

# Looking Good

Z-Ro

Dum-dum, da-da-da-da-dum, dum-dum  
Dum-dum dum-dum, da-da-da-da-dum, dum-dum  
On the latest roll with my boy Z-Ro here  
Z-Ro you ready ha, Rock yeah you dropping that hot shit  
You really dropping that hot shit ha, Z-Ro let me  
Hear what you gonna sing for this one, come on

Three liter big red, got diluted nines fed  
Able to make a bitch, wanna suck my naked head  
I get fly when I wanna, graduated from corners  
I know it tingle, cause your pussy marinated my sauna  
If you capping I ain't tripping, cause I really don't  
need you  
Prolly say your pussy gon be beat up, and having a  
seizure  
Overseas vacation, Prime Co. communication  
And radio stations, got us in regular rotation  
Cause the guns unloaded, lot of heads got exploded  
Destined to be the throwdesf, if I'm properly promoted  
Sewed it up like a sweater, financial back or go-getter  
Then through your vest chest, with the talons in my  
baretta  
Stay one step ahead of, my competition they better  
Fly down from overseas sign down, and get to chumping  
for cheddar  
26 letters than Ro, if you ain't know now you know  
From Ridgemont 4 to Akapoko, I'm gripping grain in my  
flame

Sunday morning pulling out my bitch, I'm looking good  
Nothing but diamonds around neck and around my wrist,  
I'm looking good  
Doubles breasted tailor made, I'm 'Sacci'd down to the  
flo'  
And it don't matter, if you step on my wing tipped shoe  
Cause I'ma just go buy me some mo', (what it is what it  
is)

Rolly on me wrist, Sansun me wrist band  
20 inch rims, on me suspension  
Foreign replay, and not forge my stun-a  
Dressed everyday, in the latest fashion look  
Boys the enemy, best respect the man

Listen to me, know it's rule number one  
No buster ain't right, we told the game plan  
You do, you better and change the wrist band  
The way me flow, my retaliation  
So listen to me boy understand, understand  
It's a bezeled out wrist, and that I wear everyday  
On the right hand-a, the Presidential Rolly  
And it's crossed off, like a ton of ice on the tray  
And the price start-a, my choice to lose security  
If you don't believe me, ask your old lady  
I know she saw it, from 'Poko miles away

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Pull up to my bump, as I let it recline  
13's easy five screens, it ain't no fucking with mine  
They think I'm fucking with nine, but I multiplied it  
by fo'  
It took some time, but I decided to throw my bitch on  
the 4's  
The bubble-eyed Mazaratti, on a mission to meet Scotty  
With bullets for your body, cause I'm living like Gotti  
Pistol grip and a beam, plus a murdering team  
Cash rule everything me, that there ain't nothing but  
green  
Jumping in and out of line, moving slow as I wanna  
Smoking reefer bending corners, on 20 inch Yokohama  
Cause these niggaz be hating me, when I be crawling  
down  
So I'm like Paul Bugsy with a infrared, cause these  
niggaz be falling down  
Steady yelling out timber, from the first dance January  
down to the last dance  
December better remember, put a big shell casing up in  
you  
Make you weak like SWV, when I shine and grind like  
E.S.G  
But I gotta get love like the Big Steve, throwed in the  
game like that P-A-T

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Alright, ha-ha  
You know so we keeping it real, yeah  
Southside, Southside ha  
How you mean, Papa Reu, my boy Z-Ro  
You know Rock with another hit  
Ha-ha, you know he here with another hit  
Ha-ha yeah, yeah-yeah