

8 Ball "Witcha' Lookin Ass"

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(feat. Ludacris)

[Eightball]

Yo' lookin ass.. hehehe!

Yeah...

Open my mind, look, tell me what you see
Hurt, pain, that I gained from the streets
It's a dirty game, but it won't change me
Cause.. I don't like
Hollywood niggaz who like to act fly
Your flows don't impress me, I ain't gon' lie
You know who the best be, that be I...
We can, take it, straight to the streets dog
Everybody gon' run when the heat go
Like rain through ya big-body window
You didn't know? YO...
Wait a minute, I roll with the slab dog J-Core
Eight Ways, P-Tab y'all
You can call me, Fat Boy or Big Ball
Whatever dawg...

[Hook: Ludacris]

Shhhit! Witcha lookin ass, so fly (So fly)
That's why we stake so high (So high)
And when we ridin by (Go by)
All the hoes just stop...
Shhhit! Witcha lookin ass, oh no (Oh no)
Big 'lacs Ca-price on gold (On gold)
That's how them gangstas roll (We roll)
All the hoes just stop...
Shhhit! Witcha lookin ass

[Eightball]

Yo, I got heat like sunrays
Burn everything up in the whole place
Wanna say somethin to me, say it to my face
Aye aye...
Yo, will the girls get crunk when I get the mic
Will the niggaz get buck enough to start a fight
I don't know, but I know my flow's so tight
You know I'm right...

Hold up, I'm a ghetto superstar you know
Everywhere we go, they know who we are, you know
You can catch a player chillin at the bar, you know
I'ma be like whoa...
Fulla Grey Goose, all in a chick face
Pretty face, big hips, with a little waist
Wanna see if I can take her to my new place
What's the deal...

[Hook]

[Second Hook: Eightball]

Whattcha lookin at, witcha lookin ass?
Whattcha lookin at (Huh?) witcha lookin ass?
Whattcha lookin at (What?) witcha lookin ass?
Whattcha lookin at (Huh?) witcha lookin ass?
Whattcha lookin at (What?) witcha lookin ass?
Whattcha lookin at (Huh?) witcha lookin ass?
Whattcha lookin at (Huh? What?) witcha lookin ass?
Whattcha lookin at (Huh?) witcha lookin ass?

[Eightball]

Lemme see ya put ya hands in the air mayne
So high, got me lookin out for airplanes
When it come to this, I'ma do the damn thang
Mayne...
Lemme see ya getcha hands in the air y'all
Ain't but the square niggaz on the wall
Who want a lyrical brawl with the Big Ball
I don't think so, yo, yo
Lemme see ya put ya hands in the sky whodi
Get crunk if ya wanna get high whodi
If you do then you know you my whodi
I'm tell you like this...
We got it goin real on all night long
Full of Patrone in my Sean John shit y'all
Eightball, Ludacris on the same song
We gonna keep it goin on and on and on

[Hook x2]

[Second Hook]

Yeah mayne, I see you over there
You and all them motherfuckers watchin
Heh, witcha lookin ass
All them hater-ass niggaz
I see you over there lookin
I see you over there watchin bitch
Witcha lookin ass
All you hoes, I see you over there lookin

When I file through the place,
with them players sittin on them thangs
I see you witcha lookin ass..

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