

Conceited (There's Something About Remy)

Remy Ma

See, this ain't nuttin that you use to
Out of the ordinary, unusual
You gotta have the mind state like "I'm so great"
Can't nobody do it like you do
Miraculous, phenomenal
And ain't nobody in here stoppin' you
Show no love 'cause you wassup
Look at yaself in the mirror like what the fuck

Damn, I look good
And can't nobody freak it like I could
Yeah, OK, I got a little fat, but
My shorty told me that he like it like that
I'm happy
Another me there never can be
See, I'm so outstandin'
Don't care if they can't stand me
I'm sittin' on top of the world like Brandy

See, I look too good for this necklace
And I look too good to be wearing this
You know I look way too good to be innocent
I'm conceited. I got a reason

See, I look way too good to be driving that
And I look too good to be buying that
You know I look way too good to be trying that
I'm conceited. I got a reason

Now who's that peaking in my window?
Nobody 'cause I live in a penthouse
Baby, I'm sorry, but I'm sexy
And all I want you to do is just bless me, let's see
This kid that I'm waitin' on
He said he love when my jeans look painted on
Wit a tight white tee, you ain't quite like me
Probably why I'm always getting hated on
Now shorty trynna push up on me like a Wonderbra
Listen, when I speak out I wouldn't want you take it wrong
Now number one, I don't need you

Ya name's Q, I only see you when I see you
Listen two, you can never play me
(Why is that? Why is that?)
'Cause I'm such a fuckin' lady
Three, it's all about me and I don't wanna talk about it
If you love to hear it, here it go
I wrote a song about it

See, I look too good to be fucking you
And I look too good to be loving you
You know I look way too good to stuck with you
I'm conceited. I got a reason

See, I look too good to be gettin' with
And I look too good to be havin' kids
You know I look way too good to be in the crib
I'm conceited. I got a reason

Oh, oh, oh, oh
I don't know what I'm doing
I can't stop, my body gone moving
I'm boppin' and poppin' to the music
He's watching me and he's about to lose it
I'm droppin' that hotta den drop it like its hot
Face down, ass up wit some new shit
I'm outta control wit it
Dip it low, pick it up slow, poke it out, now roll wit it
My thong showin', but it's cool, my shoes go wit it
Now all I need is a room wit a pole in it
See, I look good and I'm knowin it
But I was never to proud to be showin it

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