

Look Like (Ft. Young Jeezy & Fabolous)

Plies

Bruh Bruh I know people be looking at me when people be seeing me jumping out of these big wheels*
They be seing all these diamonds on a bitch bruh bruh I know what people be saying
"god damn he look like he sell dope"[Chorus]
Big stones round my neck bb's hoe quarter million dollar whip
Look like I turned pro shirt match his shoes don't I be styling
Bro I'll be got damn look like I sell dopeBlue plastic cup wit that vodka in it fo' door po stains with that choppa
in it
Look like my porsche be shopping it got new shoes on it almost
Look good as I do with all my jewels on choppa cost 100 dollaz came with 50 shots
100 karet bracelet it cost me 5 blocks new era fitted
39.99 forty of the same ones 39 forty times and jeezy's watch is fresh denim
Cost half a stack got some fourteens denim cost me half a crack
Pull out every dolla in my pocket just to buy the smoke ill be got damn look like I sell dope.[Chorus: x2]
Big stones round my neck bb's hoe quarter million dollar whip
Look like I turned pro shirt match his shoes don't I be styling
Bro I'll be got damn look like I sell dopeLoso I still got that d-boy with me ey Plies what it look like homie
there it go.
Whats up son what it look like look like I sell dope maybe this hooks right
It could be that its true maybe im at it too this on the mom
[Plies Lyrics by Ben Jones]
I rich and me chatted too I aint selling dope baby im selling
Hope you can see that im a star then get ur telescope
My shawty mama always looking at me sideways I keep on pulling different cars
Up in her driveway they see a nigga bread so it might trigga feds I tell they hatin ass
I do like biggie said rhyme a few bars so I can buy a few cars
Then I kick a few flows so I can get a few hoes loso.[Chorus: x2]
Big stones round my neck bb's hoe quarter million dollar whip
Look like I turned pro shirt match his shoes don't I be styling
Bro I'll be got damn look like I sell dopeWhats up bruh bruh may 25TH bruh
I know what the fuck you thankin I look like a drug dealer that what my partner
Thinkin I done wacked a judge nigga threw so much money in this bitch
Coulda bought the club nigga and if I ever go broke I'ma rob the plug nigga police
Followin me he thank I sell chillzas all these diamonds on me thank they come from the kitchen
Ask me where im going told em im going fishin headed to the strip club finna catch me some bitches
12 noon im ridin quarter million dolla car straight hood nigga feelin like a fuckin star
Drank cognac smellin like the fuckin bar from the looks of the watch he must be sellin boy
All dis money homie must be a d-boy buyin by the 2's talkin bout the fuckin joy
Fuck em by the 3's talkin bout them fuckin whores it 2 o'clock in the evenin he must be unemployed.[Chorus:
x2]

Big stones round my neck bb's hoe quarter million dollar
Whip look like I turned pro shirt match his shoes don't I be styling
Bro I'll be got damn look like I sell dope. Ha!

Songwriters

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