

## 2 Pistols f/ BMU

### "Lookin' Down on 'em"

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(Intro, 2 Pistols) Yeahhh Young boss of the city nigga  
BMU, Deck, C-bo, J-Flame, Young Ski (Hook) I got the  
Chevy sittin right Rims shinin bright (Bitch I'm-Bitch I'm  
super fly) When I pull up to that light I'm lookin down on  
'em (Eyyy eyyy) I'm lookin down on 'em (Wet-wet paint  
drippin) Off the side Every time I ride I be ridin through  
the city, choppin like I'm Micheal Myers I'm lookin down  
on 'em (Eyyy eyyy) I'm lookin down on 'em (Eyyy eyyy)  
(verse 1, Deck) I just lit a blunt of 'dro Where da bottle?  
I don't know I just flow to buddy suckers and my  
nickname UFO I got a super-duper flow Arms shootin  
for the sky Steady chokin on that killa I just murdered  
Micheal Myers Ridin past the city lights I maneuver  
through the night Movin colors, I got green and I got  
purp (M.U. got white) BMU bitch, get it right You got  
nothin, but you da pain All attention for you lames I got  
money on my brain Flashin in lanes Sit so high bitch,  
they compare me to a crane Dump so wet, got off and  
jumpin out the paint Come ride with me dawg, you  
better buy a skuba tank The chrome is so strong The  
paint is on all shine If it creep through them clouds,  
them niggas gon' be blind All I need is UV rays to put  
them hoes in a daze Flippin different flavors, bitch can  
just calls me Lay's C-bo dawg, aye! (Hook) (Verse 2, 2  
Pistols) I pull up to the light, you know I'm ridin old  
school The main four's lookin down, nigga where ya  
ruler? (So high) Twenty-eight inch deep-dish (Yes)  
Orange candy paint, baby call it Sunkist (Young boss)  
Who me? I'm just that nigga She wanna ride with the  
boss cause my rims is bigger (Oh yeah) If I don't look  
down, I won't even see you niggas (Where they at?) I  
don't even see you niggas I'm with a bad bitch  
fornicating With her two friends, and they participating  
Yeah that's just the life I live Young boss of the city  
baby, it is what it is (Hook) (Verse 3, J-Flame & Young  
Ski) Jizzy! I'm gettin money so, that's the word man I  
was fly with the white like Birdman (brdrdrdrdr) Aye  
Khaled, I'm so hood (Hood) I shoulda been on "I'm So  
Hood" Wiggle in the shop, I grip the Oak wood Twenty-  
six inches on I-O, what's good? I'm the man,  
understand? Death before dishonor, that's the plan

(Young Ski) I'm so fly bitch, I think I grow feathers My  
cliques mob out, call us the "Blues Brothers" I'm sittin  
real high, them haters might stare I Freddy Crougar'd  
the whip, to give 'em nightmares Pull up in somethin  
fly, oh that was light-year I spit a little game, cover your  
wife's ears I'm lookin down on her, call my whip  
papsmear Then they come out of this world, like  
William Shat-neer (Hook)

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