

Lookin' At Us (Featuring Cee-Lo)

Black Rob

[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 'fucked my man', he got me on ya

Whole 'notha level, money grippa's a gonna [Chorus]

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

Actin like they want to 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

Aiyyo, I seen how them niggas be lookin' at us [Black Rob]

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 ?fuck him? 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 [Chours] [Cee-Lo]

Just off the plane on a New York vacation 'ang

Come on, lets get gone, nigga its on a gang

Swervin in the rain, and workin the woodgrain

We did about two ?????next lane?Now feel the pain
And if its affectin you it involves me in it
And its all great 'cause I get on a niggas ass in a minute
We've established innocence, this Benz ain't riggedIts easy, accelerate and make those twenties rotate
Even the corner cowboy ??? hennesy straight
Satisfaction, in the midst of all the interaction
I sense tension, hereand 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 undoAnd 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 goesCee-Lo, Black Rob, Goodie Mob, Bad Boy, down
south
Up top it gon' stop[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

Angelettie, Deric Micheal / Ross, Robert / Axlerod, David / Burton, Thomas / Myrick, Nashiem Sa-

AllahPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>