

Umma Do Me

Bow Wow

L.B.W.

Ay look

Lamborghini Moss hoe I'm far from as lame

Hey critics hating on you Bow

Say you rapping like Wayne

I give a damn what a hater think

Nigga I'm paid

Plus the ladies love a nigga

You can call me Cool J

I'm the Prince of the O-Town 6.1.4.

I say stunting every where I go

Top down on the Macy

Listening to B.I.

And yeah ya'll nigga's doin it

But homie not like this guy

Hated by many

Though I got plenty

And all the hoes tell me it's whatever like Remy

Bow ain't got no bread

You nigga's talking silly

And plus I'm way flyer

You would think I play for Philly

Well these rappers going broke

My accounts is full of Millie's

And like New York's traffic the boy gets busy

In the club on Patron

Till my head gets dizzy

Lenox mall black card

So a nigga stay (Spelling)

Yup

Plus the boy been getting paper since way back

Who you know who 21 with a driver and a Maybach?

So watch out when that boy switch lanes

If the masseuse ain't on board

You better switch up your plane

I'm on a whole another level

A.P. diamond (Spelling)

Took back the white diamonds

I got all yellow

It's nuggets in the chain

But don't call me Carmelo

And I don done it all don done it all like LO

My Oregon chick got an ass like jello

Foxx took her out but she belong to me though

Which you know about getting Louie blowin 10 stacks?

Hitting Tootsie throwing money

I'd don't know how to act

Nas told me Bow Wow don't worry bout these nigga's

Keep on doing you

Then watch yo account get bigger

Got your house around my neck

Got your car around my waist

If you hating that you broke

Just admit that I'm the shit

Bitch