

# Made You Look (feat. Ludacris)

## Nas & J.PERIOD

Bravehearts Uh, uh, uh, now let's get it all in perspective  
For all y'all enjoyment, a song y'all can step wit'  
Y'all appointed me to bring rap justice  
But I ain't Five-O, y'all know it's Nas-Yo  
Grey goose and a whole lotta hydro  
Only describe us as soldier survivors  
Stay laced in the best, well dressed with finesse  
In a white tee lookin' for wifey  
Thug girl who fly and talks so nicely  
Put her in the coupe so she can feel the nice breeze  
We can drive through the city no doubt  
But don't say my car's topless, say the titties is out  
Newness here's the Anthem  
Put your hand up that you shoot with, count your loot wit'  
Push the pool stick in your new crib, same hand that you hoop with  
Swing around like you stupid, king o'the town, yeah I been that  
You know I click-clack where you and your mens at?  
Do the Smurf, do the Wop, Baseball Bat  
Rooftop like we bringing '88 back  
They shootin', Aw made you look  
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book  
Gettin' Big money, playboy your time's up  
Where them gangstas? Where them dimes at? They shootin', Aw made you look  
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book  
Gettin' Big money, playboy your time's up  
Where them gangstas? Where them dimes at? This ain't rappin', this is Street-Hop  
Now get up off your ass like your seat's hot  
My live niggas lit up the reefer  
Trunk o'the car, we got the street sweeper  
Don't start none, won't be none  
No reason for your mans to panic  
You don't want to see no ambulances  
Knock a pimp's drink down in his pimp cup  
That's the way you get Timberland'd up  
Let the music diffuse all the tension  
Baller convention, free admission  
Hustlers, dealers and killers can move swift  
Girls get close, you can feel where the tool's kept  
All my just comin' homeys, parolees  
Get money, leave the beef alone slowly  
Get out my face, you people so phoney  
Pull out my waist, the eagle fo-forty

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Gettin' Big money, playboy your time's up  
Where them gangstas? Where them dimes at? Bravehearts I see niggas runnin', yo my mood is  
real rude  
I lay you out, show you what steel do  
Mobsters don't box, my pump shot obliges  
Every invitation to fight you punk hazas  
Like Pun said, "You ain't even en mi clase!"  
Maybach Benz, back seat, T.V. plasma  
Ladies lookin' for athletes or rappers  
Whatever you choose, whatever you do  
Make sure he a thug and intelligent too  
Like a real thoroughbred is, show me love  
Lemme feel how the head is  
Females whose the sexiest is always the nastiest And I like a little sassiness, a lotta class  
Mommy reach in your bag, pass the fifth  
I'm a leader, at last this a don you wit'  
My nines'll spit, niggas loose consciousness

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>