

Buck 65

"Hot Lunch"

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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

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