

# Oh Wow

Baby Bash

LSR

I'm still high as I ride in my 7 Duetche Coupe Deville  
Y'all soldiers know my truth be ill  
Now with these visions and these bad thoughts  
Runnin' through my mind  
Stop the clock, see I'm runnin' out of time  
And as I, tell myself, I'm a changed man  
Dressed in black out to jack me a game plan  
Situation critical, it's called creepy physical  
Hella cold, I'm a gonna be off in hell old

Plus it's hard to focus, when you crooked and hopeless  
I ain't home, but my mama don't notice  
Nationwide with thugs, locked out it's just us  
With the Feds and the police out to bust us  
The most prominent, see we stay dominate  
And stay wicked, and plus we keep it explicit  
Abducted by the streets see it's hard to manage  
End up on my block saying we the savage

So you made a little money, oh wow  
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?  
So you roll on 24's, oh wow  
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?  
So you pimped a few hoes, oh wow  
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?  
So you earned a few stripes, oh wow  
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?

I hear you rappin' 'bout the streets, talkin' bout pushin' deal  
When most of y'all never seen a triple beam scale  
Runnin' from weed smell, runnin' from dank smoke  
Then you get on the mic, talkin' bout you been chokin'  
Ya lame as mark, buy some heart with your chump change  
Don't make me start, cold hearted droppin' punk names  
You run thangs? Maybe, in your back yard  
You act hard round here you gonna get smacked hard

Baby bash cross game, that's a negative  
With savage dreams on my mind so repetitive  
Let it live, let it go, player do or die  
'Cuz fools on my side will tell the other fool to ride  
Down to do what I gotta do, to satisfy the man in me  
I pull illicit things, my family ain't understandin' me  
So while I have kids beatin' up on the door  
I'm gonna crack up and smoke with a corona

So you got a platinum grill, oh wow  
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?  
So you got a record deal, oh wow  
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?  
So you pack a few gats, oh wow  
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?  
You fell in love with your bitch, oh wow  
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?

The day I wake up, blaze up, lace my J's up  
Try to make a couple stacks for' the days up  
Hustle hard nigga, that's how I live  
Only fuckin' with fans, my niggas and relatives  
And I dress fly, all clean and keep a fat knot  
For supplying all the beats to the have nots

HP you ain't knowin' I run this, so stop braggin'  
Won't kill what you don't bitch or watch your grill hoe  
I'll have you iced out, you beat grills  
With your motherfuckin' lights out  
Lame nigga, we ain't worried about your salary  
Get off them pills and come back to reality

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