

Like Dat

BossMan Dlow

Yeah, yeah (d.a. got that dope)
Big Za (Nigga, huh, huh)

I remember pullin' up Honda Civic, now I pull up Bentley (Yoom, yoom)
I can't see these broke niggas through these Cartier lenses (Boy)
Huh, fell in love with blue hundreds, bae, let's count this chicken (Count this chicken)
Huh, if it's 'bout some money, boy, count me in it (Count me in it)
Huh, if I let you in my car, bitch, just know you lucky (You lucky)
I remember I was fucked up, now I got cheese like Chuck E. (Bee)
I'm married to the money, baby, I ain't tryna be your hubby (No)
Them VVSs dancin', baby, my neck doin' the Dougie (Bling)

Huh, my wrist dancin' like Mike Jack
Yeah, boy, I'm like that (Yeah)
He went Audemar Baguette
Diamonds make her pussy wet (Bling)
I was at the bottom, then I shot off to the top (Shot off)
I was wearin' Polo, now I'm LV to the socks (Yeah)
Huh, we step like a marchin' band, it's big bands in these pants (Frr)
I be dunkin' on these niggas, I'm Dlow Morant (Nigga)
Come here, baby, I want you to be my baby, yeah (I want you to be my baby)
You gon' play with who? Boy, you must be crazy (Boy, you must be crazy)
I got all this drip, look like a bird shitted, huh (Look like a bird shitted)
She say that pussy water, I'ma surf in it, yeah (Come here, bae)
I'm Mr. Go Get It, left pocket full of pink fifties (Left pocket full of pink fifties)
Huh, pockets full of blues like I got Smurfs in it, yeah (Big Za)

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