

Warren G, Lookin' At You

(feat. Toi)

[Verse 1:]

[Warren G:]

When I step up in the place your chance is gone
That bitch you was glancin on
If she leaves with me, no chance that her pants is on
No bra no panties on
Make me suck the same thang that my hand be on
Redbone big bitch with a sandy tone
We gone, South Beach in the Miami zone
Damn she wrong, bad little candy cone
One head nod from me she out the door
One head job from her she out the door
Back to the beach, back yo, the line o
All bullshit aside she's a cold piece
The type to might go search the whole beach
The type to might go out and bring back somethin wild
Screamin, fuck me fuck me fuck me!!!

[Chorus:]

[Toi:]

Sexy walkin with that attitude, you lookin at me, I'm lookin at you
Although I know I wan't you I just can't help but check for you
Lookin at me, I'm lookin at you
Sneaky ways but I ain't mad at you, lookin at me, lookin at you
Just imagine how this could go, I wan't you so
And if you give me a chance, boy you know it's gonna get real
Uh huh, yeah huh

[Verse 2:]

[Warren G:]

I take mine from all waist line, face to the dime, waste no time
Grind on the dicktake mine with a lick
You still be singin that Sunshine shit
It's your world girl come collide with the dick
Some hot tone champagne Heather Hunter dominant some moan shit
Home alone on some groan shit
King Kong make you moan with this
And still wan't it all, in the club bathroom stall
Backseat take your clothes off
And still fuck your broad, and all it take is one phone call
Show up, and I'm beatin up all walls
No joke, she broke all laws, handcuff a nigga lost balls

[Bridge:]

[Toi:]

There we roll (Creep)
I got a spot where we could go and roll (Creep)
Whether you can kick it holla let me know (She creep)
I'll keep it on the low, ooh oh oh (Creep creep creep creep)

[Verse 3:]

[Warren G:]

Sexy walkin with a street attitude
Love to get between the streets and cheat on your dude
Besides, these drugs, got me in the mood
After the club we can choose how Stella got her groove
I ain't tryin to live rude, meet at my room number 2-1-3
Private slumber party, with your name on the V-I-P
That's how we get crunked sip realy and get drunk

[Chorus:]

[Toi:]

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