

Diana Ross & The Supremes

"Tell Me What You're Lookin' For"

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Chorus: X2

Tell me what you're lookin' for, what you want?
Look inside my trunk you can find what you want

[Kane]

1008 grams in the trunk, that's a Kilo for you punks
Kane and Abel in this bitch, gettin' rich as Trump
Blowin' skunk on the I-10 to New Orleans from Houston
Almost home, hit Gotti on the cell phone
Get some B12, get out some pots
When I get there we gonna cook and chop these rocks
It's a never ending game, and my hustle don't stop
It's a devastating pain when I use my glock

[Abel]

Chrome duce dutton and a chrome 600
High as the fuck, but we can still get blunted
TRU niggaz don't talk, ya yap, ya get punished
A hundred G's cash in the stash (all hundreds)
Nigga bout to wreck shop
Post it up, on the high block, rocks and my polo socks
Just a young nigga hustle out the trunk for dough
Got the chip, flip phones by the corner store

Chorus X2

[Gotti]

I got the properest product
From the weed to the board to the pluck
Some chip phones to 6 shot chromes, so whats up?
Step in the cut
Don't let them feds no what's happenin' with us
Because they love to bust a nigga nuts
And have me hard to wear some handcuffs
So I keepin' my eyes open and my mouth shut
I only fuck with my gambino's
Cause everything that I do is illegal
From racketeering to casinos to choppin' weight
With my nigga Fino, me, Hound, and Kane and Abel
On a highway, cell phones on hopin' the feds ain't
listenin' on three way

They tap our frequency
So we got to watch what we say, from New Orleans to
L.A
We got money to make, Gotti, I play for high stakes
No mistakes involved, cause it could cause us to fall
Snitch nigga, catchin' slugs, ain't no love from us thug
Told me guns, or blood
So nigga what?
Keep that shit on the hush

[Full Blooded]

And step to the breeze way
Niggaz with me to take it easy
I won't, but I can't face death when you squeeze me
Put the automatic glock, up inside the clutched fist of a
mask man
Ski mask man, yeah man, doin' bad man, cash man
I'm hound out, play my hood, hit blasa
Pass the herb, hit the curb, and I, leave 'em tied up in
knots
First night murder, that's how we do it, thats how we
did it
Who did it?
You know your boy, ? that run with No Limit
It was in some, white camaro, fuckin' window was
tinted
They had noise in it, they had P boys in it, they had toys
in it
Full Blooded
Niggaz gonna respect that there
I'm a No Limit soldier
I can't neglect that there
Give 'em camoflague on my duty
Hand me the keys to the dooley
Give me a bullet proof, 2 PK's, when these niggaz
wanna do me
About this here, head bustin', throat cuttin'
Finger funk type shit, give a fuck nigga, smoke
somethin'

Chorus till fade

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