

# Boy Looka Here (Produced By Polow Da Don)

## Rich Boy

This what I'm talkin' 'bout, boy (Hey, bitch!) looka here  
(This the A, ho! This the A, ho! Yeah, this the A, ho!) It's Alabama! Fuck talkin', get took boy, looka here  
Rich Boy really do it, boy, looka here  
We can buy the bar all night, looka here  
I can show you what a stack like, looka here  
Boy, looka here; boy, looka here  
Looka here, looka here Off top I'm a tell ya this, some playa shit  
A real nigga here now, better get ya bitch  
Yeah, 'cause big pimpin' in the house now  
If ya real, then you know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Rich Boy, I don't know what these niggas thankin'  
Bet a thousand, shoot a thousand, what you niggas bankin'?  
Comin' down like snow in the winter time  
I don't know about you, but I'm gettin' mine  
D-I-P never, cold nigga, hell yeah  
Zone four, gon' pull up in the ATL  
Gettin' money, already know what it is  
Huh, don't stop, bitch, what the business is  
Get mo' ass then a lazy boy sofa  
Keep my toaster warm in my holster  
See, you got ya lil' jewelry, but I'm chunked out  
All the hatin', playboy, get ya stomped out [Chorus x 2]  
Fuck talkin', get took boy, looka here  
Rich Boy really do it, boy, looka here  
We can buy the bar all night, looka here  
I can show you what a stack like, looka here Naw, I don't wear tight shirts wit' the cuff links  
See, them big VS stones make ya eyes blink  
Say I talk slow, and I rhyme funny  
But I ain't thinkin' 'bout nothin' but the big money  
Big cake, big shrimp on a big plate  
Nigga so iced out like a snowflake  
Don't hate, big crib wit' the big lake  
Say she wanna taste some of that milkshake  
Put 'cha money where ya ass at and run that  
Just gettin' started, nigga; we done done that  
What you know about them folks that was shootin' it off?  
While y'all was lyin', runnin' and movin' ya moss  
Homeboy, we ain't goin' for the okie dokie  
'Cause we'll pop it off quick wit' the gun smoke

See what I tote? Keep it in my lap  
If these hollow points hit 'cha, nigga, it's a wrap[Chorus x 2]Yeah, I ain't sta... don't die, nan nigga  
Rich Boy, Alabama ex-figure  
Stack quicker, drank good hard liquor  
Fuck a squad, better have God wit 'cha  
Cool like a muh'fucka wit' a pimp cup  
All my folk gettin' money put 'cha rank up  
Yeah, real deal playa, gon' ball out  
Come drank what 'cha drank till ya fall out  
Where my girls at, baby? Make 'em pay mo'  
Gon' show a nigga how you make it shake slow  
Yeah, represent; tell 'em who ya click  
Throw 'em up, nigga; gon' show 'em who ya wit'[Chorus x 2]

Songwriters

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