

Trey Songz "Look At Me Now"

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Whoaa,
B-tch you know my name
Leggo
It's Mr. Tremaine

Ladies love me, here go that new Trey
Kiss and suck me, I call it toupee
I got on Breezy sh-t, give my sh-t a break
F-ck am I talking bout? Aye peedis get my spins up (?)
Love faces, bottoms up
Came straight from the bottom up
Who you gon' find at the top of the charts that hot as f-
ck and these broads'll f-ck?
Ya'll n-ggas pick my garbage up
Say my prayers, in god we trust
Know I gotta lot of money so these n-ggas acting funny
Gotta turn the Cadillac into an armor truck
B-tch n-gga on the arm of her
So I look her in her eye, start charming her
Wanna know you very well, pretty skin caramel and a n-
gga tryna bust that almond nut
Chi-Town freak hoes, cold as a b-tch though
Came in a trench coat, took it off, beach clothes
Get naked, right this second
Girl you ain't nothing but a bird, just peck it
Watch full of carrots with a pocket full of lettuce
While you hating n-ggas ride 87 and (?)
I hope your sh-t break down, look at a n-gga now

Look at me now (x3)
I'm getting paper

VA I did it for ya'll
but the two audemars I did it to ball
High school couldn't keep me out the halls
Pretty b-tch couldn't keep me out her draws
Sh-tting on ya'll, treat the game like a star
Drown in the water while you hang in (?)
My clothes don't hang in the mall
This sh-t fresh off from the plane from Milan

Good head, can't name the salon

But I swear I just came in her mind
Gotta her hiding in (?)
Gave her two pills, don't blame me I'm wrong
Why the f-ck they let me on this song?
I don't even care who own this song
Chris could've called me, man you should've called me
Man, god damn I love this song
Let's talk about the way I got on this John
We was in the garage and I got on that bong
A n-gga said Wayne went nuts
And I think I went, what my nuts are over-grown
I'm so high, I'm overblown
Think I'm overdosing on
My ego, I'm so lethal
There's no equal, I'm so evil, No Knievel
But I stunt hard, my front yard - got horses.
Think that porches from midevil,
There's no way this can be legal
Two hundred while I'm blunted
And her mouth just keep on running
Cos the weave they've just done and
so I told the b-tch to bun it
Yea Zack, let the track drop
Murder this sh-t like Black Ops
Flag jackers and Claymores
In this one year I done made more
Then the whole existence is of yours
N-gga just got my voice insured
Yea, look at me now b-tch!

Look at me now (x3)
I'm getting paper
Look at me now (x3)
Look at me now, b-tch!

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