

# Black Knights, What You Niggas Looking At Me 4

(Intro: Big Nut)

Yeah (yeah) Let's get out there my nigga  
West Coast Killa Beez nigga (fuck you looking at nigga)  
Yo, we coming to serve all you bitch ass muthafuckas  
Black off Black, Blackball Entertainment, nigga  
West Coast Killa Beez, check it out, west coast style, yo

(Big Nut)

I'm so gangsta, I don't dance or walk  
Nigga slide to slide, spit that heat or talk  
From California to New York, I'm banging on wax  
Like my nigga Big Y Dog and Little Hogg, fuck y'all  
Niggaz dissin' the Black Techs and Six Mill  
For real, you'll fuck around and get killed  
Cap peel, just for saying foul to me  
You out of bounds, you won't even last a round with me

(P.C.)

You really need to stop fronting, nigga  
You don't really wanna do nothing, nigga  
Once me get my killas get to dumping, nigga  
You'll stop fall, jackin' and bumping your dentures  
Dent your mug, 4-0, slugs, straight up in your cranium  
One shot, I'm aimin' 'em, shouldn't have been fuckin'  
With the Killa Bee Gang and them, mad dog from P Dot  
Like he not, heated, my desert eag' squeeze til you moonwalk and beat it

(Chorus: G Twin (P Nut))

What you lookin' at me for?  
(You don't wanna see this fo'fo, nigga)  
What you really coming to do?  
(Nigga I'll fuck your ass up)  
I'll give you what you asking for  
(You don't wanna see my fo'fo, nigga)  
An can of asswhipping or two  
(Nigga, I'll serve your whole crew)

(Pimp Nasty)

You niggaz should be calm, try and be patient  
Cause if not, you'll be a patient, momma patient  
Try'nna get herself together, they tell her, her son gone  
He done tricked on, this niggaz Rob Strick-long  
Talkin' out the side of his neck, swearin' that he served some nigga  
From the gang Black Tech, now that's a lie, that's why I socked him in his eye  
Hit him so many times, that nigga bound to die

(P Nut)

Yo, yo, what the fuck you looking at?  
You niggaz want beef, nigga, get the cooking at  
If you ain't banging rules, I ain't fucking with you  
Niggaz stuck in the booth, niggaz ducking the truth  
Blackball, robbing Nuts, send that nigga to hell  
And go and bloody up the streets and the raunchy motel  
When we come around, blood, better keep your chains up  
Cause Black Tech niggaz don't give a mad fuck

(Chorus)

(RZA)

I'll put y'all niggaz in a stranglehold, you see my fang go gold  
You fuck around, I'll put this foot up in your anal hole  
The Black Tech, four foot magnum, two kiligrams  
The sound alone - buck-buck - might kill a man  
From Atlantic to Pacific, barehanded with the biscuit

KBG, east to west, we sick with it  
Big guns and big dicks, dip six in sick knicks  
Godbodies, bloods and crips and shit

(Gangsta Wiggles)

We gon' keep it way more gangsta than y'all, that's on the set  
If you trippin' then I'mma holla with a Black Tech  
Niggaz hating on me, when I ain't got shit  
Just a pack of of cigarettes, and a fifth, ain't that a bitch?  
Keep it gangsta? Ya'll don't even know what it mean  
Cut a nigga open, blood, it's realism when I breathe  
Fuck yo hood nigga, we get to cooking that beef  
Tell that nigga, Nut, you better stop looking at me, nigga

(Chorus)

(G Twin)

On the swing tip, R&B shit, to the flip  
Get your flip locked, atleast we cool whip, cause I do shit  
Like talk about pussy lips all day  
I make your momma say, damn, damn, damn, james  
Sayin' that you gangsta, just to sell product  
Go back to the streets, stand and sell narcotics  
It's you niggaz fucking up the game, man  
And real killas, they gonna take their name back  
Now who gangsta, who killa, who die  
Nah, who flooded, who shitted, who pause  
Mans is man, whether they bust a four  
It's the who blast shirts, give out the last recall  
Blast and haul ass, niggaz, whoop ass  
Frontin', like a chicken with no ass at all  
Shit we mash on y'all, y'all niggaz don't flaunt it  
The Blackball is on it, and we fuck up your front end