

## Pill

### "Everybody Lookin"

Visit "[Everybody Lookin](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro]

Everybody's lookin', if you're jealous turn around  
The AMG kit keeps us closer to the ground  
We're gettin' good grip from the 50 series tires  
The Alpine's bumpin', but I need the volume higher

[Hook]

Everybody's lookin', if you're jealous turn around  
The AMG kit keeps us closer to the ground  
We're gettin' good grip from the 50 series tires  
The Alpine's bumpin', but I need the volume higher  
Everybody's looking, if you're jealous turn around  
The AMG kit keeps us closer to the ground  
We're gettin' good grip from the 50 series tires  
The Alpine's bumpin', but I need the volume higher

[Verse 1]

Aye! P-I double L, fresher than a ma'fucka  
Bad bitches, no dresses in this ma'fucka  
Blowin' loud, no stressing' in this ma'fucka  
Big banks, no pressure on this ma'fucka  
Professional when I do this shit  
Always dressed in the newest shit  
Gucci, Prada and Louis shit  
Leave the pussy all ruined, bitch  
Uh - I'm goin' HAM in this motherfucker  
Peanut butter, I'mma jam in this motherfucker  
The bass steady kickin' and the Armor All shines  
Pretty little chicken and I bet she is a dime  
Feel like I'm goin' fishin', your bitch is on my line  
Like a death row inmate's teeth, I'mma grind  
Like a scale I'mma balance out  
This money shit and this candid drop  
Guaranteed when them bands come out  
Them big booty hoes, their panties'll drop  
Okay then... I'm throwin' bands in this  
motherfucker  
So many hoes I need a van in this motherfucker

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Aye! This that straight drop shit, shorty  
Bad bitches pullin' up in a 6-40  
One rollin' up the weed, one bitch snortin'  
Master P, I double L, yeah, I been 'bout it  
Experience what made me, 80 feet they raised me  
Fourth quarter got paid, G  
From the one to the three with your lady  
Uh - I'm Mike Vickin' in this motherfucker  
Dog-ass nigga trickin' in this motherfucker  
Aye! It ain't trickin' if you got it, though  
A lot of flow, it's like cocaina when I record  
A lot of dope, I done seen them servin' beside the  
road  
'Cause I am clean, they hatin', out of sight, they  
explode  
Bitch! Take the roof up off this ma'fucka  
I'm turnin' up, I'm the truth up in this ma'fucka  
Got some niggas that'll shoot up in this ma'fucka  
We 'bout this paper, gettin' loot all in this ma'fucka

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Volume loud, blowin' loud with a six pack  
Got the glock tucked if they want the chit-chat  
Got a chopper on my side for the get-back  
Guaranteed they think they clean, but their kit wack  
Six pack on the stomach, make 'em vomit  
Blood on his teeth whenever a nigga dumpin'  
Tried to warn you 'bout this weather  
Fuck around and get pneumonia  
When the bullets start to rain  
This ain't Southern California, bitch  
Stay strapped like a velcro tennis shoe  
Got a bad bitch that will replenish you  
Mortal Kombat, nigga, I'll finish you  
Ignorin' messages askin' me what I'm finna do  
Been a fool with it, been a motherfuckin' monster  
Leave a nigga's ass stinkin' in his trash by the  
dumpster  
Got some little bitty niggas livin' fast that'll dump ya  
It's the #1 rule, get cash as a youngster

[Hook]

Visit [Pill](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.