

Every Time You Look

Wiley

Time you look
This way
Every time you look
This way
Every time you look this way
This way
Every time you look
This way
Every time you look this way

You see me on my grind
You find it attractive, me on your mind
But I'm [?], P all the time
Is it me or the P on her mind?
Maybe if she (This way) could see what I see in my mind (This way)
When the world's a game, she should be on my side
Like the heat is this deep, and I need to survive
She'll be on my side (Look-look)
The first time she looked this way (Way)
We made eye contact, I was already looking
You the sexiest food in the party
I'm clever (Look-look), and sweet, and a smarty
In public, do this the crumble way (This)
Til I get you back to my hood estate
Everybody that way, but look this way
Then turn around and we can
Look this way (Every time you look this way)

I can't
(This way)
I can't help it
But I detest you (Every time you look)
You're looking at me but (This way)
There's nothing I can do

Uh, yeah
Emotional, I'm over it
She don't get the turn, get over it (Uh) (This way)
I love my life, she's loathing it
I'm good without even owning it
She was (Look-look) but now she ain't rolling with
I used to now, I ain't holding it (This)
But times change, and we ain't happening
She will chat shit (Nah) and I ain't having it (Nah)
She won't like that (Nah), but I ain't mad, innit?
I'm free, I'm good, I'm glad, innit? (This)
The time flies but I don't flap with it
My wings, they don't fly me back in it (Nah) (Every time you look)
Get back in it
Get back, innit?
I won't turn around, [?] slack in it (This way)
I'll turn you down
'Cause when the door slams, tables turn
And it's that, innit?
Jheeze

(It's Wiley)

(Every time you look this way)
I'm always doing things that make money
(Every time you look this way)
Catch me thinking off the bougie, yo my hunny

I just wanna make you happy, make you see
All the good things when you're looking at me (This way)
I get a feeling, your eyes keep watching
I don't look around, but I know she's clocking
All the guilt stars surfacing (Look-look)
The rumours start surging in
I hear a world of things
Put me in a place where they all talk
Hand grenades, I hurl them in
Stop the talk then, too many engines (Look-look)
Go for a walk then
IPod, not a CD Walkman (This way)
Walks got my quiet, no talking
She don't know but, if I hear the wrong name, said it
Makes me feel awkward (Look-look)
Like traffic there with no warden
Get my phone out (This), draw for the last six chicks that I met
One by one, I will call them
Banging on my fallen
(Every time you look this way)