

## **Killer featuring Bush**

### **"Stop Lookin' at Me"**

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Yeah we got the cutthroats!!

I'm sick walking down the street  
watchin niggaz  
walk by, drive by  
rockin me like bitches

stop lookin at me, stop lookin at me  
stop lookin at me  
(and put the money in a big bag)  
stop lookin at me, stop lookin at me  
stop lookin at me  
(and put the cash in a bag)

watch ya step can kill for a set bitch, dont stop  
open up ya eyes motherfucker just, whos next  
comin at ya ruff for '93  
its the hardest cutthroat motherfuckerz  
an puttin nigga causin shit  
Yo, we gotta keep it hard  
we gotta keep 'em jumpin  
music for the niggaz that be bustin' headz open  
lay back for a while  
uncultivated stylez  
niggaz get 'em up  
get 'em up and get 'em wild

you got me rough tough, truly rockin wit the stylez  
most niggaz wouldnt dream about a battle coz were  
wild  
and the competition you be wishin  
we start dissin coz you motherfuckers wouldnt listen  
when we said we was on a mission  
I'm cuckoo for killin' so pussies wassup  
I drink milk an I'm strong plus I dont give a fuck  
yo I say we be large if the niggaz didnt rumble  
the hemispheres would crash  
and the planets would just crumble  
so all ya niggaz waiting to fuck up my set  
be my guest bitch-boy get wrecked  
so all that kindness an killing

does it really attract?  
yo Seb boy why ya talking  
Stop lookin at me!!!!

stop lookin at me, stop lookin at me  
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(and put the money in a big bag)  
stop lookin at me, stop lookin at me  
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yo I'm bald head slick an I came to get  
whatevers in my path when I choose to get a grip  
"ON THE TOOLE"  
which I use to counteract and attack the unruly  
wasteful hateful, you know like ungrateful  
Mr Potatoe Head- I made you  
"yes I made you, Mr Potatoe head I made you  
I made you, I made you  
Mr Potatoe head I made you"  
my killer is my enemy, fuck that gas me up shit  
why'd you put it in my pocket!!  
ya crack me up kid, ya stupid  
I'm much more agile than ever  
got more stylez than you whatever  
I'm coming through baby-the choice is yours  
coming against me, ya voice is torn into pieces  
think its time that you really understood  
that we are u,n,t,o,u,c,h,a,b,l,e  
indestructable peewee  
I dont give a fuck if you talk shit  
I'll make you a follower  
passin out leaflets  
so beef this (beef what!?!)

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stop lookin at me  
(and put the money in a big bag)  
stop lookin at me, stop lookin at me  
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(and put the cash in a bag)

yo I thought I saw a pussy nigga!  
what! I did, I did  
you steppin into the hardcore jerk  
yo fuck that lets do this kid  
now if a man step to ya face  
and try and take ya man  
do you a: walk away, or b: take a stand  
yo we should rock this motherfucker  
ah there you go my brother!!!

the lord giveth us the right to take another niggaz life  
get behind me sahib  
the precious lord is waiting  
god giveth me the gun to make the pussy niggaz run  
can I get the amen, AMEN!!  
yo let the church sing along to this paragraph  
"you got blood on ya face, ya big disgrace  
the mac-11 got religious all over the place"  
you see the vibes are designed to deal with skrilla  
sacred hill, ah  
it make you think I smoke drugs, ah  
ease up on the track 'coz ya weighing down my nuts  
you know our shit is fat  
but we never fucking sweat it  
and all those demo tapes must be on some ship  
we better flush your track when we come to it  
all that church going shit doesn't really attract me  
Id rather pull out my gun and kill a pawn  
"STOP LOOKIN' AT ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Chorus

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