

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´s still rocking
Forces still moving
Chuck Taylor´s killing
Adidas still grooving
Locs on my face
But that´s just the front
Take em off and show the haters when I wanna stunt
Get´cha high like a blunt
Rolling up the best
Fruity Pebbles got a hands rolling up my chest
With me you don´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´s white-banger make ya leg
Mayne!
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Ballin´ is a drug
That I don´t mind abusing
Gucci on my body Jay walking in the fusions
Hit the La-Tex get it poppin´ 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´t his thang
Double shots rain
Hand on patron
Round of that white and all the Thirty dollars for a squirt
Got´cha sweating out´cha shirt
You can get the biz
Sumthin´ on ya mind
What it do what it is
Can´t close your eye lids
See the fid in the fiddy
Yup guilty I´m ballin´ but I better finna quit it
Gone in a minute
Probably ain´t though
I put it in ya face bro I stay throwed
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Shawty´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´m a pardon me
Rocking your republic Apple Bottom in that AR and B
Slowly to some R&B
Think we need some R&R
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´s carry on
Grip ya baby fetlet
Trojan me carry me home
Thuggin´ make ya momma moan
Got a Blackberry phone
Try´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´m gone
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