

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 repetative
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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