

### Look At Me Now by Chris Brown & Lil Wayne & Busta Rhymes

| LOOK At Me Now by Chris Brown & I                   |
|---|
| I don't see how you can hate                        |
| From outside of the club                            |
| You can't even get in                               |
| (Hahaha, lego!)                                     |
| Yellow model chick                                  |
| Yellow bottle sipping                               |
| Yellow Lamborghini                                  |
| Yellow top missing                                  |
| Yeah, yeah  |
| That shit look like a toupee                        |
| I get what you get in 10 years, in two days         |
| Ladies love me, I'm on my Cool J                    |
| If you get what I get, what would you say?          |
| She wax it all off, Mr Miyagi                       |
| And them suicide doors, Hari Kari                   |
| Look at me now                                      |
| Look at me now                                      |
| (Oh) I'm getting paper                              |
| Look at me now                                      |
| (Oh) look at me now                                 |
| (Yeah) fresher (1) a mother*****                    |
| Lil nigga bigger than gorilla                       |
| 'Cause I'm killing every nigga                      |
| That try to be on my shit                           |
| Better cuff your (2) if you with her, I can get her |
| And she accidentally slip and fall on my dick       |
| (Oops) I said on my dick                            |
| I ain't really mean to say on my dick               |
| But since we talking about my dick                  |

| SUB<br>inglés                                  |
|--|
| All of you haters say hi to it I'm done        |
| Ayo Breezy                                     |
| Let me show you how to keep the dice rolling   |
| When your doing that thing over there homie    |
| Then your doing that timing over their home    |
| Lets go!                                       |
| 'Cause I feel like I'm running                 |
|  |
| And I'm feeling like I gotta get away          |
| Get away, get away                             |
| Better know that I don't and I won't ever stop |
| 'Cause you know I gotta win everyday day, day  |
| See they don't really wanna pop me             |
| Just know that you never flop me               |
| And I know (3) I can be a little cocky         |
| You ain't never gonna stop me                  |
| Every time I come a nigga gotta set it         |
| Then I gotta go, and then I gotta get it       |
| Then I gotta blow, and then I gotta shudder    |
| Any little thing that nigga think he be doing  |
| 'Cause it doesn't matter                       |
| 'Cause I'm gonna (dadadada)                    |
| Then I'm gonna murder every thing              |
| And anything a badaboom a badabing             |
| I gotta do a lot of things                     |
| And make it clearer to a couple niggas         |
| That I'm always (4) and I gotta get it again   |
| And again and again                            |
|  |

And I be doing it to death

And now I move a little foul

| A nigga better call a ref                    |  |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|--|--|
| And everybody know my style                  |  |  |  |  |
| And niggas know I'm the the best             |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| When it come to doing this                   |  |  |  |  |
| And I be banging on my chest                 |  |  |  |  |
| And I bang in the east                       |  |  |  |  |
| And I bang in the west                       |  |  |  |  |
| And I come to give you more                  |  |  |  |  |
| And I will never give you less               |  |  |  |  |
| You will hear it in the street               |  |  |  |  |
| Or you can read it in the press              |  |  |  |  |
| Do you really wanna know whats next? lets go |  |  |  |  |
| See the way we on                            |  |  |  |  |
| And we all up in the race                    |  |  |  |  |
| And you (5) we gotta go                      |  |  |  |  |
| Don't try to keep up with the pace           |  |  |  |  |
| We (6) and hustling                          |  |  |  |  |
| And sending in and getting in                |  |  |  |  |
| And always gotta take it to another place    |  |  |  |  |
| Gotta taste it and I gotta grab it           |  |  |  |  |
| And I gotta cut all through his traffic      |  |  |  |  |
| Just to be at the top of the throne          |  |  |  |  |
| Better know I gotta have it, have it         |  |  |  |  |
| Look at me now                               |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| Look at me now                               |  |  |  |  |
| Look at me now  (Oh) I'm getting paper       |  |  |  |  |

(Oh) look at me now

(Yeah) fresher than a mother\*\*\*\*\*

Man (7)\_\_\_\_\_ these bitch ass niggas, how y'all doin'?

Fill in the gaps



| I go (8) like the 3 stooges                              |
|--|
| I don't eat sushi, I'm the shit, no I'm pollution        |
| No substitution  |
| Got a bitch that play in movies in my jacuzzi            |
| Pussy juicy  |
| I never gave a **** about a hater                        |
| Got money on my radar                                    |
| Dress like a skater, got a big house                     |
| Came with a elevator                                     |
| You niggas ain't eatin', **** it, tell a waiter          |
| Marley said shoot 'em, and I said okay                   |
| If you wanted bullshit then I'm like olay                |
| I don't care what you say, so don't even speak           |
| Your girlfriend a freak like (Cirque Du Soleil)          |
| That's word to my flag                                   |
| And my flag red  |
| I'm out of my head                                       |
| Bitch I'm (9) my mind                                    |
| From the bottom I climb                                  |
| You ain't hotter than mine, nope                         |
| Not on my time   |
| And I'm not even trying                                  |
| Whats poppin' Slime?                                     |
| Nothin' five, and if they trippin'                       |
| **** 'em five  |
| I ain't got no time to shuck and jive                    |
| These niggas as sweet as pumpkin pie                     |
| Ciroc and sprite on a private flight, bitch I'm enticing |
|  |

Guiding light



### And my pockets white

Is that right?

I'm fresher than a mother\*\*\*\*\*

| And my diamonds white                  |  |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|--|--|
| And my (10) nice and my daddy's gay    |  |  |  |  |
| You faggots scared 'cause I'm too wild |  |  |  |  |
| Been here for a while                  |  |  |  |  |
| I was like fuck trial I puts it down   |  |  |  |  |
| I'm so Young Money, if you got eyes    |  |  |  |  |
| Look at me now bitch                   |  |  |  |  |
| Look at me now                         |  |  |  |  |
| Look at me now                         |  |  |  |  |
| (Oh) I'm getting paper                 |  |  |  |  |
| Look at me now                         |  |  |  |  |
| (Oh) look at me now                    |  |  |  |  |
| (Yeah) I'm fresher than a mother*****  |  |  |  |  |
| Okay                                   |  |  |  |  |
| Okav                                   |  |  |  |  |

| Fill | in | the | gaps |
|------|----|-----|------|
|------|----|-----|------|



- 1. than
- 2. chick
- 3. that
- 4. winning
- 5. know
- 6. struggling
- 7. \*\*\*\*
- 8. dumb
- 9. outta
- 10. mommas