

Micall Parknsun

"Wotchalookinat?"

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Featuring Joker Starr

(Intro)

Yea

Ah

What the fuck ya lookin at?

Ha!

(Hook)

Everybody in the place get ready for the Micall
Parknsun

You ready?

In the dance lookin ounce out son

Lookin around, screwed face, wotchalookinat?

Clap, give me that weed

Give me that cash

Give me that peas or you get clapped

Fuck he wants? Freeze and I need cash

For my CDs, wotchalookinat?

(Verse)

Yea, he's back with the hard shit

So high in the sky, in the cockpit

Man's like in the tier with his chocolate

Oh my, he desire with a drug pick, bang

Like right in the top lit

Just me on the beats, fuck topic

Yes pea made the beef with the mosh pit

Indeed with the keys I'mma lock this down

Yea, I've come to own it

My rhythm to the track is broken

I'm still spittin with the rap of chosen

I keep racks spinnin til the track is smoken

Hah, this is far from over

I'm one with the style like a doctor, water

It's been a little while, now I've come to slaughter

It's a fact, now I'm back with the rap to haunt ya

(Hook)

Everybody in the place get ready for the Micall
Parknsun

You ready?

Bumpin around, yammin G's on bum
Lookin around, ice crip, wotchalookinat?
Clap, give me that weed
Give me that cash
Give me that peas or you get clapped
Fuck he wants? Freeze and I need cash
For my CDs, wotchalookinat?

(Verse)

This is next level perfect
Like riot you intend with the hurtin
Like bise in the 10 on the murkin
It's beef like me with a gurkin
Plus G's in the bun, you're a dumb rug
Don't pull me a con, you'll be undone
It's real, it's raw, you can run come
I've got much more if you want some
Tick tock, count down the conundrum
I want big pounds in a lumpsum
I'm back, I'm brass and I want one
I'm blazin ash but I want sung
Hah, prepare for the outcome
With the flow that I hold I ain't outdone
'Cause I'm so old school like outrun
I'mma soon show you how it's done son

(Hook)

Everybody in the place get ready for the Micall
Parknsun
You ready?
Bumpin around, yammin G's on bum
Lookin around, food spillin, wotchalookinat?
Clap, give me that weed
Give me that cash
Give me that peas or you get clapped
Fuck he wants? Freeze and I need cash
For my CDs, wotchalookinat?

(Verse)

I'll take you back to the days of the running man
Pin tucks fonzy, all rich Cunningham
Quasar, brave star, plus the finding caps
E man, quinja when he turn bout cap
I must be in, I won't lose, I ain't havin that
Ride with em like horse with saddle bags
If you're selling shit raw you can have it back
Cat flix, get kicked like Jackie Chan
I'm losin my focus
Switch flows but nobody notice
The mic's in my hand and I'm destined to hold it

It's part of the plan to suggest that I own it
Uh, get lost in the moment
Take two draw to the chest then hold it
Exhale out, I'm a death man's flow in
Inhale, takin the breath man's all in

(Hook)

Everybody in the place get ready for the Micall
Parknsun
You ready?
Drivin around lookin for beef what gone
What you lookin at sir? Wotchalookinat?
Clap, give me that weed
Give me that cash
Give me that peas or you get clapped
Fuck he wants? Freeze and I need cash
For my CDs, wotchalookinat?

(Outro)

What the fuck are you lookin at boy
Wotchalookinat?
Wotchalookinat?

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