

# Gucci Mane

## "Everybody Looking"

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### "Everybody Looking"

*[chorus]*

Errybody lookin  
(yo-yo)  
Lambo's get the bitches  
(mo-hoes)  
Stove make the cookies  
(o's-o's)  
Hurtin these suckas feelings  
(ouch-ouch)

YO YO YO come check this crazy flow  
I gotta go and do this show  
Just where is tokio?  
YO YO damn bricksquad be burnin dro  
Drink bur man and whitefolk wit me I got cash to blow,  
YO YO your nose gon grow  
Just like pinocchio your lying that your hot as me but that  
is not the truth.  
oh no my left right wrist is truly extra cold.  
My flow sick need them extra o's,  
I need an extra stove,  
So so I'm so icy my squad run in snow  
You know it and you knew before so much dough  
I shut down the store,  
Hoes hoes I birdfeed these bitches like they like were  
crows,  
I pull the totum pole out and leave them bitches swole

*[chorus]*

Errybody lookin  
(yo-yo)  
Lambo's get the bitches  
(mo-hoes)  
Stove make the cookies  
(o's-o's)  
Hurtin these suckas feelings  
(ouch-ouch)

Space age, what you though? what you think i say?  
I make money different ways give banks through the

day.

Hey hey damn I paved my way I payed my way I used to  
sell alot of yag I moved a key a day.

Wait wait way way way way back in the day I ran the A  
me an my who 2 shotguns

and a k now I'm gettin that stupid cake I'll put you to  
sleep like change the slate.

Then throw big faces friday in your face right in front  
the place.

One day you might get some money maybe 12 bars if  
you pay me scuse me girl you want some babys?

Gucci you can't have my babys one day I'mma go to  
magic city

see some ass titties scur some shrim and sip some  
liquer all these bitches fuckin with me.

*[chorus]*

errybody lookin

(yo-yo)

lambo's get the bitches

(mo-hoes)

stove make the cookies

(o's-o's)

hurtin these suckas feelings

(ouch-ouch)

Goddamn Gucci Mane just bought another lamb,  
chevy with the crazy cam I pull over with that stoopid  
slam.

Yea plus I got all this jewelry on flexin like I'm serious  
jones bubba kush still my cologne.

Word up? Bricksquad put your birds up.

You aint never heard nothing if you never heard of us.

Blood cuz run to you, you can't rep no mo, matter you  
can't breath no more.

Blow so hard that there is nothing left for sure.

What? I'm royalty like King Tut.

Got someone to introduce you to baby dats deez nutz  
plus I wouldnt give a flying fuck bout none of that shit  
you fuss about.

I fly them in them bus em out theres nothing left to talk  
about..

*[chorus]*

errybody lookin

(yo-yo)

lambo's get the bitches

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(ouch-ouch)

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