

# Look At Me Now

Mac Lethal

Yo, yellow cheese, eggs, white pancake batter  
Put a little bit on the skillet when it starts to bubble flip it over with your spatula  
Yeah yeah, that shit look like my breakfast  
I gotta remember to flip the motherfucker over after cookin' it for 30 seconds  
Ladies love me; I got my OJ!  
Everybody said to do another fast rap to this beat so I said "OK"  
But I'mma speed it up real, real, real fast 'til the whole damn bottle is gone  
And I'm challenging Busta, Watsky and Twista, any of you rap kids: follow along. C'mon

Cook with me now, unh!  
Cook with me now, unh! Unh!  
I'm making pancakes  
Cook with me now, unh!  
Cook with me now, unh! Unh!

Fresher than a mufucka  
Chris Brown broke up with Rihanna so he's lookin' for another silly idiotic ho that he can beat up  
I wish that he was man enough to get inside the octagon: I'd kick him in the noggin like I'm Lyoto Machida  
Front kick to the face just by me throwin' my feet up  
Winkin' at Rihanna, baby please show us your D-cups  
I'm givin' it to the man, the cakes are stickin' right to the pan  
Your fate is imminent I'mma diminish it, got the weed to smoke to re-up  
It's done  
That's done  
That cake is done!

Let's go!  
Gotta butter up another one and put it on the skillet, couple minutes 'til it's done-done  
Ain't nobody fuckin' with this kid, so tell Jerry Sandusky I'm gonna kill him with a stun gun  
Come-come get a-get a-get a-get a crumb  
Hit a spitta with a fit of venom when I split a drum  
Take another visit in a minute where the menaces to society is In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida  
You're Danny Devito when I belittle literally it'll better you  
Battling anybody with a better view ahead of you  
Like bitter batter-batter I'mma hit you with an auto mo' battery  
Bada-bing bada-bada-boom, boom!  
I'm the king, better get a clue  
Get offended when I'm sentimental and I spit at you  
I'm thinkin' about my rhythm, it's dope and much better  
These rappers think they're animals: nope, it's Chuck Testa  
Gotta get up, the economy's a little brutal to me, the dichotomy ain't suitable  
I gotta go to Pluto for a little bit of comedy or something beautiful  
There's nothing beautiful about this world  
I'm gonna pucker up my lips to barf  
Gonna choke a fuckin' rapper in his hipster scarf  
I'm never gonna put another piece of music out deliberately if it isn't genuine and grips the heart

Winter's hard, so have some pancakes

Made by me mufucka  
The Chael Sonnen of rap music  
Enjoy your breakfast  
Mac, Lethal. Biatch!