

Los "Look At Me Now"

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[Los]

Umm haha ey yo Hecta I'm just gunna play with this
one

You feel me no homo (legooo)

haha its to easy n-gga

Los

I got a phone call from the moon like lets be honest out
this bitch

Boy I been shining my whole life but you just blinding
out this bitch

Then the sun got on the phone and got all modest out
this bitch

Like "look los I dont want no problems, you the hottest
out this bitch"

Superman sent me a txt like "you the flyest out this
bitch"

I ordered HBO jus to catch all the wires out this bitch
Got a letter that said quit from all the liars out this bitch
But then a email from the truth said f-ck them liars out
this bitch

Every bar I spit be way over your head about this bitch
Spiderman said "boy you all over the web about this
bitch"

Put blue ribbons round your casket 'bout my bread
about this bitch

I think my penpal is my pencil I got led up out this bitch
Take your bitch up out this bitch then put her bitch on
top ur bitch

Then give ur bitch back cuz u bitch and plus my bitch
could top your bitch

Yea I reps that baltimore and I'm so proud I'm out this
bitch

I think I'm better than you square cuz I'm a problem out
this bitch

(Look at me now)

Hey it aint over baby look I'm goin' back in, um okay

Last night Lola kissed me told me I'm the greatest
She said f-ck em baby f-ck 'em, jus' go Kobe on them
haters

So I went 24?s on the drop Chevy
Yellow paint purple guts n-ggas not ready

I kill every hater I spot in the room
Then go fill every crater they got on the moon
Cuz I feel I'm the greatest they gotta assume
That I'm bout to go, Carmelo, D-Wade, Kobe, Mike
Man I'm like the old Mike when I go to flight
And I'm like Mike Jack wit a show tonight
In other words This Is It you've been notified
Listen to this put your list in this order like
Los Los Los Los Los Los Los
Cuz I spit like a n-gga wit a lisp and an overbite
F-ck you think I murder sumthin'
Bitch I'm from the murder home
Where they keep a eagle in a shotgun
like Mike Vick on 3rd and long
Man I think they heard it wrong
All that bullsh-t turn me on
Man f-ck that DJ turn it up
Like a n-gga from the A-town burn it up
Oh p-ssay f-ck ass lame ass n-gga
Mad he can't f-ck my dame ass n-gga
Where dey do that no dame ass n-gga
Deep down really mad cuz he aint that n-gga
Gotta a lil fame I chain that n-gga
Send the KKK to come hang that n-gga
Now its 3 n-ggas in your hood with hoods
Cuz the crown ain't safe in the hood whats good

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