, look
Got some type of piece tucked in my briefs slick, look
That's why we rollin' deep with a barreta taker, look
A dime piece with me, all you better do is look
Get your head open wide like a pocket book, look
You know, you shook you ain't gotta hide your face bitch, look
Yeah, it's mister click clacker bitch, I jack the jackers
Cover more than Greyhound every hustlin' backwards
Stay in the pocket gettin' sticked but I'm breakin' them tackles
Disrespect shift you brain left to right like a tackle
I've been gettin' it for years and real niggas know that
Back when Dominique, Brooklyn, Jersey rockin' the throw back
Take it from me, I'm a hunt your ass down like a Lojack
Catch your ass while you sleep, blow your ass like a dro sack
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We ain't talkin' to you niggas, shit we ain't gotta look
But I put it on them dubs your hoe gonna look
Step up in the club with just a swing in my chain
It's deez boyz snow man is the name
Posted up poppin' Cris like you do them beers
Got bread stacks, I ain't seen in a couple of years
When I ball I see a gansta they don't look they stare
Symbols in my ears 6 figures a pair
And I'm straight from the hood that's where I come from
Still spend a hundred grand a year on white air ones
Boyz N Da Hood dressed up in, look
Black tees, black hats with the black tims, look

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