

# Chris Brown - Look At Me Now

Tom: C  
Intro: I don't see how you can hate from outside of the club  
You can't even get in  
Hahaha, let's go!

Verso 1:

C  
Yellow model chick  
Em  
Yellow bottle sipping  
Am  
Yellow Lamborghini  
F  
Yellow top missing  
C Em  
Yeah, yeah, that shit look like a toupee  
Am F  
I get what you get in 10 years, in two days  
C Em  
Ladies love me, I'm on my Cool J  
Am F  
If you get what I get, what would you say?  
C Em  
She wax it all off, Mr.Miyagi  
Am F  
And them suicide doors, Hari Kari

C Em  
Look at me now, look at me now  
Am F  
Oh, I'm getting paper  
C Em  
Look at me now, look at me now  
Am F  
Yeah, fresher than a motherfucker

Verso 2:

C  
Lil nigga bigger than gorilla  
Em  
'Cause I'm killing every nigga that try to be on my shit  
Am  
Better cuff your chick if you with her, I can get her  
F  
And she accidentally slip and fall on my dick  
C  
Oops I said on my dick  
Em  
I ain't really mean to say on my dick  
Am  
But since we talking about my dick  
F  
All of you haters say hi to it  
  
I'm done

Verso 3:

Ayo Breezy  
Let me show you how to keep the dice rolling  
When you're doing that thing over there homie

C Em Am F  
Just kiddin

Let's go!

C  
'Cause I feel like I'm running  
Em  
And I'm feeling like I gotta get away, get away, get away  
Am  
Better know that I don't and I won't ever stop  
F  
'cause you know I gotta win everyday day, day  
C  
See they don't really wanna pop me  
Em  
Just know that you will never flop me  
Am  
And I know that I can be a little cocky, no

F  
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 show that 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, to make it clearer to a couple niggas  
That I'm always winning and I gotta get it again, and again, and again

(Pause)

C  
And I be doing it to death and now I move a little foul  
Em  
A nigga better call a ref, and everybody knows my style  
Am  
And niggas know I'm the the best when it come to doing this  
F  
And I be banging on my chest, and  
C  
I bang in the east, and I'm banging in the west  
Em  
And I come to give you more and I will never give you less  
Am  
You will hear it in the street or you can read it in the press  
F  
Do you really wanna know what's next? Let's go  
C  
See the way we on and we all up in the race and you know  
Em  
We gotta go, don't try to keep up with the pace  
Am  
We struggling and hustling and sending it and getting it  
F  
And always gotta do it take it to another place  
C  
Gotta taste it and I gotta grab it  
Em  
And I gotta cut all through this traffic  
Am  
Just to be at the top of the throne  
F  
Better know I gotta have it, have it  
  
Look at me now, look at me now  
Oh, I'm getting paper  
Look at me now  
Oh, look at me now  
Yeah, fresher than a motherfucker

Verso 4:

C Em  
Man fuck these bitch ass niggas, how y'all doin'?  
Am F  
I'm Lil Tunechi, I'm a nuisance, I go stupid, I go dumb like the 3 stooges  
C Em  
I don't eat sushi, I'm the shit, no I'm pollution, no substitution  
Am F  
Got a bitch that play in movies in my Jacuzzi, pussy juicy  
C Em  
I never gave a fuck about a hater, got money on my radar  
Am  
Dress like a skater, got a big house, came with an elevator  
F  
You niggas ain't eatin', fuck it, tell a waiter  
C  
Marley said, "Shoot 'em", and I said, "Okay"  
Em  
If you wanted bullshit then I'm like olay  
Am  
I don't care what you say, so don't even speak  
F

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 outta my mind, from the bottom I climb

You ain't hotter than mine, nope, not on my time and I'm not even trying

What's poppin' Slime? Nothin' five, and if they trippin' fuck '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've been tight since "Guiding light",

Am  
and my pockets right, and my diamonds white

F  
And my momma's nice and my daddy's dead

C  
You faggots scared 'cause I'm too wild, been here for a while

Am  
I was like fuck trial I put it down

F  
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 motherfucker

Okay, okay

Is that right?

I'm fresher than a motherfucker

## Acordes

