

I Look Good

Chalie Boy

Oh My Momma (Momma)
On My Hood (Hood)
I Look Fly (Yeah)
I Look Good (Good)
Touch My Swag (Swag)
Wish You Could (Could)
I Look Fly (Yeah)
I Look Good (Good)
Hundred on a neck ware
Fifty on a stop-watch
Glaring at the diamonds make ya bust it baby hop-scotch
Over here to my spot
Say she wanna party
I do it big baby like my L.R.G.
Show the air-harder winner
Feeling like a rock band
Eighty-seven jeans and white-T when on the block man
Jay's still rocking
Forces still moving
Chuck Taylor's killing
Adidas still grooving
Locs on my face
But that's just the front
Take em off and show the haters when I wanna stunt
Get'cha high like a blunt
Rolling up the best
Fruity Pebbles got a hands rolling up my chest
With me you don't wanna mess mayne touch my (swag)
Shopping off the bandanna make ya throw the white (flag)
Get it to the whip game
Momma had the bread
Paint grain woman that's white-banger make ya leg
Mayne!
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Ballin' is a drug
That I don't mind abusing
Gucci on my body Jay walking in the fusions
Hit the La-Tex get it poppin' in the lusions
Tell ya right now plexing catch the tusions
Who lights the fan?
Hot like a flame
Boys throw a Haterade on me still ain't his thang
Double shots rain
Hand on patron
Round of that white and all the what'cha own
Shawty jocking my calone
Greed it'll make ya hurt
Three hundred a bottle
Thirty dollars for a squirt
Got'cha sweating out'cha shirt
You can get the biz
Sumthin' on ya mind
What it do, what it is
Can't close your eye lids
See the fid in the fiddy
Yup, guilty I'm ballin' but I better finna quit it
Gone in a minute
Probably ain't though
I put it in ya face bro, I stay throwed
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Shawty's in the club yeah
See a lot of beep beep
Gucci and Nechay and B.C.B.G
Dolce and Gabbana oh I want 'em I'm a pardon me
Rocking your republic Apple Bottom in that AR and B
Slowly to some R and B
Think we need some R and R
Take me to the V.I.P. and drop me like a Farram car
Hop in my purple label
Ralph Lauren collar
Look like money
Smell like dollars
Shawty look sexy
Smell like Prada
Christian make ya hating hoes holla
Pop a Grey Goose bottle
And let's carry on
Grip ya baby fetlet
Trojan me carry me home
Thuggin' make ya momma moan
Got a Blackberry phone
Try'na catch me sliding in a hostel-dairion
Ya make the band like Sean Cole
Two fly to be shown
C.H.A.L.I.E. I'm gone
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Lyrics submitted by Dmekka.

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