

## Eight Fingers Down "Witcha' Lookin"

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F/ Ludacris

[Eightball]

Yo' lookin ass.. hehehe!

Yeah...

Open my mind, look, tell me what you see

Hurt, pain, that I gained from the streets

It's a dirty game, but it won't change me

Cause.. I don't like

Hollywood niggaz who like to act fly

Your flows don't impress me, I ain't gon' lie

You know who the best be, that be I...

We can, take it, straight to the streets dog

Everybody gon' run when the heat go

Like rain through ya big-body window

You didn't know? YO...

Wait a minute, I roll with the slab dog J-Core

Eight Ways, P-Tab y'all

You can call me, Fat Boy or Big Ball

Whatever dawg...

[Hook: Ludacris]

Shhhit! Witcha lookin ass, so fly (So fly)

That's why we stake so high (So high)

And when we ridin by (Go by)

All the hoes just stop...

Shhhit! Witcha lookin ass, oh no (Oh no)

Big 'lacs Ca-price on gold (On gold)

That's how them gangstas roll (We roll)

All the hoes just stop...

Shhhit! Witcha lookin ass

[Eightball]

Yo, I got heat like sunrays

Burn everything up in the whole place

Wanna say somethin to me, say it to my face

Aye aye...

Yo, will the girls get crunk when I get the mic

Will the niggaz get buck enough to start a fight

I don't know, but I know my flow's so tight

You know I'm right...  
Hold up, I'm a ghetto superstar you know  
Everywhere we go, they know who we are, you know  
You can catch a player chillin at the bar, you know  
I'ma be like whoa...  
Fulla Grey Goose, all in a chick face  
Pretty face, big hips, with a little waist  
Wanna see if I can take her to my new place  
What's the deal...

[Hook]

[Second Hook:Eightball]

Whattcha lookin at, witcha lookin ass?  
Whattcha lookin at (Huh?) witcha lookin ass?  
Whattcha lookin at (What?) witcha lookin ass?  
Whattcha lookin at (Huh?) witcha lookin ass?  
Whattcha lookin at (What?) witcha lookin ass?  
Whattcha lookin at (Huh?) witcha lookin ass?  
Whattcha lookin at (Huh? What?) witcha lookin ass?  
Whattcha lookin at (Huh?) witcha lookin ass?

[Eightball]

Lemme see ya put ya hands in the air mayne  
So high, got me lookin out for airplanes  
When it come to this, I'ma do the damn thang  
Mayne...  
Lemme see ya getcha hands in the air y'all  
Ain't but the square niggaz on the wall  
Who want a lyrical brawl with the Big Ball  
I don't think so, yo, yo  
Lemme see ya put ya hands in the sky whodi  
Get crunk if ya wanna get high whodi  
If you do then you know you my whodi  
I'm tell you like this...  
We got it goin real on all night long  
Full of Patrone in my Sean John shit y'all  
Eightball, Ludacris on the same song  
We gonna keep it goin on and on and on

[Hook] 2x

[Second Hook]

Yeah mayne, I see you over there  
You and all them motherfuckers watchin  
Heh, witcha lookin ass  
All them hater-ass niggaz  
I see you over there lookin  
I see you over there watchin bitch  
Witcha lookin ass

All you hoes, I see you over there lookin  
When I file through the place,  
With them players sittin on them thangs  
I see you witcha lookin ass...

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