

# Look at Me

Lil' Wayne

Bright thing on my hand saying (Look at me)  
I got your girl doing a handstand (Look at me)  
Cop them 28-inch Birdman's (Check out me)  
Y'all dues money to ya  
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Big thighs with brown-eyes

It's Lil Weezy for real  
Only Cash Money Hot Boy that stood still  
I got a good deal  
I'm from a trill hood  
I smoke real good  
Slide on them skinnies in the bike with an ill hood  
Pipes, rally stripes and fog lights  
T-shirt white, three stripes with all ice  
What that boy name  
Birdman junior, huh  
Fool was smile but five is so wild  
I can smoke a green mile  
Got a chrome need a Rolls shined up for you baby  
Bling-blow, I rock a throwback Jordan 23  
Rolling on hot 23's  
Tote a big glock 23  
You're looking at the seventeen ward of New Orleans  
My block living me  
I want you to look hard at some easy money  
Stop playing this is Weezy company  
Uh-huh

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I'm the son of Cash Money  
The fodd of the squad  
And Baby bout to buy me a house in the sky  
Cuz I'm so fly  
When my feet touch the ground sometimes I gotta ask myself why  
Coupe kinda wide but I move sorta quick  
Looking for my roof where it went  
Mink on the floor big shoes on the bed  
Windows are the tint more wood than a bench  
Working in the hood more green than the Grinch  
Please don't play cuz I'm connected like Sprint  
Ladies on the tray popping up the back-end  
Peppermint leather with a feather in my brim  
It's Lil Weezy  
Sucking on my wrist real breezy  
And this is what I say when you see me  
Look, and leave your broad at home she get took

Cuz I'm a player hold the game by the book

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Some call me Weezy  
But hoes holla look at Lil Wayne  
In that booger-green lay like should've been Mace  
Sweet, do speak when I should've put trays  
Forget it I'ma slam it on bubba-bubba-blaze  
So move over what you say shortie  
We could do rent pussy  
Normally I wouldn't but beating through the Texas  
And beating went to the A  
Eat with desert fey  
But yeah I'm on my way  
Cuz I know he got that hay  
Hey little mami  
You a ghetto fire tin  
You come to my post on the island  
Come on that chronic  
He-he empty vodka bottles  
I be high he be drunk that my roll model  
I rolls by you with my seat reclining  
When I stop rims don't keep spinning they keep shining  
Money don't stop keep spinning and keep grinding  
Cash Money what you hollering, huh

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