

# What It Look Like

## Spank Rock

He was out of words...exactly what's the problem is

It took me like a like quiet boost a little piece of  
candy from your favorite neighborhood corner store  
sugar, soda shorty, we, heavy breaded to carry a bare  
soul saved they didn't have the thing to do it. Can't  
balm me cause you look can't name me cause you shook.  
Took over some whip protect state and you can't walk  
fucker now I mean walk makes you look like your white  
in a Harlem shacking contest. I hone this to find this  
so close to find' this fuck very I'll mannered don't  
start with spank.

Tell me what it look like tell me what it is, Tell me  
what it look like tell me what it is.  
Oh ease up mother fucker take a breath, what will it be  
I'm more than more than less  
Oh ease up mother fucker take a breath, what will it be  
now, now suggest you take a rest

Can't say what I will or won't do it's just the hate  
that you'll might want to stay on your toes to  
Secure a valvoof a scope as you concisely new to assume  
why you want to see the feeling and music. My past is a  
broken sham and dust but my guts don't even believe me.  
She don't even believe me it's like a you can't see me.  
I got a whole nother study that I'm constantly feeling  
nothing much that's to ever to such touch, such so much  
to clean nuttun but butt nigga I'm really touched.

What was I drinkin?

What was he thinking?

Tell me what it look like tell me what it is, Tell me  
what it look like tell me what it is, Tell me what it  
look like tell me what it is, Tell me what it look like  
tell me what it is, tell me with it. I'm sick wit it I  
stick wit it and in the end all these niggas gonna get  
wit it.

Now tell me what it look like tell me what it is, Tell

me what it look like tell me what it is, tell me with  
it. I'm sick wit it I stick wit it and in the end all  
these niggas gonna get wit it.

Now tell me what it looks like tell me what it is tell  
me what it looks like tell me what it is

[sit the fuck ain't no dancing no dancing]

My tongues' the drum my minds a machine nor it's grime  
fantastic extremes fall victim to the stank tank M16,  
sound shot fix fit crease grease they clean

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