

## **Rob Black**

### **"Lookin At Us"**

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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 Im'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'na

Whole 'notha level, money grippa's a gonna'

Chorus [Black Rob & Cee-Lo]

Aiyyo, 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

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, Im'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

Synchronize 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 rigged

Its easy, accelerate and make those twenties rotate

Even the corner cowboy ??? 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

Aiyyo 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, thats how it  
goes

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

Up top it gon' stop

Chorus x2

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