

Game, The "Lookin' At You"

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Walkin' down the street in my allstars
In my Khaki suit, doin' what I do
Walkin' down the street, smokin' chronic
In my black Locs, Lookin' at you

Guess who's back on the westcoast tracks,
It's the motherfucking messiah of gangsterraps.
Still dippin' the 6-4, still puffin on the same chronic,
Haters mad 'cuz I still got it.
I never fall of, even without the Doc,
You niggaz sellin' your sole trinna stay on top.
Bitch-nigga check yo' gold tec's,
You niggaz ain't movin shit like the hand on a fake-ass
rolex.
I'm 5 Million sold, cover of my last album,
the only time you see me sitting on gold.
I'm the most anticipated, most celebrated,
Most loved and the motherfucking most hated.
Keep rollin like gold dayton's,
Niggaz got the game fucked up like Hennessey with a
cold chacer
You gotta deal with me, I'm the westcoast savier,
Niggaz think of me everytime they 6-4 spray.

What do you call a nigga who'se overparented,
denying the firefinding very disrespectful,
You call that nigga the doctor's advocate.
He's a reflection of Dr. Dre in his hay-day in the worst
way,
5-Star searching general, took Jayceon to the
Aftermath research department.
And gave him a blood test, they back G.A.M.E. positive.
The nigga'z infected with the game virus.
Who'se overdo able skills are so impeccable, that
niggaz on the streets call him ?syrice?
You won't get him down, cuz it is hard using violence
on a tiran.
It's not a game, it's just called the game,
There be no referees, no half time reports, when the
game is over, the game is over.
You can't put a quarter in a machine and get 3 more

men, that's the end.

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I have been to hell and back,
Left for dead, you know who to thank for that.
Finished my second LP without a doctor Dre track,
You can take my songs, but can't take my plaques.
I'm the motherfucking snare when it touch the beat,
I'm the 8-away drum that got you moving your feet.
I'm the air to the throne after the D.R.E.
Product of my environment, you old ass niggaz get
ready for your early retirement,
Before I let hip-hop burn down, I run in the building like
a fireman.
Who can outspit me when I'm high of sticky?
Throwing back, patrone shots and some greased up
Dickies.
I'm D.O.C certified., Ice Cube mention me,
Snoop stabbed me and the good doc handpicked me,
You still with me?
Me and my mic can't be separated, like Interscope
andâ€¦ hahaha
Oh shit! This is some good ass motherfucking weed.
That California sticky green, this is the aftermath for
the Aftermath. Westcoast!

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