Lil Wayne, 1 King

Look At Me

(Hook)
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 yung
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)
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-blao, 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
(Hook)

I'm the son of Cash Money
The fodd of the squad
And Baby bout to buy me a house in the sky
Why? 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 bent
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
Leaves 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
(Hook)

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 JAZZY FAY
But yeah I'm on my way
Cuz I know he got that hay
Hey little mami
You a ghetto fire ten
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
(Hook)