

## Eightball

### "Witcha Lookin' Ass"

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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?

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(What?)  
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(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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(Huh? What?)  
Witcha lookin' ass?  
Whattcha lookin' at  
(Huh?)  
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  
I see you witcha lookin' ass

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