

# I Ain't Lookin' At You

Topher Gayle

You're long and lean in your skin-tight jeans  
and you know everywhere you go  
People lookin' at you, 'cause you want 'em to  
and you're givin' them quite a show  
You're so foxy and young, but then you stick out your tongue  
'cause you're out with your family  
Every eye in the place is on your pretty little face  
but that's when you flirted with me

You're so fine, a little valentine  
I know you wish I wish that you were mine  
You're catchin' every eye from Alabama to Yokohama  
But I ain't lookin' at you – I'm lookin' at your mama

Well, she's smart and cute in her business suit  
and her hair is perfectly frosted  
To hide the gray and streaks she got from rearing pipsqueaks –  
she had style, and she never lost it  
I like to watch her dance, I like to watch her pants  
don't those Stairmaster thighs look amazin'?  
But then you start to pout when you see I ain't about  
to stop g-gazin' at my g-g-g-generation

But you're so fine, a little valentine  
I know you wish I wish that you were mine  
It seems strange to me, cause you're young enough to be my daughter  
But I ain't lookin' at you – I'm lookin' at your mother

## I Ain't Lookin' At You (cont.)

I don't know what you think you see in an old gray wolf like me  
but I admit to feeling flattered  
My heart starts beating rapid, then you say something vapid  
and I realize your brain is rather scattered  
And even though you're kind, and clearly have a mind  
to give this old dog a bone  
I find that I adore your maternal ancestor –  
get lost, kid and leave us alone

But you're so fine, a little valentine  
I know you wish you wish you wish you wish you wish that you were mine  
I get unpeaceful queasy feelings from that earring in your tummy  
Shucks, I ain't lookin' at you – I'm lookin' at your mummy

She got that nice hair  
She got that mature figure  
She got them gold teeth  
She can hold her liquor

She got experience  
She been around the block  
She knows what she wants  
She got a fat checkbook

But, you're so fine, a little Clementine  
I can't believe you wish I wish that you were mine  
Why don't you run on home and go crying to your nanny  
'Cause I ain't lookin' at you  
No I ain't lookin' at you  
I ain't lookin' at you –  
I might be checkin' out your granny