

## Sam Sarpong

### "If Looks Could Kill"

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Artist: BEYONCÄ% KNOWLES, MOS DEF AND SAM SARPONG

Album: MTV's Hip Hopera: Carmen Soundtrack

Title: If Looks Could Kill (You Would Be Dead)

(BeyoncÄ© (Mos Def and Sam Sarpong:):)

Sweetness flowing like a faucet

Body banging, no corset

Brothers wanna toss it

But they loss 'cause my game

Made them forfeit

Slicker than porpoise

And thicker than a horse's

Carmen Brown got the

Whole town speechless

I stick to my thesis

Eyes stick to my features

Brothers try to hold

But their game never reaches

And most of these cats are

Like the middle of peaches

I see you looking there

But what you lookin' at

You in a bar and

Wanna twist me like a bottle cap

(I'mma try to holla miss to

See if you gon holla back)

Your game is whack

I know you will not

Get your quarter back

See this is Carmen

Curves like a culdasack

Skin, coffee and cream

Your doughnut

You ain't dunking that

(But this is Miller

Lieutenant if you wondering)

(And I'm the Dag

Mel Gibson, Danny Gloverin')

But I'm not hearing you

You might as well be mumblin'

See I have dreams and with  
A man what would become of them  
There's not a kid out here  
That can make me believe  
I should postpone my goals  
He's got tricks up his sleeves  
Whole bar full of cuffs and  
You ain't lockin' me down  
(I got a warrant for your heart  
And the bed for the trial)  
(Get a pardon if you come  
With the sergeant now)  
Give me a chair, I don't care  
I'm not feelin' your style

(Ay yo I'm tryna get with you shorty)  
But I'm not feeling you  
(But I'm an officer shorty)  
My looks are killing you  
(Murder one to  
Get you under the covers)  
Game taller, man slaughter  
I ain't feeling you brothers  
(Ay yo I'm tryna get with you shorty)  
But I'm not feeling you  
(But I'm an officer shorty)  
My looks are killing you  
(Murder one to  
Get you under the covers)  
Game taller, man slaughter  
I ain't feeling you brothers

Eyes like the ocean  
(Ma I got some lotion)  
(I'll hold your thighs  
Raise them high and  
Daddy long stroke 'em)  
Hair like forever  
(Sweat I could do it better)  
(Take the gun out my holster  
I still pack the Beretta)  
Brothers sweat Carmen  
Like Patrick Ewing  
But that kid  
(Don't waste your time  
He's just a sergeant)  
(Passing out tickets for parking)  
(Chickenheads clucking)  
Pitiful bulls barking  
See this is Carmen  
Voice sweet as Marvin

I turn out lights with  
The switch when I walk in  
Girls steady jealous  
'Cause their man always hawking  
Even got Lou  
Looking at me like stalking  
And I got a mind too  
I wouldn't bless you if  
You're first name was A'choo  
On Sunday singing gospel  
(You ain't a dime  
Just a nickel actin' hostile)  
I'm headed for the big time  
And bouncin' on this side show

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