

# BOW Boyz

Audio Push

Transcribing...

One time, look  
I'm the type of nigga who put on for his bros  
Went from sleepin' on the floor, then gettin' [?] show  
The type of nigga with no daddy, who was raised around Crips  
If the homie's gon' do time, we puttin' bread on his box  
The type of nigga on his pimpin' go this game and be pitchin'  
Who addicted to money but allergic to snitch and  
The type of nigga that know it's your girl and tell you she fine  
Lookin' you in your eyes, plot on her and tell you "She mine"

See I'm the type of nigga he hate and the type of nigga she love  
That smokin' on, that drinkin' on, that stamblin' at the club  
We the type of nigga, you the type of nigga that communicate with them boys  
Shots fired at 10 o'clock, [?] cop siren, hear that noise  
Beat that case like I'm O.J with a bad bitch like foreplay  
Car black like Rosay better listen what this boss say  
Play day like role play the bullshits [?]  
Car rent like a nose bleed  
Conversations like four jeans

I'm the type of nigga who ain't changed for fame  
With a single street mama that just gave him the game  
The type of niggas with empty christmas but ain't sad  
But gotta put on for his son and gave him what he ain't have  
The type of nigga who be stuntin', takin' all the chances  
Gettin' all this money, doin' the fly dances  
The type of nigga that's captain they call in the place  
Who puttin' and got a the top as it's fallin into place

The type of nigga 'bout 50 deep in the club  
Bow Boy that got you girl trynna creep in the club

That'll make a nasty look girl, like your baby's mother  
The type of nigga that turn your club up  
Let me get that hand clap  
Bring me in the beat, I bring his head back  
Type of nigga that's gon' get on and stay on  
Type of nigga that make you clique diss just to hatin' on

Yeah it' them Bow Boyz, it's them Bow Boyz (We on fire)

I'm the type of nigga who prolly should be runnig for mayor  
Who be sagin' in the toe, pinkie-thumbin' the air  
The type of nigga who ain't got no other choise but to make it  
Be on the d-low but the G-Code he never gon' break it  
The type of nigga who don't look at the tag when he shoppin'  
And go' jumpin' in the head up if the homies lockin'  
The type of nigga that see a belt and just spinnin' stack on it  
That hit the studio make the beat and then rap on it

See I'm the type of nigga that solid  
No word can break my [?]  
Lil mama hour fine call that bitch my perfect timing  
Introduce you to my giants, this is Fe, Fi, and Fo, Fum  
Might not got aim but, how you gon dodge 4 guns?

Price what it do? Okt what it is bro?  
Can't convict the brodie if they can't find the witness  
Ask me what I'm doing and prolly kickin' back chillin'  
Rollin' up purps and then smoke to the ceiling

Uhhh

Type of nigga drinkin 'till his body heatin' up  
Mayweather with your girl's body, I beat it up  
Type of nigga that keep that money with a wedding ring  
You girl asked me "What's new?" and I told her "everythang!"  
BOW money and music, we winnin' nigga you loosin'  
And that's the main reason that your girlfriend choosin'  
I know I'm that nigga you ain't even got a clap  
Cause I run my city you ain't even got a lap  
BOW!

Ya! It's B-O-Dub nigga  
Ya already know what it is  
Man it's Brodies Over Everything my nigga  
It's Brodies Over Haters my nigga  
It's Brodies Over Fake Niggas  
Man straight up  
Free my nigga Matt  
Free my nigga Ninja  
We out here you already know what it is  
I.E stand up!  
B-O-Dub, pinkie and thumb my niggas  
That's all you gonna see  
Let's get it