

# Lookin Down On Em (feat. BMU)

## 2 Pistols

F/ Bmu(, 2 Pistols)  
Yeahhh  
Young boss of the city nigga  
BMU, Deck, C-bo, J-Flame, Young Ski()  
I got the Chevy sittin right  
Rims shinin bright (Bitch I'm-Bitch I'm super fly)  
When I pull up to that light  
I'm lookin down on 'em (Eyyy eyyy)  
I'm lookin down on 'em (Wet-wet paint drippin)  
Off the side  
Every time I ride  
I be ridin through the city, choppin like I'm Micheal Myers  
I'm lookin down on 'em (Eyyy eyyy)  
I'm lookin down on 'em (Eyyy eyyy)  
(verse 1, Deck)  
I just lit a blunt of 'dro  
Where da bottle? I don't know  
I just flow to buddy suckers and my nickname UFO  
I got a super-duper flow  
Arms shootin for the sky  
Steady chokin on that killa  
I just murdered Micheal Myers  
Ridin past the city lights  
I maneuver through the night  
Movin colors, I got green and I got purp (M.U. got white)  
BMU bitch, get it right  
You got nothin, but you da pain  
All attention for you lames  
I got money on my brain  
Flashin in lanes  
Sit so high bitch, they compare me to a crane  
Dump so wet, got off and jumpin out the paint  
Come ride with me dawg, you better buy a skuba tank  
The chrome is so strong  
The paint is on all shine  
If it creep through them clouds, them niggas gon' be blind  
All I need is UV rays to put them hoes in a daze  
Flippin different flavors, bitch can just calls me Lay's  
C-bo dawg, aye!  
(2, 2 Pistols)  
I pull up to the light, you know I'm ridin old school  
The main four's lookin down, nigga where ya ruler? (So high)

Twenty-eight inch deep-dish (Yes)  
Orange candy paint, baby call it Sunkist (Young boss)  
Who me? I'm just that nigga  
She wanna ride with the boss cause my rims is bigger (Oh yeah)  
If I don't look down, I won't even see you niggas (Where they at?)  
I don't even see you niggas  
I'm with a bad bitch fornicating  
With her two friends, and they participating  
Yeah that's just the life I live  
Young boss of the city baby, it is what it is()(3, J-Flame & Young Ski)  
Jizzy!  
I'm gettin money so, that's the word man  
I was fly with the white like Birdman (brdrdrdrdr)  
Aye Khaled, I'm so hood (Hood)  
I shoulda been on "I'm So Hood"  
Wiggle in the shop, I grip the Oak wood  
Twenty-six inches on I-O, what's good?  
I'm the man, understand?  
Death before dishonor, that's the plan(Young Ski)  
I'm so fly bitch, I think I grow feathers  
My cliques mob out, call us the "Blues Brothers"  
I'm sittin real high, them haters might stare  
I Freddy Crougar'd the whip, to give 'em nightmares  
Pull up in somethin fly, oh that was light-year  
I spit a little game, cover your wife's ears  
I'm lookin down on her, call my whip papsmear  
Then they come out of this world, like William Shat-neer()

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>