

Look At Her

Lil Rob

"Look at her
Look at her
She's so fine" -
Yeah
Hey, look at her

She digs my Cadillac, she loves my Chevrolet
On the ground, delay, orale, there ain't no better way
She's from around my way, got primas from L.A.
Love the way she looks in a brim with a feather, ey
Little chula, firme ruka
Fuck yeah, my little modern day Pachuca
She likes oldies, blues, old school and cumbias
Mariachis, salsa, lowrider caruchas
Pelones, Twelve Eighteen pantalones
Crisp and clean, man with the mic, their rap's tight, just a bonus
Sexy little guisa, can't help but notice
Can't help but imagine how she looks in her calzones
Hombre

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With my head up, high
Look at her
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She's so fine" -
She respects her jefa and her jefe, too
Vato's a veterano, he's an old school fool
But he's cool
He's sleeved up with tattoos
He said "When I was younger, I was just like you"
And I seen the way you look at mi hija
Asi con respecto
She's a fine Chicanita
She don't hit the pipa, she don't hang with the clicka
The kind of chica that I need in my vida, por vida
Oh yeah, and I respect her man, and she's a
Beautiful woman and I want her badly
Picture us, lowridin' in the Caddy on Valley
On the midsummer night, on the calles of Cali, saying

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She's so fine" -
Homey, she's far out, a little knockout
Brought up in the neighborhood, but not a high school dropout
She gots a good head on her shoulders
And a smile that'll win you over, just look at her
Hey, I don't think you understand me
Her body talks to me, says "Reach out and grab me"
And playing no games, holmes, no Milton Bradley
All it took was one look, that's it, she had me

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