

Uhh... that's a good look for you

(That's a good look for me!) I'm on another level  
Rose gold Roley with the yellow diamond bezel mayne  
(That's a good look for you!) Are you referrin  
to the ESV Escalade with the chrome spinnin shoes?  
(That's a good look for me!) Look at the way I'm movin  
I'm flippin hella units, nigga this is mob music  
(That's a good look for you!) Got up out the game  
Still spittin major slang, holla at'cho potnah mayne!

Uhh, see the crib, see the car, see the fast life  
See the pigs, see the medallion on my chest right  
This ain't theatrical pimpin mayne this is real life  
I spit the scriptures with vision mayne real pimpish like  
You like to slap this in yo' truck cause it's real right  
Hit 'em hard, never bend like a steel pipe  
Blow them P's to smithereens when I strike the light  
Shockin all exp-luh-explosive on the mic (explosive on the mic)  
What a MIT mean, merkin off that bay-oh-bee-6  
Off 7 cups, drinkin Incredible Hulks  
You can tell by the lingo and the way that a player walk  
There's somethin about him it's the way that that player talks  
Whoa - watch the game unfold it's so cold (it's so cold)  
Colder than a six-pack of soda with froze flows (with froze flows)  
Bright idea with the wrong gang with lowest goals  
is like tryin to get on yo' feet with no toes

That's a good look for me! Born and brought up on the turf  
Played the game for what it's worth 'til they take me in a hearse  
I'm tryin to eat! I'm a turf hog  
Vet in the game I had, music on the shelf  
For at least a high 16, me and my car and my cabinet  
And everybody on my team stackin green  
Now that's a good look for us! Gotta know who to trust  
In game we trust, keep it on the low mayne  
Live one rule no names discussed  
Real hogs makin noise in the game is us  
And it's not a good look for you to hate on us  
I got a clique, that got a few thangs that click  
I'm tryin to make this presidential greenish flip  
Cause it's a good look for me to stack my chips  
And I'm chillin, I'm tryin to feed all my chil'ren  
So I can get both of my lil' niggaz at least a million

Back woods!

Tobacco paper and turtle and Canadian herbal  
Me and my people and my weeples gathered up in a circle  
Jokin and laughin and smilin, all in the parking lot whylin  
(That's a good look for me!) Flowmaster pipes  
Look at the stripes on the hood, look at the wood on my dash  
Look how I punch on the gas, look at the way that I'm mashin  
and dashin dippin and glidin slippin and slidin  
Bouncin and skatin and figure-eightin and drivin  
And all out the window campaignin drinkin and sidin  
(That's a good look for you!) All the ladies like me  
They Dig-Dug me, they love me, they kiss and hug me

Suckers be hatin and plottin, schemin to mug me  
Wishin and hopin and dreamin that they can fuck with me  
(That's not a good look for y'all!) Not at all mayne  
1300th block, Hillside magazine!

[Chorus - 2X]