

## Da Backwudz "I Don't Like The Look Of It"

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(feat. Caz Clay)

What do you think will come of that?  
I don't know (I don't like the look of it)

[Chorus]

(I don't like the look of it)  
When we pull up to the do'  
Gator shoes on 24's  
Haters wanna throw them bones and (I don't like the  
look of it)  
We do it big in every state  
Pick diamonds in heavy weight  
They say they are but really ain't and (I don't like the  
look of it)  
When they see us in the club  
Poppin' bottles throwin' dubs  
Haters tend to cuff they gloves and (I don't like the look  
of it)  
We can win in major ways  
Flif fy paint in major haze  
Pop my trunk and get them thangs if (I don't like the  
look of it)

[Verse 1]

(Wood Work) (Wood Work)  
I'm grippin 26's in circles like roller rinks  
Paint drippin like kitchen sinks, caught real in chinchilla  
minks  
My ceiling Barnum and Bailey flippin like acrobatics  
Women ecstatic, just push the button it's automatic  
When they lay me down to sleep  
Next to a superfreak  
Rollin' around in lenon sheets, (Send her on a merry  
way)  
I'm so explicit, so ecosyntric blowin on BUDA  
The money short shrinkin' sort of like oompa loompa's  
I like my crucifix, same as liquor on the rocks  
You thinkin' of shoplifting?, dots lookin' like chicken  
pox  
You can find me in the coop  
My product don't ever stoop

But if you hustlin' on my block (I don't like the look of it)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Caz Clay]

Chevy bubble, every color  
Tops fall back like knuckles

Chevrolet since they huggin  
Chinchillas on floors and buckets  
It's where we do it thuggin'  
These haters they hate to love me  
Comin' up like bakin' muffins  
Your label ain't makin nothin  
My cake mix is statements  
Shorty check my ingredients  
Hey the formula ain't basic, you can tell I'm a genius  
But they don't like the look of it  
Multicolor with the cake  
Women follow the 24, so I'm choppin' on 26  
Keep your nose up out of it cuz it can get real  
Talkin' the twelve by what you've seen and I'll have you  
reading in braille  
Reason they ill, probably got somethin' to do with the  
paint  
I got it straight for Willy Wonka, and haters mad cuz  
they can't

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Shorty gettin' paper homie  
That be why they hatin' on me  
Daily cost are frozin' phonies, (Muggin' when you see a  
G)  
What you know about my city?  
On the block with Dubs and fifties  
Got them clock until they creasin', (Shorty I got what  
you need)  
Pullin' up on 20 somethin's  
Trouble with the woofers bumpin  
Chokin on the purple ribbon, (Willy Wonka Chevrolet)  
Freezin from expensive pieces  
Heavy starch and denim creases  
Rock 3 on my white Adidas, (Diamonds in my cardia)  
I spit that grizzetry  
Magic is so exquisitly  
Vividly I'm a misery  
Suckas wanna demonish me  
Damn it you pimpin all in me  
Propers keep your apology

Swagger ghetto like Willy D.  
Haters don't like the look of me

[Chorus]

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