

Young Buck "What You Lookin At"

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(feat. C-Bo, Hi C & Sosa)

[Young Buck:] Hey what up nigga? [VOICE:] What you lookin' at?

[Young Buck:]

About to see if these niggas got a problem with me out

here

Lets go

All my niggas thats strapped in the club

All my bitches thats strapped in the club

Ya'll know what it is

[Chorus: VOICE] I'm about to see

Why you hatin' on me

(What you lookin' at?)

I'm about to see

Why you hatin' on me

(What you lookin' at?)

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I'm about to see

Why you hatin' on me

(What you lookin' at?)

[Verse 1: Sosa]

I think I know, its cause a niggas paid and you ain't rich

yet

Waitin' on your first i'm on like my sixth big check

When I was broke and fucked they wasn't hatin' no Rollin' in the latest cut
Dro in the masenger
I pull strings like a guitar cuz
And roll blunts that end up better than the cigar was
I ain't negotiating my deal I was like "Pay me stunna"
Put a nigga out and watch me put out Jay-Z numbers
Made a hundred in '05 that was a crazy summer
Holla "Free everyone" out of an AP Hummer
Now my nigga out in L.A. got to say we gettin' money,
long as fate keep it comin'
I'm a make another hundred
Grind hard motherfucker I'm about mine I do this
All Star fuckin' with Southside of the Unit

Quarter ounce saids nigga you ain't seen a brick yet Walk around with my dick smellin' like your bitch breath

[Chorus: VOICE] I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?)

[Verse 2: Hi-C]
I get paid off my blocks like Reggie White
I missed my seven flight
Cause I had a ready bite
Oh we them block guys
Automatic Glock mask
I could show you how to whip it up clockwise
I use an AK nigga then pump the shotty
Put the heater in his mouth now thats a hot tamale

Dope boy swag
With a .44 Mag
Tied up in the bag
Got to get that cash..on the low
I can take you to the proper work
In that blue Bentley with Buck is that Papa Smurf?
I'll pop ya first
If you step wrong
Bulletproof Teflon
Maybe thats a deaf song
Have them bullets cave in his chest bone
The 380 look good cause its dressed chrome
For this Ca\$hville shit I'll kill your ass

Fuck a check nigga Hi want a mill in cash

I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?) I'm about to see Why you hatin' on me (What you lookin' at?)

[Verse 3: C-Bo]

[Chorus: VOICE]

I got 'em mad at me cause i'm iced out
Ridin' hard shinin' just like a light house
Get money money
A hood boss thats why they hate me
Pissed off cause my shimmy come in packs a week
Plus my price is cheap
So you know my push is deep
Get it in and get it gone thats my recipe

Get it in and get it gone thats my recipe (Keep it movin')

All that talk shit is weak man

My goons murder through the motherfuckin' street man

And i'm ridin' for my South niggas

So watch your mouth or them Ks 'gon come out niggas

Hatin' on the kid

Cause them bitches on my dick

Every car that I whip

Keep them rims doin' flips

Got 'em sick

I got money and the power

Any competition, game over I will holla

So get your mind right and get your money up

And stop hatin' before you get your life fucked up

[Chorus: VOICE]

I'm about to see

Why you hatin' on me

(What you lookin' at?)

I'm about to see

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(What you lookin' at?)

I'm about to see

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I'm about to see

Why you hatin' on me

(What you lookin' at?)

[Verse 4: Sosa]

I'm about to see man

Ho ass nigga

Hatin' ass nigga I can see it in your eyes

Is it the way I walk the shit, I talk or what I drive?

I do this shit for real niggas rappin' tellin' lies

About how they do pimpin', jackin', and sellin' pies

I be stayin' away from hos who don't want to see me on my grind

Cupcake I know your fine

But once I fuck I ain't got time

I hit the strip club with six or seven dimes

I break a chicken down flip six or seven times
The candy painted Chevy lookin' like a sip of wine
Perigon Impala nineteen sixty nine
I bought a brand new pistol it bust fifty times
In case a nigga out here try to fuck with my shine
I hit the club tryin' to push a couple of lines
Pop a couple of pills, get some hips and thighs
I put this on my tattoos do not blow my high
Cause if we get into it somebody got to die

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