## Eightball "Witcha Lookin' Ass (f/ Ludacris)"

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Yo' lookin ass

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

Shit! 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

Shit! 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
Shit! Witcha lookin' ass

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

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Shit! Witcha lookin' ass

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?

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

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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?

I see you witcha lookin' ass

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

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