

## **Manhattan Transfer F/ Bette Midler**

### **"Made You Look"**

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[Intro: Jadakiss]

I need it from the top, AHHH!

This is history baby

Commissioner Steve Stoute, Lenny - ha!

God's Son, whattup?

D-Block, whattup?

Bravehearts, whattup? Yeah

Yeah, yo

[Verse One: Jadakiss]

Yo ain't nothin but trouble God

When I kick in the door with D-Block, Bravehearts and  
the Double R

Don't make me let the machine off

This is methadone music that you can lean off

"Made You Look," the remix with me up on it

I copped your shit, now I break weed up on it

And everything is real I see

Like my niggaz that been home but they only got a jail  
ID

I helped the game, it ain't help me

I'm top five dead or alive and that's just off one LP

And, I still buzz, they feel cuz

Cause they know the flow's Ill just like Will was

I'm just tryin to make sure that my sons wealthy

Out of shape but I make sure that my guns healthy

I'm a ape, you can't stand 'Kiss

Comin through the hood in a Aston Vanguish the color  
of dandruff

They said we jumped him, I just let the gun snuff him

Copped P then turboed soon as they uncuff him

This goes out to all of your mans

Why put you in the verse when I can put in a coroner  
van

D-Block

[Chorus 2X: Nas]

THEY SHOOTIN! Ah made you look

You a slave to a page in my rhyme book

Gettin big money, playboy your time's up

Where them gangsters, where them dimes at?

[Verse Two: Ludacris]

Yuh, woo! It's time to go, Luda let's go!

I'm from the school of hard knocks, sneak peeks and  
low blows

Where X's mark spots and kitchens mark O's

Where love is gon' getcha and hate is gon' snitch ya

And fingers squeeze triggers like boa constrictors

It's the, Mr. Luda, Jada and Nas

And our bullets give you a deep tissue massage

So hear a song and dance while I make these ends

You never stood half a chance like Siamese Twins

AHHH - THEY SHOOTIN, look in the barrel

Then he made the front page of the Miami Herald

or Chi. Tribune, nozzles with silent doom

We in that A-Town Journal-list, filed with goons

You should print my information, quote my rhyme

And keep me in between these New York and L.A.

Times

I was the victim of society, it's 'Cris the menace

With mo' shit out on the streets than evicted tenants

WOOOOOOOOO!

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Nas]

Uhh.. uhh..

(BRAVE-HEARTS.. BRAVE-HEARTS.. BRAVE-HEARTS..

BRAVE-HEARTS..)

Jungle, Wiz, Nashawn!

We got 'em scared look

We got 'em scared they runnin

[Verse Three: Nas]

Yo, I grasp the ratchet, the blinker, the biscuit, the  
burner

The heat, the toaster, the twister you meetin your  
owner

The banger, the hammer, the flamers I aim at the  
cannons

and can ya, manhandlin ya, you'll be famous like  
cancer do

And cut, that's the end of your movie

Pretendin you actin like you and your mens'll come  
shoot me

My tennis shoes Gucci, old school pea soup green

Jean Lee suit on Beaver, clicko champagne

Friday the 13th my CD drop, I rhyme to more Base than

EZ Rock

I'm Jason, call up P.D. watch

them Bravehearts, Jungle and Wiz and Nashawn  
Ill Will rasta Lake, never revealin his face on  
TV or pictures or even them niggaz  
Sorry that I made you wait long, glad them fakes gone  
{\*beat scratches out\*}  
WE SHOOTIN! Squeezin them triggers with Luda beside  
me  
Me and 'Kiss get Luniz of weed, set to Styles P.  
Tell him hold his head, God's Son got him we made  
y'all look  
From San Quentin to Riker's Island to.. {\*fades out\*}

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