# Lookin' Good

## Shawn Pittman

(*talking*)
What's up, ah ha, come on
Choppa Style. Jahbo, Playa Will
On the track come on
[Choppa]Ooh girl you looking good, give lil Choppa a holla
Cause I could take you out that Baby Phat, and put you in Prada
Choppa Style came from nothing, to having some change
Now everybody's in my face, wanting to look at me strange
Now I ain't even got a Range yet, but that's alright baby
Cause I ain't got my change yet, and I ain't nice
And I ain't right, and I ain't flipping chicks
But I ain't really nothing nice, when I'm spitting hits
You feel this shit, then won't you bob your head back and forward
And if you like the way it sound, go to the store and sco' it
You see me, I'm low key, cause I got this
And Choppa style dropping nothing but some hot hits, some hot hits
I can't wait, till I'm living lavage, call me Choppa
Tim Smooth, cause I gotta have it
And this not for a career, its all for fun
And I'm not from St. Louis, but I'm number one, I'm number one
[Chorus: Jahbo - 2X]Girl you looking good, come and ride with me
Hop in my 6 you looking nice, in them Prada jeans
So won't you drop it, bend it over, touch your toes for me
Bend it, make that booty wiggle wobble out for me
[Choppa]I got your head board banging, ooh la-la-la
When I ask you who you loving, you say Chop-Chop-Chop
I'm making it hot, coming through and breaking your twat
Don't you worry bout twenty minutes, cause I ain't gonna stop
You say you wanna get served wobble, so I'm gon find you

You say you wanna hot boy, with a condo
How you like it, from the back or your legs in the air
You could ride it, you could dodge it girl, I just don't care
Cause I'ma serve it like I beat it, like I chop it like a dog
I'ma make you touch your toes, sit you down and break you off
To you fat girls, I don't discriminate on y'all
If you can break me with your wiggle, I'll do you like a dog
I want a slim, fine woman, so I could break her cousin
Cause Choppa's like Popeye's chicken, you gotta love him

The next time you think, that you won't get served proper
I got your head board banging, p.s. just love Choppa
[Chorus - 2X][Choppa]I want a slim, fine woman, who as cute as the (what)
Never ever labeled a duck, but always quick to buck
A attitude sometimes, but not a project child
But if needed to bend some piece, she acting project style
And she walk like a model, when she up in them streets
Prada pants, Prada purse, Prada shoes on her feet
She don't hang with messy chickens, cause she say that they sad
They already know the difference, its lust they got it bad
She don't listen to, what you say bout me and them broads
She never listen from the jump, though her head is hard
If she tell me she gon leave me, so my heart ain't gon stop
I get a playa bring a mill, and my woman I'll watch
And oh, tell your baby daddy, he ain't got nothing on me
Going rounds and he gon shoot me, tell him up it and see
Oh, you wonder how she really got that mark on her chest
Ask your girl, she'll probably tell you, but that ain't nothing but mess
[Chorus - 4X]

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