

70 Bars And No Hook

Bow Wow

I keep some linen that's clean, 50 thou in my jeans
Keep about ten pretty bitches on my team
I smoke I don't drink lean
And my niggas in here
Cash Money Young Money yeah this is our year
Eatin rappers for dinner, pass the knife and fork
Got 'em nervous like when that hurricane was bout to hit New York
It's a master at work, shit you niggas could learn
Could tell we smokin the stick, look how slow that it burn
And my lil youngins is ridin, and they down for whatever
In the four man drive, fuck it!
We ridin together
Alot of youngins in the game but they know who do it better
Diamonds shine bright like a Coogi sweater
I'm sayin
Why you niggas lyin in your rhymes?
You a D-Boy cause you? A couple times
Man I ain't buyin that bullshit
You niggas is lame
Bunch of clown ass niggas, you niggas is strange
Better be watchin the boy, cause I'm on fire
24 years old and I can fuckin retire
I'm the hottest out, shit I know I am
Plus I got more hits than Summerslam
I'm goin stupid
Yeah like I lost to school
I call my own shots like a nigga playin in pool
I try my best to pray, well as much as I can
I love my momma, love my daughter, and I love my fans
I gotta bad bitch that work in K. O. D
She charge niggas for that pussy but I get it for free
And to you ol' niggas
Slow your role nigga
Hang it up like some fuckin dry clothes nigga
Cause this that young nigga rap, I spit that ignorant shit
One thing I can't stand is an ignorant bitch
(Yeah man) You ain't seein Bow Weezy
All black everything, but it ain't Young Jeezy
Muthafucka, it's the B. O
Represent the C. O
Mr. Big Dick, ask your girlfriend, she know
Damn this weed so strong, smokin outta this bong
Damn I'm so high, boy I forgot the words to this song
(I put in work!)