

Look At Me Now

Kool Moe Dee

Here's another funky song to boom in your system
Comin' from the brother with the knowledge and wisdom
Hyper type of tone on the microphone, livin'
Fat with the track and I'm back in the rhythm
Boomin' with the boom and with the bass on the bottom
Microphone: Check, Sound effect: I got 'em
Shakin' heads, stompin' feet
Clappin' hands to the beat, jumpin' up out the seat
Dancin' all in the streets
Movin' to the groove until they're provin' to the crowd
That I can flow; improve
And show and prove how
I'm here today, here to stay, never played out
How ya like me- How ya like me- Look at me now
The F-L-Avor that I just G-Ave ya
Made ya pay ya way to save ya
The flavorful taste, the hypnotic pace
An erotic face, an exotic place
To set the tone for some cool dude
To grab the microphone and get you in the mood
To set it off, get it off, let it off, blaow
How ya like me- How ya like me- Look at me now
I'm ready for combat, I got my hit down pat
Now, take a look, I'm fat
'Cause here is where I'm at
Livin' it up, givin' it up, rippin' it up, back
I had to come, glad to come, the master comes fat

How ya like me- How ya like me- Look at me now
Fellas say 'ho!' (Ho!), ladies say 'ow!' (Ow!)
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Push it to the- Push it to the- Push it to the limit
I'm in there in a minute
I got to come to win it
I teach it dope, grow the dope, flow the dope style
Showboat, go to gloat, know the profile
Lowkey shows me everybody knows me
Moe Dee, oh, he's the master of the flow
He's pumpin' and jumpin' and bumpin' and thumpin' and comin' with something different
Flowin' and showin' and growin' and knowin' it's something you can get with
A full effect, live direct, come correct jam
The dialect I select, I collect stam
To baby-pop, mic'd up L's and Sam
Time to hit the- Time to hit the road again, Dan
Never sweat, never fret, I always got a plan
You know you know you're holdin' when you're rollin' with the man
When sucker suckers talk about the brother from New York
Take a body count I hadn't checked and see who walked
To the front to say they wanted some of this
Save your time and your rhyme 'cause I'll give ya your flavor

Livin' in rhythm and givin' them minimum effort to go hard
Taxin' and maxin' and givin' them maximum effort to bogart
Takin' on, breakin' on anyone who tries me
Kick it to me- Kick it to me- Kick it to me wisely
I'm takin' hearts, breakin' hearts, makin' hard rhymes
You got to come- You got to come fat, hook time!

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The rhymes I made or tailor are made to ride the rhythm
'Cause I'm not on the beat, I'm inside the rhythm
When excited I ride it like a guided scud missile
Brothers run for cover when they hear the rhyme whistle
The mic is like a bomb; a grenade in my palm
But I'm the only one blowin' up, stay calm
Listen to the- Listen to the- Listen to the flow
Get into the- Get into the rhythm and go
Over the boss, of course you're under the force 'cause I got ya
Flippin' and trippin', will hitman you to the sounds of the master
Think how many can't have any rock of this Moe
And if he can't, he's bad and then he's got to explode
So microphone-check one's lyrical flow
Mysterical, miracle, lyrical, go
To the top, wrecked shop, when I drop you'll know
Ain't nobody better than the veteran, yo
Sit back and relax and watch me blow up like napalm
Droppin' funky records like I'm droppin' the A-bomb
Shakin' and breakin' and makin' you take it to higher rap plateaus
Intelligent, relevant, eloquent, tellin' it, you know how that goes
I speak my mind all the time, genuine rhyme
I rhyme-for-rhyme the baddest rhyme, well, then you'll know the time
Don't matter what you say, I'ma kick it to the crowd
'Cause stompin' or rockin' or knockin' or droppin' or look at me now

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