

# Buck 65, Hot Lunch

I look good, always, but especially today  
Professionally fresh on display like hey  
Take a picture, its not a dream I'm flat out gorgeous  
Maybe its because I eat a lot of oranges  
I don't know I can't help it, I'm not even tryin  
Really, I'm hot you think I'm lyin?  
Look at my ass and pants, give it more than a passing glance  
Stare at it a while  
Compare it to a peach, each cheek if you can bear it  
Breathe me in deeply, I'm like an airy breeze  
Whisperin, blowin through the branches of the cherry trees  
I'ma treat em, a nice little surprise for your eyes  
Look too long though and it could be your demise  
It ain't a disguise, I'm flyer than an eagle

Sky's the limit besides the fact that I'm barely legal  
Its too easy, I'm sorry I can't help askin it  
And bad news I'm gettin better lookin with every passin minute  
I'm pretty, pretty, but I take it all in stride  
Thing is I'm even more beautiful on the inside  
I'm nice, I'm so nice, with the winning smile I'm stylish  
In fashion, make a wish with my eye lashes  
I'm magical, actually casual traditional  
Mystical, in top physical condition  
Well oiled machine, perfectly peachy keen  
Its freaky really equally squeaky clean frequently

I look good and you look, but not as good as me  
I'm so dope