

## Warren Barfield

### "Lookin At You"

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(feat. Toi)

[Verse 1:]

[Warren G:]

When I step up in the place your chance is gone  
That bitch you was glancin on  
If she leaves with me, no chance that her pants is on  
No bra no panties on  
Make me suck the same thang that my hand be on  
Redbone big bitch with a sandy tone  
We gone, South Beach in the Miami zone  
Damn she wrong, bad little candy cone  
One head nod from me she out the door  
One head job from her she out the door  
Back to the beach, back yo, the line o  
All bullshit aside she's a cold piece  
The type to might go search the whole beach  
The type to might go out and bring back somethin wild  
Screamin, fuck me fuck me fuck me!!!

[Chorus:]

[Toi:]

Sexy walkin with that attitude, you lookin at me, I'm  
lookin at you  
Although I know I wan't you I just can't help but check  
for you  
Lookin at me, I'm lookin at you  
Sneaky ways but I ain't mad at you, lookin at me, lookin  
at you  
Just imagine how this could go, I wan't you so  
And if you give me a chance, boy you know it's gonna  
get real  
Uh huh, yeah huh

[Verse 2:]

[Warren G:]

I take mine from all waist line, face to the dime, waste  
no time  
Grind on the dicktake mine with a lick  
You still be singin that Sunshine shit  
It's your world girl come collide with the dick

Some hot tone champagne Heather Hunter dominant  
some moan shit  
Home alone on some groan shit  
King Kong make you moan with this  
And still wan't it all, in the club bathroom stall  
Backseat take your clothes off  
And still fuck your broad, and all it take is one phone  
call  
Show up, and I'm beatin up all walls  
No joke, she broke all laws, handcuff a nigga lost balls

[Bridge:]

[Toi:]

There we roll (Creep)  
I got a spot where we could go and roll (Creep)  
Whether you can kick it holla let me know (She creep)  
I'll keep it on the low, ooh oh oh (Creep creep creep  
creep)

[Verse 3:]

[Warren G:]

Sexy walkin with a street attitude  
Love to get between the streets and cheat on your  
dude  
Besides, these drugs, got me in the mood  
After the club we can choose how Stella got her groove  
I ain't tryin to live rude, meet at my room number 2-1-3  
Private slumber party, with your name on the V-I-P  
That's how we get crunked sip realy and get drunk

[Chorus:]

[Toi:]

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lookin at you  
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