

Turk

"Dat Look"

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Young Turk, nigga don't know, it's like that, nigga
(C'mon)
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon
C'mon, c'mon, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga
(Uh huh)
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, look, look, look

I thought you was my number one bitch but I was wrong
I was tripping, I had to be stone for pones
I'm out my mind thinking you gon' just my time
But when I, when I went up that road you gon' stop the
crying

I heard that I caught five but I gave it back
When I touch down, bitch, I'm gon' pay you back
I'ma fuck all you friends, all you close of kin
Go back to being a straight pitch again

Put that steering wheel in your back, ride you, bitch
And I could give a fuck if you're crying, bitch
I'ma give you something dirty, I'ma have the last laugh
I put that on my life, I'ma have the last laugh

Try to blues me but the tables turned
And it stopped on me, bitch, you gon' learn
Played with a Hot Boy, you gon' burn, baby, burn
Head don't smoke like we just hit shern

Bitch, you gon' have that dick look
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Oh, yeah, oh, yeah
Now this little dame must have misplaced her brain
Switching up without the slightest little trace of shame
Since Bubba K became a heavily stated name
She's thinking my dang-a-lang is a ride on the gravy
train

I certainly ain't a lame, little Betty, you misguided
'Cause it's rubles, not noodles that gets me excited
Ain't never seen shit like it a fisher done been dyking
Since Clinton was the Pres, now 'tending she meant like
it

Now slut, you got something to tell me, "Oh, wow,
what?"
You always loved Andy, cooled Olie and mowed up
I'll oblige and give you a ride but the only prize
You receiving is what I'm squeezing out on your chalky
thighs

Oh, these five dudes standing behind me, don't mind
them
But if it's fucking we discussing, just know they gon'
chime in
But that shouldn't be an issue, you love me, don't get
shook
Stupid whore, that's what you get for giving that dick
look
(Uh, oh)

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Bitch, I'm home now and I'm back on my feet
Back to the same Turk that I used to be
You can get off my dick, bitch, stop sweating my balls
'Cause it wasn't all that when I was behind the wall

Bitch, now you want me behind ya, I don't want have
none
You did a dirty deed, bitch, you played me sour
You left me stranded like Gilligan
To be honest with you, bitch you, was killin' me
But I'ma dog like 'Blue's Clues'
You did that, bitch, well, watch how I do you

I'ma put you on cruise control
Full speed, bitch, you stanky ho
It's a must that you feel my pain and hurt, bitch
'Cause the name of my game is Eagle first, bitch
I'ma fool, you started and I'm gon' finish it
Two can play at that game but watch who win it, bitch
(Bitch)

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Look, I don't know what's wrong with these hoes, man
Niggaz gon' get in their jokes and these hoes go south
Like Casper, you know what I'm saying?
It's all gravy though, these stupid ass hoes just don't
know

Bitch talking 'bout, she can't pay her bills
Know what I'm saying?
And why she only fucked one but nigga
It's all gravy, bitch, don't have to send me no letters
You heard me, I'ma Hot Boy

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