

# Boyz N Da Hood, Look

Look, Look, Look, Look [x2]

[Duke:]

You can catch me in the middle of Atlanta nigga (Look)  
In the cracks and the crevices of the ghetto nigga (look)  
Gone rep you is gonna catch you on a stretcher nigga (look)  
Gotta 9 like a 45 special nigga (look)  
Still chillin with my hoe heard a bitch holla (look)  
It's a nigga with a chrome double barrell so I (look)  
Coming at me wanna kill me I can tell how the way he (look)  
But I already had my thing cocked before I (look)  
See I had the same face of the nigga and i (look)  
like a nigga keep your throat to a fine hoe thing thats a reefa  
One slip then my 9 went bang Got rough on anybody who wanna test my game  
Can't you see we some killas gorillas gonna bang  
Got some niggas still livin how i rocks they fade  
Got a whole click of killas ridin chevys on blaze  
And a trap to the moon, one heat one game

[Chorus (x2) (Jody Breeze):]

Boyz N Da Hood dressed up in (look)  
Black tees, black hats, with the black tims (look)  
We aint talkin to you niggas shit we aint gotta (look)  
But I put it on them dubs your hoe gonna (look)

[Jody Breeze:]

Well what up for yah, it's your boy Breeze again  
Breezin in with one of yall Breeze again  
And i know Jesus seein me sin so why not blow dro, why not sip seez and gin  
Reason bein since birth man things have seemed  
A little different, I'm still pimpin deep with in  
But now that I'm grown it's on so i'm a go on and spit it  
And if I wanted your hoe I could have her gone in minutes  
I pull up in the chevy lookin real slick and vicious  
With a bottle of hennisey and a blunt of that sticky  
Hops out with the forces the same color of the fitted  
Instead of callin me daddy these hoes callin me diddy  
I got a bundle of bitches with a lot of ass and titties  
Nigga young and old, freak nasty with it  
Gold teeth gonna shine, sho nuff  
And you can turn your head but your broad gonna look

[Chorus (x2)]

[Big Gee:]

Hoppin out of candy coated chevy bitch (look)  
Whole team ballin harder than a roucus trick (look)  
Sucka tryin to get live, got his gut split (look)  
Got some type of piece tucked in my briefs slick (look)  
Thats why we rollin deep with a barreta taker (look)  
A dime piece with me all you better do is (look)  
Get your head open wide like a pocket book (look)  
You know you shook you aint gotta hide your face bitch (look)  
Yeah its mister click clacker yeah i jack the jackers  
Cover more than greyhound every hustlin backwards  
Stay in the pocket gettin sticked but im breakin them tackles  
Disrespect shift you brain left to right like a tackle  
I've been gettin it for years and real niggas know that  
Back when Dominique, Brooklyn jersey rockin the throw back  
Take it from me, I'm a hunt your ass down like a lojack  
Catch your ass while you sleep, blow your ass like a dro sack

[Chorus (x2)]

[Young Jeezy:]

Step up in the club with just a swing in my chain  
It's deez boyz snow man is the name  
Posted up poppin cris like you do them beers  
Got bread stacks I aint seen in a couple of years  
When i ball I see a gansta they dont look they stare  
Symbols in my ears 6 figures a pair  
And I'm straight from the hood that's where i come from  
Still spend a hundred grand a year on white air ones

[Chorus (x2)]

Look, Look, Look, Look [x2]