Look At Her

Styles P

One Chance
What's happenin'?
Oh Fabo
What's happenin'?
Us, us, us, us, us, us
(What's happenin'?)
Look at her
Look at her
What's happenin'?
(Look at her)
Look at her
Look at her
What's happenin'?
(Look at her)
Shawty, come here give me them goodies
Got my perifial's on and girl I see you lookin'
The way you make it roll, then you stop wit it
Drop down and then you make them fingers pop with it
Baby, do ya thang, get ya shine on
Just like that chandelier hangin' on my collarbone
Somethin' 'bout the way you bend your knees and rock your hips
And get the bitin' on your bottom lip
Get low and bend your back up
(Girl, you're doin' that dance)
Slow down I'm tryna catch up
(But you're movin' too fast)
Last call you know I'm thinkin'
(Shawty, do you got plans?)
Lemme show you how I'm livin'
('Cuz I'm sittin' on rims)
Look at her
The way she dancin' know she man she dead wrong
Look at her
She know she sexy with her heels on
Look at her
She look like Halle mixed wit Nia Long
Look at her, look at her
Look at her, look at her, look at her
I'm 'bout to see if I can take her home

Look at her
And get her hummin' in my microphone
Look at her
Patrone already got her gone
Look at her, look at her
Look at her, look at her, look at her
On the floor I got you open it's the last song
Anticipating, baby, I can't wait to get hands on
I wanna see you on ya toes go head and lock wit it
You like that clock on the wall just tick tock wit it
Girl do yo dance and I'ma watch you do it
Gone work it wit no hands ain't nothin' to it
(Whats happenin'?)
It's somethin' 'bout the way u juke it when you steal the scene
I'ma sit back and relax and just watch ya shoulda lean
Get low and bend your back up
(Girl, you're doin' that dance)

Slow down I'm tryna catch up
(But you're movin' too fast)
Last call you know I'm thinkin'
(Shawty, do you got plans?)
Lemme show you how I'm livin'
('Cuz I'm sittin' on rims)
Look at her
The way she dancin' know she man she dead wrong
Look at her
She know she sexy with her heels on
Look at her
She look like Halle mixed wit Nia Long
Look at her, look at her
Look at her, look at her, look at her
I'm 'bout to see if I can take her home
Look at her
And get her hummin' in my microphone
Look at her
Patrone already got her gone
Look at her, look at her
Look at her, look at her, look at her
See I roll with her I never seen dem moves
Python wit a snake wit it she cool
Fabo, he'll dance like a fool
Miss Pacman knocked me outta my shoes
Her body went sideways den stopped
Break that chick back drop

Look at her dance, she'll roll and pop
Take me to the candy shop
Bubblegum make me smile
New York girlz really like my style
LA girls she blun wild
Texas girls she tippin' parter
She a Georgia girl, look at her go
Real ghetto wit a Hollywood
Glow lookin' for a camera Matrix drop slow
Lean wit it den rock her thong
Look at her
The way she dancin' know she man she dead wrong
Look at her
She know she sexy with her heels on
Look at her
She look like Halle mixed wit Nia Long
Look at her, look at her
Look at her, look at her, look at her
I'm 'bout to see if I can take her home
Look at her
And get her hummin' in my microphone
Look at her
Patrone already got her gone
Look at her, look at her
Look at her, look at her, look at her
What's happenin'?
What's happenin'?
What's happenin'?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/