

Da Backwudz f/ Caz Clay

"I Don't Like The Look Of It"

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* first single; send corrections to the typist

What do you think will come of that?
I don't know (I don't like the look of it)

[Chorus]

(I don't like the look of it)
When we pull up to the do'
Gator shoes on 24's
Haters wanna throw them bones and (I don't like the look of it)
We do it big in every state
Pick diamonds in heavy weight
They say they are but really ain't and (I don't like the look of it)
When they see us in the club
Poppin' bottles throwin' dubs
Haters tend to cuff they gloves and (I don't like the look of it)
We can win in major ways
Flif fy paint in major haze
Pop my trunk and get them thangs if (I don't like the look of it)

[Verse 1]

(Wood Work) (Wood Work)
I'm grippin 26's in circles like roller rinks
Paint drippin like kitchen sinks, caught real in chinchilla minks
My ceiling Barnum and Bailey flippin like acrobatics
Women ecstatic, just push the button it's automatic
When they lay me down to sleep
Next to a superfreak
Rollin' around in lenon sheets, (Send her on a merry way)
I'm so explicit, so ecosyntric blowin on BUDA
The money short shrinkin' sort of like oompa loompa's
I like my crucifix, same as nigga on the rocks
You thinkin' of shoplifting?, dots lookin' like chicken pox
You can find me in the coop

My product don't ever stoop
But if you hustlin' on my block (I don't like the look of it)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2-Caz Clay]

Chevy bubble, every color
Tops fall back like knuckles
Chevrolet since they huggin
Chinchillas on floors and buckets
It's where we do it thuggin'
These haters they hate to love me
Comin' up like bakin' muffins
Your label ain't makin nothin
My cake mix is statements
Shorty check my ingredients
Hey the formula ain't basic, you can tell I'm a genius
But they don't like the look of it
Multicolor with the cake
Women follow the 24, so I'm choppin' on 26
Keep your nose up out of it cuz it can get real
Talkin' the twelve by what you've seen and I'll have you
reading in braille
Reason they ill, probably got somethin' to do with the
paint
I got it straight for Willy Wonka, and haters mad cuz
they can't

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Shorty gettin' paper homie
That be why they hatin' on me
Daily cost are frozin' phonies, (Muggin' when you see a
G)
What you know about my city?
On the block with Dubs and fifties
Got them clock until they creasin', (Shorty I got what
you need)
Pullin' up on 20 somethin's
Trouble with the woofers bumpin
Chokin on the purple ribbon, (Willy Wonka Chevrolet)
Freezin from expensive pieces
Heavy starch and denim creases
Rock 3 on my white Adidas, (Diamonds in my cardia)
I spit that grizzetry
Magic is so exquisitly
Vividly I'm a misery
Suckas wanna demonish me
Damn it you pimpin all in me
Propers keep your apology

Swagger ghetto like Willy D.
Haters don't like the look of me

[Chorus]

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