

Spank Rock

"Tell Me What It Look Like"

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He was out of wordsÂ...exactly what's the problem is

It took me like a like quiet boost a little piece of candy
from your favorite neighborhood corner store sugar,
soda shorty, we, heavy breaded to carry a bare soul
saved they didn't have the thing to do it. Can't balm me
cause you look can't name me cause you shook. Took
over some whip protect state and you can't walk fucker
now I mean walk makes you look like your white in a
Harlem shacking contest. I hone this to find this so
close to find' this fuck very I'll mannered don't start
with spank.

Tell me what it look like tell me what it is, Tell me what it
look like tell me what it is.

Oh ease up mother fucker take a breath, what will it be
I'm more than more than less

Oh ease up mother fucker take a breath, what will it be
now, now suggest you take a rest

Can't say what I will or won't do it's just the hate that
you'll might want to stay on your toes to
Secure a valvoof a scope as you concisely new to
assume why you want to see the feeling and music. My
past is a broken sham and dust but my guts don't even
believe me. She don't even believe me it's like a you
can't see me. I got a whole nother study that I'm
constantly feeling nothing much that's to ever to such
touch, such so much to clean nuttun but butt nigga I'm
really touched.

What was I drinkin?

What was he thinking?

Tell me what it look like tell me what it is, Tell me what it
look like tell me what it is, Tell me what it look like tell
me what it is, Tell me what it look like tell me what it is,
tell me with it. I'm sick wit it I stick wit it and in the end
all these niggas gonna get wit it.

Now tell me what it look like tell me what it is, Tell me

what it look like tell me what it is, tell me with it. I'm sick
wit it I stick wit it and in the end all these niggas gonna
get wit it.

Now tell me what it looks like tell me what it is tell me
what it looks like tell me what it is

[sit the fuck ain't no dancing no dancing]

My tongues' the drum my minds a machine nor it's
grime fantastic extremes fall victim to the stank tank
M16, sound shot fix fit crease grease they clean

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get wit it wit wit wit wit wit wit wit wit wit wit wit
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niggas gonna get wit it. I'm sick wit it
I stick wit it and in the end all these niggas gonna get
wit it

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