

Native Vision

"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 mutherfuckerz
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
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)

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!?!)

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)

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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