

# Charlie Boy, I Look Good

Oh My Momma (Momma)  
On My Hood (Hood)  
I Look Fly (Yeah)  
I Look Good (Good)  
Touch My Swag (Swag)  
Wish You Could (Could)  
I Look Fly (Yeah)  
I Look Good (Good)  
I Look Good (Good!)  
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Hundred on a neck ware  
Fifty on a stop-watch  
Glaring at the diamonds make ya bust it baby hop-scotch  
Over here to my spot  
Say she wanna party  
I do it big baby like my L.R.G.  
Show the air-harder winner  
Feeling like a rock band  
Eighty-seven jeans and white-T when on the block man  
Jay&acute;s still rocking  
Forces still moving  
Chuck Taylor&acute;s killing  
Adidas still grooving  
Locs on my face  
But that&acute;s just the front  
Take em off and show the haters when I wanna stunt  
Get&acute;cha high like a blunt  
Rolling up the best  
Fruity Pebbles got a hands rolling up my chest  
With me you don&acute;t wanna mess mayne touch my (swag)  
Shopping off the bandanna make ya throw the white (flag)  
Get it to the whip game  
Momma had the bread  
Paint grain woman that&acute;s white-banger make ya leg  
Mayne!  
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Ballin&acute; is a drug  
That I don&acute;t mind abusing  
Gucci on my body Jay walking in the fusions  
Hit the La-Tex get it poppin&acute; in the lusions  
Tell ya right now plexing catch the tusions  
Who lights the fan?  
Hot like a flame

Boys throw a Haterade on me still ain&acute;t his thang  
Double shots rain  
Hand on patron  
Round of that white and all the Thirty dollars for a squirt  
Got&acute;cha sweating out&acute;cha shirt  
You can get the biz  
Sumthin&acute; on ya mind  
What it do what it is  
Can&acute;t close your eye lids  
See the fid in the fiddy  
Yup guilty I&acute;m ballin&acute; but I better finna quit it  
Gone in a minute  
Probably ain&acute;t though  
I put it in ya face bro I stay throwed  
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Shawty&acute;s in the club yeah  
See a lot of beep beep  
Gucci and Nechay and B.C.B.G  
Dolce & Gabbana oh I want em I&acute;m a pardon me  
Rocking your republic Apple Bottom in that AR and B  
Slowly to some R&B  
Think we need some R&B  
Take me to the V.I.P. and drop me like a Farram car  
Hop in my purple label  
Ralph Lauren collar  
Look like money  
Smell like dollars  
Shawty look sexy  
Smell like Prada  
Christian [?] make ya hating hoes holla  
Pop a Grey Goose bottle  
And let&acute;s carry on  
Grip ya baby fetlet  
Trojan me carry me home  
Thuggin&acute; make ya momma moan  
Got a Blackberry phone  
Try&acute;na catch me sliding in a hostel-dairion  
Ya make the band like Sean Cole  
Two fly to be shown  
C.H.A.L.I.E. I&acute;m gone  
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