

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

"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 it's on a gang
Swervin in the rain, and workin the woodgrain
We did about two ? ? ? ? next lane?
Now feel the pain
And if it's affectin you it involves me in it
And it's 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, that's how it
goes

Cee-lo, black rob, goodie mob, bad boy, down south
Up top it gon' stop

Chorus x2

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