

Look At Me Now (Feat. Chris Brown & Busta Rhymes)

Lil' Wayne

I don't see how you can hate from outside of the club
You can't even get in
Hah-aha, leggo Yellow model chick
Yellow bottle sipping
Yellow Lamborghini
Yellow top missing
Yeah, yeah
That shit look like a toupee
I get what you get in 10 years, in two days
Ladies love me, I'm on my Cool J
If you get what I get, what would you say?
She wax it all off, Mr. Miyagi
And them suicide doors, Hari Kari
Look at me now, look at me now
Oh, I'm getting paper
Look at me now
Oh, look at me now
Yeah, fresher than a motherfucker Lil nigga bigger than gorilla
'Cause I'm killing every nigga that come try to be on my shit
Better cuff your chick if you with her, I can get her
And she accidentally slip and fall on my dick
Oops I said on my dick
I ain't really mean to say on my dick
But since we talking about my dick
All of you haters say hi to it
I'm done
Hell, Breezy
Let me show you how to keep the dice rolling
When you're doing that thing over there homie
Ay ay ay ay ay ay
Let's go!
'Cause I'm feeling like I'm running
And I'm feeling like I gotta get away, get away, get away
Better know that I don't and I won't ever stop
'Cause you know I gotta win everyday, day
Go!
See they really really wanna pop me
Blow!
Just know that you will never flop me

And I know that I can be a little cocky

Oh

You ain't never gonna stop me

Every time I come a nigga gotta set it, then I gotta go, and then I gotta get it
Then I gotta blow, and then I gotta shut out any little thing that nigga think that he be doing

'Cause it doesn't matter, 'cause I'm gonna dadadada

Then I'm gonna murder every thing and anything a badaboom a badabing

I gotta do a lot of things, to make it clearer to a couple niggas

That I always win and then I gotta get it again, and again, and then again And I be doing it to death and now I
move a little foul

A nigga better call a ref, and everybody knows my style

And niggas know that I'm the best when it come to doing this

And I be banging on my chest, and I bang in the east, and I'm banging in the west

And I come to give you more and I will never give you less

You will hear it in the street or you can read it in the press

Do you really wanna know what's next? Let's go

See the way we on it and we all up in the race and you know

We gotta go, now try to keep up with the pace

And we struggle and I hustle and I set it and I get it

And we always gotta do it take it to another place

Gotta taste it and I gotta grab it

And I gotta cut all through this traffic

Just to be at the top of the throne

Better know I gotta have it, have it Look at me now, look at me now

Oh, I'm getting paper

Look at me now

Oh, look at me now

Yeah, fresher than a motherfucker Man fuck these bitch ass niggas, how y'all doin'?

I'm Lil Tunechi, I'm a nuisance, I go stupid, I go dumb like the 3 stooges

I don't eat sushi, I'm the shit, no I'm pollution, no substitution

Got a bitch that play in movies in my Jacuzzi, pussy juicy

I never gave a fuck about a hater, got money on my radar

Dress like a skater, got a big house, came with an elevator

You niggas ain't eatin', fuck it, tell a waiter

Marley said, "Shoot 'em," and I said, "OK"

If you want that bullshit then I'm like "OíÃ©"

I don't care what you say, so don't even speak

Your girlfriend a freak like Cirque Du Soleil

That's word to my flag, and my flag red

I'm out of my head, bitch I'm outta my mind, from the bottom I climb

You ain't hotter than mine, nope, not on my time and I'm not even trying

What's poppin' Slime? Nothin' five, and if they trippin' fuck 'em five

I ain't got no time to shuck and jive, these niggas as sweet as pumpkin pie

Ciroc and Sprite on a private flight,

Bitch I've been tight since "Guiding light",

And my pockets right, and my diamonds white
And my mamma's nice and my daddy's dead
You faggots scared 'cause I'm too wild, been here for a while
I was like fuck trial I puts it down
I'm so Young Money, if you got eyes look at me now, bitchLook at me now, look at me now
Oh, I'm getting paper
Look at me now
Oh, look at me now
Yeah, I'm fresher than a motherfuckerOkay, okay
Is that right?
I'm fresher than a motherfucker.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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