

## Look at Me

E-40

BEYOTCH!

Whas happenin, whas happenin?  
You got to love this yere niggah  
My boys, my Hot Boys  
Juve and ??  
Bout to lace this game nigga  
Do it the way we do it with E-4-0 Charlie Hustle

Look, I went from rags to riches, stank hoes to bad bitches  
Stealin niggaz cars to TV's in Expeditions  
Thuggin is how I play it everyday all day  
I keep it all the way real I can't see it no other way  
I represent mines, Hot Boys  
Slip up my whole click rides, get shot boy  
That's how it go; we straight do or die - we checkmate holdin niggaz  
Then come where yo' momma lay down and kick in the do' nigga  
(Juvenile! Juvenile! Juvenile!)

Let's get this shit cracklin  
My probation officer's gonna know what happened  
Stay out the way I'm H-O-T and bout that action  
Hooded up with dem slugs and face-maskin, camouflage fashion  
I'm all about that luxury (luxury) - I'm also bout  
puttin 50 in yo' head boy if you thinkin bout fuckin me  
I'ma be here fo' a minute (what else?) you gotta respect it (uh-huh)  
There's a lot of niggaz out here gettin killed to accept it

BEYOTCH!

Freezer burn platinum on my pinkie (LOOK AT ME)  
Squattin twenty inch Twinkies (LOOK AT ME)  
I'm like that! It's like that! WHAT?  
I'm like that! It's like that! (LOOK AT ME)

Charlie Hustle on it in the fast lane, drivin slow  
with a case of tall cans and some broccoli and a bad-ass hoe  
Squattin four times ga-uh gold Zenith wides and vogues  
Bout snuffin down, right next to me, is the call from the frogs  
Uhh - sound system on bloo-blam-blam  
Puffin on the doobie almost grubbed, dang it burnt in my lap  
Smokin trees with the window up (windows up)  
Traffic backed up, middle finger up  
I don't associate or surround myself with C.I.'s  
Confidential Informants snitches affidavits stool pigeons  
Marks simple Simon sucker sap simps I be kickin it real tough  
with the, P.I.'s, hustlers, tycoons  
Gangsters killers that might not even look like  
with trophies up under they shelf, sky ballers, all kind of Benzes  
Player type individuals, thugged out times a thousand  
Those niggah-ish niggardoles lieutenants bosses, gazillionaires  
New millenium wars high rollers real as hoodlums thugs  
House parties strip joints gamblin shacks and hole in the wall clubs

BEYOTCH!

Man, it's like neighborhood shit with a gangster bitch

So get yo' paper straight nigga and go and buy some shit  
TV's inside when I ride bitch  
And I'ma hide these hoes behind limo tints  
Fulfill my dreams I'm a rich bitch  
And when I hit yo' hood I'ma blind a bitch  
Shine, tape sellin got me buyin shit  
Dyin? Gon' be here past ninety-nine, slick  
Rewind, these hoes back to time slick  
So nigga slap that bitch, bat that batch  
Kick her in the ass and tell that hoe Hot Boy in this bitch  
So nigga fuck that bitch, tell her suck yo' dick

Now, now  
Here come the youngest, Wayne, you can call me Weezy  
Flyin up the interstate in a Lamborghini  
Police right behind me, I'm drivin too fast  
I pull over on the grass, they want my autograph  
I flipped off ki's, I get my G's  
I spit my 3's if you twist my cheese  
I'm duckin white sheets and I avoid the Feds  
If you think that you can stop us - boi go auhead

BEYOTCH!

E-Feezy and the HB's in this motherfucker man (the Hot Boys)  
Juvenile (Bosco) you heard about me  
The B.G. (uh-huh) the number one stun'na (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
Baby Thirty-Two Gold ya heard me?  
The Bay Area, and the U-P-T (uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh)  
We connected nigga, you gotta respect it  
It's off the heezy  
Uhh, uhh (what, BEYOTCH!)